



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 1

After thinking, Sheyan tried to use the nightmare imprint to investigate, he received the following notification:

“You have 1 achievement point.”

“You can only receive a simple message about your next world five minutes prior to it.”

“You can also select to randomly enter a world before entering it.”

“Randomly entering a world will cause you to randomly enter a movie world. Therefore you will be unable to make any preparations for the next world.”

“Randomly entering a world will allow you gain an ability: Insight.” (Allows you to obtain basic information on your current target, the stronger the target, the lesser the information) Perceptive sensing as your basic attribute, the distance between you and your target will affect the success rate of the insight ability.

“After randomly entering a world, certain relevant nightmare realm abilities will become inactive.”

“Upon randomly entering a world, after completing the test it will reward you with an additional 20% in various areas. This effect cannot overlap with other similar effects. ( Meaning that, initially by completing a mission you can acquire 100 utility points, but those that randomly enter will receive 120 points)

Presently, Sheyan was in a state of poverty, therefore even if he could obtain information on the content of the next world, the only thing he could do was make preparations in his heart. He had no means to purchase any equipment/item to prepare. Therefore choosing to enter randomly should be the best option, at least he would gain two benefits. Sheyan waited quietly in the

room, he still had 4 minutes before entering the world, and received a notification:

“Your achievement is 1 point.”

“You can choose to gain an information about your next movie world.”

“You can choose to randomly enter a movie world.”

Already decided, Sheyan chose random. As time elapsed, an oval shape radiating light door appeared within the nightmare realm, people started to enter it, causing small ripples as they entered. Sheyan took a deep breath, and stepped through the door.

“Initializing entry to the nightmare world....”

“Initializing make up of digitalization....”

“Initializing random assigning of world.”

“World confirmed.”

“Initializing character and world assimilation.....”

“Initializing entry to the world.”

This is a mixed world, it is both civilized and barbarous.

This is a world where gunpowder is expanding while witchcraft and magic is declining.

This is a crude amidst gracefulness, craziness amidst rationality world.

This is a smoky (From guns), skull, cannon and rum world....

Sheyan peacefully opened his eyes.

It was the kind of peacefulness that one felt every morning when waking up, the first thing he saw was a stained and mouldy tattered ceiling. Then he realized he was staying in a low, simple and crude room – like an old shed. This sort of scene made him feel like he was back in a small shed in Si Qiao town.

There was a moisty bacteria stench in the air, and the blanket covering his body was thick and heavy, it was probably made with linen. He could see a crooked table from the corner of his eyes distinctly, it looked like it would collapse under heavy pressure. Sheyan twisted himself, and the bed made a loud

creaky sound. If an outsider walked past, they would misunderstand the room to have some sort of hot and heavy activity going on within.

Sheyan got down from the bed. Although after entering this space he would have recovered his maximum strength, he still cautiously moved his body. Beneath his leg a sensitive feeling was transmitted, the moist atmosphere had caused the wooden flooring to decay. The surrounding walls were made with ancient wooden planks that were pierced together in a chaotic and random manner. It had a thick moist feeling, as though pressing down lightly would break a hole in it.

The only furniture here was a small round table. This table had messy old scars covering it, as though someone had previously slashed wildly above it. Above, there was a slightly yellowish blank parchment paper, and a spotless goose feather pen. This feather, as if it could feel Sheyan's attention on it, jolted up, and began writing on the piece of parchment paper swiftly like an invisible hand was controlling it.

"Contestant no. 1018, welcome to the nightmare realm."

"This is your second nightmare world experience."

"You must complete the main mission within 24 hours, if not you will fail the mission."

"Main mission: The Busy Man."

"Mission summary: You must find a job within Tortuga port within 24 hours, or else you, crooked faced brat, will have your throat slit and thrown into the sea, or get lost to wherever you came from!"

"Mission pointer: Presently, Tortuga port is hosting a rum festival, therefore it is the most bustling time of the year, finding a job is definitely not tough."

Pointer: You used randomization to enter this world, you acquired an ability: Insight. Use this on your target to acquire basic information, the stronger the target, the lesser information available, insight cooldown will also become longer. The shortest is no less than 5 minutes, the longest is not more than an hour.

Pointer: Insight cannot be used on a contestant.

Pointer: Insight is a temporal ability, it will disappear after leaving this world. You have to use utility points to activate this ability. In this world, every time you use Insight will cost you 100 utility points. You can opt pay up the total amount of utility points you owe through usage of insights after completion of this world.

Warning: If when entering this world you do not possess enough utility points to pay your bills, then your equipments will be used as mortgage. If the equipment is also unable to meet the bill then your life will be used to compensate the remainder of the bill.

Pointer: You can achieve the following milestones in this world (Including this world and other worlds).

“Keen eyes swift hands: Obtain a random voodoo doll.”

“No fear: Chance encounter, you slaughter a random legendary creature.”  
(note: Your damage dealt to the creature must exceed its total blood volume by 10%)

“Drunkard: You must finish a hundred glasses of rum. (Note: Individual pricing must be lower than 4 shillings/ or the glass of rum will not be incorporated into the statistical data)”

“Great seafarer: You successfully make a round trip sailing through the New World.”

“Because your achievement is not enough, unable to check for other milestones.”

After seeing this list of notifications, Sheyan gently relaxed his eyebrows. Through these scraps of information, he could already roughly decipher which movie world he was in. As a fisherman since young, adapting into this world was as simple as a fish swimming in the water!

“I’m coming..... Carribean sea!”

Sheyan inhaled deeply, unlocking the door, he swung it wide open!

A familiar and refreshing sea breeze greeted him, he was currently located at a hillside. Around him were densely packed huts, beneath was a town of greyish wooden houses. The buildings in the town were disorderly interlocked with each

other, giving one a gloomy old fashioned feeling. Vaguely he could see large amounts of people wearing shabby old clothes, with a red/ash white/black bandana swarming about in town like ants. 1 Km away was the vast foamy ocean.

The squawking sound of the seagulls could be heard from a distance, accompanied by the melodious tune of bagpipes. As the sounds were drawn in by the sea breeze, it gave one a wrong feeling of melancholy and emptiness. 5-6 km away, a towering 1km wide precipitous cliff thrust out from the sea, like a huge and forceful arm that surrounded the small town, forming sort of like a bay. It blocked out any incoming gale or waves, and formed a naturally outstanding deepwater harbour as though it was the work of the Gods. As Sheyan gazed towards the inner bay, his heart felt like it was being tightly grip on by an formless hand, causing him to breathe deeply. It was like he was trying to release the excitement welling up in him every time he exhaled.

At the harbor, there were three immense, different and awe-inspiring ships anchored there! Confronted with such mystique and reverence in view of these 3 ships, the surrounding boats all paled in comparison.

According to Sheyan's experience, these 3 ships were only medium grade. These deadly creatures were constructed with thousands of tons of steel and metal, and the three ships gave one a feeling that they possessed their own spirit!

Presently they were peacefully anchored in the deep waters, swaying majestically to the momentum of the waves, giving one the feeling of master of life and death, and ruler of the seven seas. It was as though the boundless and vicious ocean could only turn docile and bow down to these ships!

Even though this was 2-3 km away, its uniqueness and distinct qualities caused Sheyan to unconsciously recite the names of these 3 ships:

Queen Anne's Revenge!

The Black Pearl!

The Flying Dutchman!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 2

## Chapter 2: Dishonest business!

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: Elkassar**

After recognizing the three legendary ships, the nightmare imprint sent a clear notification to Sheyan:

“Time: Ocean calendar year 233, 5th month, Afternoon 1700 hours.”

Location: Europe Adriatic Sea, free port of Tortuga (latitude 17.19 degrees, longitude 51.4 degrees)”

“Setting: Carribean pirates.”

“Difficulty: Easy (D class).”

“Pain limitation degree: 50%.”

“Individual abilities additional bonuses: 0.”

“Current scene exploration rate: 0.00.”

“Additional description: Scenario setting is peaceful, contestants death will not trigger any loot drops. Initializing digitalization of character information module. Contestant can investigate individual attributes through their nightmare imprint.”

“You have automatically grasped the corresponding language, able to smoothly interact with this world’s characters. After leaving this language skill will be unlearned.

“Accepted mission count: 1”

“Your appearance and identity has been settled, upon returning to the present world it will be restored. You can also personally customize your appearance through the nightmare imprint. For any inquiries, please voice out through the nightmare imprint, and thereby obtain your answer.”

Sheyan surveyed the environment, he realized the surrounding vegetation was cold and dismal. All around him, the huts were all decayed and destroyed, there was not a single trace of people living. It looked as if the only contestant around was only himself.

Within the nightmare realm, he had tried to store a great amount of data, he also had sort of an understanding towards the pirate of the Caribbean world. Queen Anne's Revenge, The Black Pearl, and The Flying Dutchman. These three legendary gigantic ships were anchored beside each other, which is something that would cause an uproar in the seven seas! This scene did not even appear in the movies! Therefore his preset movie scene was either set before events in the movies, or it was a sequel after the movie story had ended!

In the Pirate of the Caribbean's 3 original storyline, after Will Turner took over Davy Jones as the captain of the Flying Dutchman, he could only resurface to come ashore once in 10 years. He would definitely use his once in 10 years opportunity to meet with his wife and kids instead of spending time at this declining port.... Then all is clear now. This period of the movie world that Sheyan has entered should be before the movie storyline had even begun!

As per usual, Sheyan checked his personal belongings, after ensuring his equipment was there, he realized he had a money purse on hand. Regrettably, the only words to describe it are “Shrivelled” “Light as a feather” “filthy”.

2 pound sterlings, 15 shillings, 7 pennies (1 pound sterling, 20 shillings, 12 pennies)

That was the starting funds that the nightmare realm provided to Sheyan. Through the milestone description he was able to infer that a huge glass of rum should be priced at about 4.5 shillings. As the common beverage in the Caribbean sea, Rum was the equivalent to the present world beer that Sheyan was from. Sheyan thus understood his purchasing power. A large glass of beer is about 20 RMB or 4 shillings, therefore 1 shilling is about 5 RMB. Sheyan's



starting funds here converted to RMB should be about 250 – 300 RMB. One good news from this was that this world's currencies as compared to the terminator world one was much more flexible.

(ED: Do not drink rum like beer. Very bad idea.)

Something worth mentioning was that at this point in time, the Flying Dutchmen and Queen Anne's revenge were already pirate ships. However the Black Pearl was still a United Kingdom East India company personal illegal armed merchant ship. Its primary purpose was to smuggle goods, but if they met an easy and profitable target, they would equally attack it.

After a few years, Jack Sparrow was commissioned to transport a batch of goods from Africa. However Jack Sparrow had realized these so called "goods" were infact African slaves, feeling a strong sense of righteousness, he had freed all of them. Hence, Jack Sparrow was listed by the East India company's incharge, Cutler Beckett, as a Pirate and thrown ough him into a Turkish prison. Furthermore, Beckett had gave an order to sink the legendary ship to the bottom of the sea.

The imprisoned Jack Sparrow was determined to find his ship, and it was him who found the Flying Dutchman's captain Davy Jones and begged this horrifying person to rescue his ship. The condition was that once Jack became the captain of his ship, on the 13th year, Jones will use Jack's soul for 100 years (Slaving on the ghost ship for 100 years). Jones agreed to thisese terms, and helped Jack to rescue the Black Pearl. From that point onwards, the Black Pearl was considered to be a legit pirate ship, and Jack had planned to default on his agreement right from the start....

Walking through a complicated little road on the hillside, Sheyan headed down towards the port. Upon coming close, he could smell the strong rum alcoholic scent. It smelled like a blend of sweet and thick alcoholic fragrantce. Rum was classified into two different kinds of manufacturing fermentation; one was fermented with potatoes, the other was to use the sugar cane juice to ferment and 3 years later it will turn into an intense alcohol variation. To veteran sailors on board their bumpy boats, this was a sort of cheap and tangible relaxation.

The yearly consumption rate of rum in the caribbean sea was over 5000 tons, and this figure was extremely common. Therefore every port will always host a

rum festival, and to the pirates and seamen, this festival is as grand as the Chinese New year to the Chinese.

Although the port was arranged in a disorderly manner, its floor was paved with the exquisite slippery flagstones. In this era, the port experienced frequent storms, therefore the expenditure for this immense floor engineering project was necessary. Sheyan's facial appearance had not been altered much, he had tanned black skin, capable sturdy physique and a rich asian chinese look, which made him look like a seaman from East Asia. In the Caribbean world, this was not an uncommon thing, Shao Feng, a chinese, was even one of the great seven pirate lords.

Sheyan was not in a rush to find a job, yet he carefully strolled about and observed the streets of this port, in hopes of obtaining a clue. His gaze suddenly rested on a nearby grocery store. This grocery store had an ancient and greasy door, and its sign read "Chicken and Dog". More importantly, the shop owner looked like an old asian man, he had a white bandana strap across his forehead, as he lazily rested on a similarly old bamboo chair while he puffed on his smoking pipe.

This was where charm came into play, Sheyan approached forward but this old man actually let loose a cold groan through his nostrils, and used his pipe to point towards the sales counter. It was a lazy greeting and had the intention of "Take anything you want just don't forget to place your bill at the counter". Very obviously an empty handed person seeking information is definitely an impossible task! Therefore after Sheyan unwillingly purchased a few betel nuts with 5 shillings, he finally obtained some information regarding this port from the old man.

This Tortuga port was constructed 70 years ago by a famous pirate named Bernard Fokke. Rumour has it that this pirate had plundered more than a hundred ships, and had exchanged blows with 11 different country fleets. His accumulated wealth was uncountable, and he was hailed as a Pirate Overlord.

When Bernard Fokke was 45 years old, he fell in love with a woman and for the sake of this woman he donated his warship to the Queen of England, and a big portion of his wealth. The Queen of England was moved by his generosity, accepting his loyalty and bestowed a Lordship onto him, and even gave a

personal authorization permit to him.

This Pirate captain Bernard Fokke thus succeeded in turning over a new leaf, and he did not turn back to his roots but instead constructed this free port when he discovered this “Blessed by the heaven” (chinese idiom it means favoured by nature) island, naming it Tortuga port. Tortuga port was relatively huge in this island, stretching out for 14 km and 7-8 km in width. Its area surpassed a hundred square kilometres, however only a fifth of the port’s area were currently active.

The pirate overlord that shook the world resided down at this place, and his former comrades had settled down here as well, they used their previously acquired swordsmanship and firearm skills to maintain the order of this port. Because Bernard Fokke had the status of an English Lord as well as a former pirate, therefore this port became a free port. Officials and even pirates were free to roam in and out, and the surrounding sea space was converted into a “safe zone”, no one was permitted to do battle there.

Once someone violated this regulation, the successive generations from Bernard Fokke would hunt the person down and utilize a sort of English nobility coupled with a pirate’s brutality to punish the criminal.

Sheyan wanted to further understand this things, however this strange old man started to gradually hardsell a “magical protective talisman” to him. This item was just a torn and tattered rope knot but was worth 20 pound sterlings. Sheyan rolled his eyes, if his charm was higher, he would definitely be able to dig out more information for free and may even receive better deals during transactions.

In the port, the least lacking place was a bar, and these bar all looked extremely shabby. Their roofs were all caved in from the violent storms, even their weirdly named signboards were covered in scars from the rain and winds. From time to time rough and loud bursts of laughter would travel out from the inside.

Sheyan pushed open the door of the nearest bar, a strong unexplainable nostalgic steam rushed against him. At the moment, he felt like he was dazzled by a misconception of the space-time paradox, bringing him back to when he

was still the second in command of the ocean liner he previously worked at.  
Hands on his comrade's back as they walked into a Black sunday pub in Jamaica.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter

## 3

**Chapter:Arm wrestling**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

The interior of the bar was dimly lit, it had a low ceiling and even the paint on the pillars was peeling off. A few ropes were hanging from the ceiling, as ropes were tied to random strange objects at the bottom. Like beer bottles, pots, logs, carved sculptures and even rocks. These objects were probably attached there by seamen/ pirates before they went out on dangerous ventures, showcasing their aspirations.

At the far end of the bar, there were a few decayed and shabby oaken buckets. Several guys encircled these buckets as they chatted and laughlaughed. The bar's tables were low, durable, heavy and radiated a polished over time greyish color. Above it was a cleanly wiped shimmering brass candlestick and an oil lamp. The seamen/pirates sitting around the tables all mostly wore tattered and dull old clothes. Some grew a pigtail hairstyle, and placed glass beads above it and most had tangled and messy beard or hair.

As Sheyan entered, only a few people paid attention to him, probably because his appearance of chewing on a betel nut was commonly seen over here. He walked to the bar counter and without saying a word, the bartender already slid a wooden beer cup laced with hoops over. The rum within mysteriously did not spill out.

“Happy rum festival! First cup is free, next time you better prepare ya shillings kid.”

Sheyan had been walking for a long while, furthermore he had engaged in a

dragged out conversation with the old man and thus felt pretty thirsty. Lifting up the cup, he drank a mouthful allowing himself to daydream a little. Previously in the present world where he worked, the rum he drank before was one of the top 6 strongest alcohol in the world. Once the rum entered his mouth, it was like it became a trail of flames entering into his belly, finally at the end then he could taste the faint sweetness. With his alcohol tolerance level, he only dared to drink half the cup.

However, the cup before him was filled with a sugar cane kind of sweetness, apart from this he could only slightly taste a tinge of alcohol. It could not even be compared with beer, and the closest comparison was that of a soft drink with a tinge of alcohol. This was probably due to the lack of skills in terms of pressuring and fermenting the drink, furthermore the cheapskate boss of this bar probably added water to dilute the rum.

Even if that was so, Sheyan gulped down the entire mug of rum in an instant. He then licked his lips, and consecutively produced his pouch saying:

“Yes, another mug.”

Sheyan suddenly recalled something and instant added on:

“4 shillings worth, no more no less.”

Sheyan was currently short on funds, therefore he needed to be prudent. The bartender was slightly amazed at how Sheyan and gulped down the entire mug. People that could down a huge mug of rum was not uncommon, however after finishing and yet asking for another even larger mug was rarely seen. He did not know that when Sheyan was previously working as a seaman, he went past Russia, and under the extreme cold in Siberia, high purity vodka was essential in combating the cold. Therefore, under such circumstances, his alcohol tolerance had improved, even beer was like water, he drank as much as he could. This left the bartender flabbergasted.

Money for goods, that was the norm and therefore the mug of paid rum had much more volume than the free one. After successively wolfing down the second mug of rum in one go, he had already unintentionally garnered the astonished attention of everyone else. Satisfied, he nodded his head as the nightmare imprint transmitted a notification: drunkard milestone completion

1/100, he then found a table to sit at. Beside him was a tall and skinny guy, which looked fairly familiar, he raised his mug at Sheyan, laughing as he said:

“Oi brat, you really can drink huh.”

Sheyan laughed, he looked at the group that was gathering around the buckets at the distant end and said:

“Having such a jolly good time eh, what are they doing?”

The skinny guy shrugged his shoulders and unhappily said:

“Scarface Harry is betting with arm wrestling again? This brawns over brains guy, can’t he select a less barbaric form of entertainment?”

Sheyan lacked funds urgently, in order to achieve the drunkard milestone, he had to at least acquire 4 x 99 cups of cash. 20 pounds sterling was a huge sum of cash to accumulate, therefore, once he heard the word “betting”, Sheyan’s eyes popped wide open, immediately making his way forward.

Scarface Harry was a piece of rock, his facial features had a distinct Scandinavian Vikings characteristic. His face had a 5 cm scar that looked like a centipede, the top of his head was a shiny baldness. This guy with a huge beard had a bright smile, as though its reflection allowed the floating dust around to be visibly seen. However, his personality was pleasant, even when he lost money he was cheerful and showed no trace of anger. As Sheyan walked forward, in a flash he had already activated his insight ability.

Scarface Harry (Elite)

Description: Bell and Mug Chief officer

Height: 7 foot 2 inches (2.15 metres)

Weight 158 kg (Just like an NBA player)

Strength 9 points

Agility ? Points

Physique 30 points

Perceptive sensing ? points

Charm 14 points

Intelligence 3 points

Spirit ? points

Basic close combat lvl 3, Basic footwork lvl 2, Basic endurance lvl 3

Advanced ability ?

Special ability ?

Special ability: Big hearted, usage can grant an additional 1000 HP.

Description: Scarface Harry currently only brought one helper out for entertainment, if you think that this is his real power, then your conclusion will be that your head will become like those spoilt coconuts on the floor.

After viewing his attributes, Sheyan became slightly dejected but he tossed out his pouch and laughed:

“2 pounds, I’ll bet with you for a round.”

Scarface Harry laughed as he looked at Sheyan:

“Yellow skinned boy, if you think that being able to drink means your strength is great, then be prepared to lose your money!”

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders and grinned:

“That’s not certain.”

Scarface Harry laughed, calling for a mug of tequila, drinking it as he regained his strength. After roughly 5 minutes, he shook his wrist and said:

“Let’s go.”

Tequila is a strong alcohol, and contains a substance that induces adrenaline. Although Scarface Harry was as huge as a rock, his brain was not stupid. After finishing his tequila, his strength surged 1 point to reach a high of 10 points. Sheyan sat at the side and drank his rum, and had an expression that of having success within one’s grasp.

Sheyan was considered to be quite buff, however, when he reached out his right hand to interlock within Scarface Harry’s grip, he looked like a pathetic skinny boy. Based on just body size, Sheyan’s 1.77 metres height and 75 kg body looked like a little kid in front of this gigantic monster. When the two started to



use strength, Sheyan could feel a massive unexplainable force against his wrist, simultaneously his hand bended downwards from the pressure by 45 degrees. His whole body was trembling, eyebrows arching down he forced out his maximum strength.

The wooden stools beneath their buttocks were producing crackling sounds, as cracks started to surface under the immense pressure. In contrast the old wooden table although already covered in injury marks stood steadily and did not move.

Gasps of awe came from the surrounding people, normally Scarface Harry had been invincible in this sort of activity, famous throughout the entire Tortuga port. If members from the 3 legendary ships did not step in, he would rake in wins after wins. They believed Sheyan would face the same predicament, however, he was the first who was still able to resist this sort of strength and still be stable.

Their face had turned red, and veins popped out from their wrists as their interlocked hands were faintly shaking. What was astonishing was that Sheyan was actually gradually pushing back! Scarface Harry's eyes were wide opened, beads of perspiration had started forming on his forehead, as he could only watch in vain as his opponent counterattacked!

At this time, the wooden seats beneath their buttocks could not withstand the pressure any longer as it split with a loud crack. Sheyan trying to avoid falling to the ground butt first immediately loosen his hands and stood up. This match had no conclusion as the observers sighed feeling extremely regretful towards such an amazing match.

Yet Scarface Harry was extremely chill, laughing out loud saying:

“Damned stool, why did it fail at such a critical moment. This match is considered my lost,s, Marde, take 40 shillings and give it to this gentleman.”

Marde is the short but sturdy 50 plus years old man standing beside. His hair had all turned white, after hearing he immediately tossed two pound sterlings into Sheyan's pouch. Sheyan did not leave, signaling to the bartender to give everyone here a mug of rum – of course it's the huge 4 shillings/mug kind. He then loudly boomed out:

“I am sailor Yan from East china, a greedy captain employed me promising me bonus profits. After venturing out a tens of thousand miles out at sea, he successfully made a twenty fold profits selling off his raw silk and potteries. Yet he abandoned me in this beautiful but foreign place when I was drunk!”

Up till now, Sheyan raised his own mug up high:

“May the devil curse his soul!”

Presently the people around were seamen or pirates, they had no good impressions of unscrupulous businessmen. Treated by Sheyan, they could feel and understand him as they raised their mugs in unison:

“May the devil curse his soul!”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 4

## **Chapter 4: Interview**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

After the first round of toast, Sheyan raised his mug again and shouted out:

“May God bless his wife and daughter with good health!”

This toast was something the rest have never heard before, the contents directly contradicted his earlier cursing. However, Sheyan came from a distant eastern land, to the Europeans, their impression of the east was always clouded with a shroud of mystery. Therefore, they guessed that this was a special tradition of the east in order to broaden one’s own heart. However, nobody echoed after this line.

Yet after gulping down a mouthful of rum, Sheyan raised his mug again and exclaimed:

“May God bring me to his household!”

After shouting this, most of the crowd understood and immediately started laughing out loud wildly, as they raised their mugs high and shouted in unison:

“May God bless his wife and daughters will good health! May God bring me to his household!”

After this series of events brought about by Sheyan, he had successfully raised and assimilated himself into the atmosphere of the entire bar. However, when he sincerely inquired around on how to join the crew of those 3 legendary ships, he was mercilessly ridiculed.

Actually these 3 ships were already legends of the sea, every time they went out in voyage they would return with great rewards. Using a common example would be that it was such a quality job that brought a stable income, workers could even rest in the afternoon and enjoy a rich and sumptuous dinner at night. To work there as a crew member would require one to go through a matchless intense selection, even studying for 30 years and interviewing for the glorious government positions would be easier. To a seamen like sheyan who had potential but was unknown, it was simply an impossible task.

After paying the price of 5 mugs of rum, Sheyan came to a conclusion that he had two paths he could take. First was to find a pirate crew member of the legendary ships, and perhaps after earning a certain merit he could slowly infiltrate into the social circle of the 3 pirate crews. The second was to sell himself.

This selling himself wasn't referring to prostituting himself to earn money and then finding a famous gynecology to do plastic surgery, and then finding and marrying a rich and innocent sugar mum. In contrast, it meant enlisting into the government fleet. More accurately, it meant being a marine on the two military warships that were anchored at the south side of Tortuga port. Sheyan could recall that when he just entered into this world, he could vaguely see the marine flag swaying loftily with the breeze.

(TN: the first part is directly translated to that, it feels like the description is too much :!)

The first path was full of danger and challenges, of course its opportunities would be more. Regarding the second path, Sheyan could roughly guess from the bar pirate's estimation: stable income, life without freedom, its risks were relatively lesser in direct proportionality to its opportunities.

Sheyan wasn't an easily contented person, more importantly in the entirety of the Pirates of the Caribbean world, english fleets always took on a miserable persona. In the fourth movie, they were even pressured by the unrivalled spanish fleet. Following the trend, if he made a wrong move at the start, then highly likely his story would remain passive and he had to exercise 10 times the effort before being able to reach the core of the storyline. From a short-term point of view, it was not bad to avoid huge risks by taking the path of a marine. However,

from a long-term point of view, this move will cause him greater consequences.

Resolving his decision in his heart, he would never look back. In front, Scarface Harry seemed to be rather outspoken, hence Sheyan approached him to request a recommendation on a ship that required an extra hand. He said that he was willing to slowly save up, and think of a way to return home. After Scarface Harry listened to Sheyan's request, he laughed out loud and said:

“Seaman Yan? You really want to work on a ship?”

Sheyen bitterly laughed and replied:

“I presently have no other options, other than doing what I already know, what else can I do?”

Scarface Harry took a long look at Sheyan, caressing his chin he whispered:

“Our ship currently lacks a labourer, however you must mend the sails and wash the deck, of course you must be able to wield a sword. Although life may be tougher, our captain Ammand is pretty magnanimous, maybe you can consider. However, my approval is only the first part, you must first pass the traditional selection test of our ship.

After hearing the name “Ammand”, Sheyan's heart skip a beat. This guy had made an appearance before in the Pirates of the Caribbean 3 movie, and even hailed as one of the seven great pirate lords, the black sea pirate lord. Dominating the black sea, he commanded their Islamic pirates to plunder the Christian ships, and even succeeded in collaborating with the Ottoman empire. He controlled the entire land from Morocco all the way to Turkey.

Presently, this person had not yet made his mark. However, without a doubt he would be a person in the future that could sit at the same table as the likes of Jack Sparrow and Barbossa, of course the opportunities were endless.

“I'm willing to go for the test.” Sheyan stood up decisively. In his heart he was extremely clear, if he had not earn favour through the arm wrestling and treating of drinks, then based on his pathetic charm, he probably had no chance of joining the “Bell and Mug” hailed pirate member.

Scarface Harry glanced at Marde, his face leaked out a mysterious grin.

The surrounding bar pirates seeing that Sheyan had successfully gained a job offering, they inched nearer in hope but was mercilessly rejected.

This was a Beihai three mast sailboard that was in the middle of medium to large size. Its slender body was grey and had deep blue horizontal stripes, its tall masts hung huge sails meticulously made from canvas, and had dozens of greyish huge sail ropes intertwining within like a gigantic spider web. White seagulls had stationed themselves atop the empty observation deck, as they squawked loudly. The towering ship's bow raised up mightily, as one would have an impression of a unicorn if they look at it.

The deck was made with Hopea planks that were at least 30 years old, which supplied better protection and lowered the odds of being hit by a cannon. Its surface was scrubbed relatively clean, signifying that Scarface Harry was substantially qualified. Because a clean deck gave one a pleasurable view, a relaxing feel and more important details often decided victories: In the ocean, violent shaking and swaying were inevitable, a filthy deck would cause the odds of falling to double. This was simply the start of a nightmare, if the consequences were serious, it may even cause grave accidents out a sea.

Without question, Scarface Harry bringing Sheyan up on board had caused a minor commotion. This attracted the pirate crew members to lazily climb up as they surrounded and welcome this stranger on board. They wore tattered worn clothes and had a sharp swords attached to their waist. One by one they lazily spread out onto the deck, folding their hands across their chest as their gaze were judgemental and they started discussing amongst themselves.

“Dear heavens! You actually brought a damned infectious stranger aboard without permission from the captain, Marde you idiot! Immediately kneel and ask for forgiveness, and pass your hatchet to me, then i will treat this as it never happened.”

The person who spoke just walked out from inside the ship, it was a person wearing a hat. Two strands of white feather were lodged into the hat. If not for his dark skin and profound wrinkles, then he would really look like a noble. Sheyan noticed that the extremely crude Marde had unconsciously took a step back, it was obvious this person had some sort of authority on this ship. Scarface Harry stood out, his voice like the great clock he said:

“Xiaer sir, as the Bell and Mug chief officer, I believe I have the power to revise any improper areas of this ship, your responsibility is to navigate the entire ship to our destination, that’s all.”

Xiaer was rebutted by Scarface Harry, he stubbornly argued back:

“Only the great captain Ammand has the power to accept a crew member. You can only recommend, unless he can pass the selection test, I will never allow a stranger on board this ship! The reputation of Bell and Mug will also be cursed!”

That last line brought shocked gasps from the crowd, as a veteran sailor, Sheyan understood completely what was happening. He was currently used as a pawn in other people’s struggle for power . From this, it clearly explained the primary hierarchy of this era’s pirate ships.

The Captain was the commander of the entire ship, he was the major policy maker, and had the greatest risk. During emergencies he was involved in everything, but for normal situations he did not concern himself too much.

The chief official can described as the housekeeper: in charge of internal affairs, allocate manpower, managing daily routines, responsible for the goods (He must note the core commodities, shipping stability, goods arrangement – first goods to load out shouldn’t be placed at the bottom. Goods classification – cannot associate tea leaves with liquid products, if the liquid leaks, the tea leaves would be finished. Same with rubber and oil barrels in case of an oil-spill).... If this ship contained dozens of types of goods, it would be unable to operate without a good chief official.

The last special members were: navigator. At the present time, there was no radar, and one could only rely on the stars, compass, and weather conditions to determine a ship’s location and destination. Drafting a travelling route on the map requires rich experience and knowledge. The navigator is the eyes of the ship, dictating the direction and was learned and thus were able to draw the maps and their travelling route. They sometimes also acted as the chaplain or counsellor to settle those mentally despaired pirates, ones who had turned lonely and frightened. According to the modern day and using simple terms, on the vast ocean the navigator was considered as the radar, playboy magazine and mobile phone.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 5

## Chapter 5: Pirate's test

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Because the navigator's body was often shrouded with a mysterious ring of light, their prestige was normally high amongst the crew. On some pirate ships, there were even navigators who had an equal standing or even surpassing the status of their captains. The Pirates of the Caribbean series leading man: Jack Sparrow, apart from being a captain, he was also acclaimed as an outstanding navigator. This can be seen easily through his successful attempt in finding the Fountain of Youth, his captain status was solidified. In the 4th movie, although he was forced onto Blackbeard's ship, he was able to inspire a mutiny because of his navigator's status.

Upon this Bell and Mug ship, the navigator Mr Xiaer was extremely influential and was a uncontested and cautious person. However, he was essential on this pirate ship, therefore, the captain very intelligently placed his own trusted comrade Scarface Harry to contain him while he observed at the side as a spectator.

At this moment, Sheyan was not willing to continue being a political tool. Because enroute to this Bell and Mug ship he could clearly see, the recruitment of other crews no matter how big or small, its scale greatly paled in comparison to this Bell and Mug ship. If he cowered back under such circumstances, then Sheyan would be neglecting the root and pursuing the tip (Chinese idiom, it means neglecting the fundamentals and concentrating too much on the details). It would be choosing to survive in a dangerous situation and forgoing on an



excellent opportunity.

Therefore, after hearing Xiaer's words, Sheyan immediately took a firm step forward, placing his left hand on his chest as he slightly bowed, firmly he spoke out:

“Seaman Yan from the East, willing to take on the Bell and Mug's test!”

Xiaer looked at Sheyan, his expression had sunk as he fixed his gaze towards the nearby crew head. The crew head Cuaron was a one-eyed man, he was wearing a filthy and greasy shirt, and had a linen sleeveless jacket on top of it. Strapped to his waist is a latin designed light sword. Understanding Xiaer's signal, Cuaron then raised his chin towards his trusted aide, a bare body black man with lots of dreadlocks stood forward.

Being cautious, Sheyan instantly activated his insight ability, receiving the following information.

Messy hair Gates

Bell and Mug seaman

Height: 6 foots 4 inches (1.98 m)

Weight: 108 kg

Strength: 6 points

Agility: 4 points

Physique: 5 points

Perceptive sense: 7 points

Charm: 5 points

Intelligence: 5 points

Spirit: 5 points

Basic close combat lvl 2, basic endurance lvl 1, basic long range combat lvl 1

Gates arrogantly stood against Sheyan, pouting his lips in contempt and finally retreating after demonstrating his ready to battle face. Brandishing his sharp dagger, he raised his voice and shouted out:

“Come on kid, I’ll help you bathe in your blood!”

Sheyan remained silent, raising his hand towards Xiaer and abruptly exclaimed:

“Wait!”

Xiaer had a mocking expression on his face, even Scarface Harry was slightly frustrated, he was worried that Sheyan was actually one who talked more than he acted and he was going to back out at the last minute? The surrounding pirates jeered and laughed, yet Sheyan spoke softly:

“In the east, once we have a duel with weapons, then there will definitely be life sacrificed to the heavens. If I die, then I have nothing to say, but what if he dies?”

Sheyan’s words were like a gust of cold wind, as if turning the field into a frozen field. Scarface Harry yet burst out laughing and said:

“Gates, did you hear that, if you’re afraid of death then hurry up and step back.”

Gates was a fugitive, after turning to piracy as a professional career, he was thinking with his other head inside his pants. Giving out a roar, he raise his dagger and thrust it at Sheyan.

Sheyan actually reached out his hand and gripped that ordinary dagger!

Fresh blood flowed down the dagger smoothly, but do not forget, Sheyan was currently in the nightmare world, his innate ability “Endurance” has been activated.

“You received 35 points of attack damage, your innate ability endurance activated, your damage sustained is 10 points.”

Gates roared out loud, wanting to pull back his dagger but he realized his dagger had been stuck firmly in place, not moving one bit!

Sheyan’s gaze blazed, stepping forward, bending his body and submerging his shoulders, he charged forward heavily knocking against Gates’ abdomen!

Gates’ face turned pale, the first reaction of anyone who got struck like that would get a violet nauseous feeling, followed by an unexplainable pain. Sheyan had no intention of showing restraint, swinging his elbows forward to heavily

attack his temples at the same time. He then nimbly slid around his back, hugging him like a princess would to her prince as he raised his right knee and heavily smashed against him!

Sheyan's action were precise, simple and agile leaving Gates like a foldable stool, folding up after a series of moves. Except that a foldable chair can once again be opened, however, a person who had been smashed at the back of his head will end up in a pathetic tragedy.

"Crkk!" the clear crisp crackling sound of bones shattering followed by a miserable wailing arose. However, Sheyan's face remained as grim as a rock, he deeply knew that in front of these vicious pirates, he needed to be more vicious to earn their respect. Showing empathy and kindness would definitely be frowned upon! He casually threw Gates aside like mud, giving out an aggressive groan and signalled in contempt with his bloodied hands, undauntedly he exclaimed:

"Next."

The surrounding pirates looked at each other in dismay, , Sheyan's viciousness obviously had born its fruits. To these pirates, volunteering would mean placing their brains on their pants (chinese idiom meaning they could lose their time anytime). However, there was no benefit in sacrificing their lives now, therefore, no one was willing to step up. Presently, Xiaer's expression was extremely ugly, even Scarface Harry's smile had turned dry. His earlier aim was to bring Xiaer's arrogance down, he never expected this Seaman Yan was actually so vicious! Therefore, he had a really awkward expression as though he had accidentally released a wild beast.

Xiaer's face twitched and was about to speak up when a person hurriedly stepped forward. He was a black man with thick lips, however, he had no hair on his head as the sunrays brightly shone against it. His legs were extraordinarily long, and he had a pair of maliciously flickering triangular eyes. He immediately fixed his gaze on the motionless body, simultaneously crying out loud! After a short moment he straightened up staring cruelly at Sheyan saying:

"Is it you?"

Sheyan coldly replied:

“Regarding the fair duel I miscalculated, I humbly apologize.”

The black man tore out the necklace on his neck. This necklace was weaved with a human tooth and thick strands of hair. Tossing it directly as it slid in front of Sheyan, he angrily spoke:

“Regarding my following miscalculation, I humbly apologize.”

Sheyan’s expression changed, he wasn’t afraid of this guy’s assault but was actually affected by the nightmare imprint’s notification:

“You just received a voodoo curse (black serpent’s bite lvl 1), 1 point will be randomly deducted from one of your basic attributes and converted to your enemy’s side.

“Randomly deducted....”

“You deducted 1 point in spirit, that point will be attributed to your opponent!”

Scarface Harry heaved a sigh of relief, loudly calling out:

“Second round of test begin! Originating from the mysterious East, Yan versus our Jamaican broker and crew head: Waliwalika!”

Currently the sun was setting as the dense scenery reflected a blazing red against the sky. The gleaming waves glistened in the sea as the crystalline water dazzled. In the remote distance, two guys circled each other on deck, deciding a victor would mean either life... or death. The last one standing will be the undisputed winner. Sheyan stood calmly still, and Waliwalika took a low stance bending his body, reaching out for a short hatchet from his waist.

His manner of footwork was strange, it was as though the floor beneath was extremely slippery and he needed to tiptoe around, giving one an illusion of floating around. This sort of footwork originated from the celebration victory dance of the primitive tribes also known as Hunting Dance steps. Giving rise to the later known Brazilian JiuJitsu, which became famous throughout the world.

Waliwalika let loose a mournful shriek, causing the surrounding ears to shrivel in pain. His feet slid around, as his footsteps greatly widened up. Constantly switching his hatchet between his left and right hand, he looked overbearing yet

his steps were devoid of weight. Arching forward and backwards as he teased his opponent. If Sheyan advanced, very naturally the prepared Jamaican would retreat, as he playfully toyed and consume his opponent's stamina.

Sheyan's face faintly twitched, he had racked up immense battle experience so far. In front of him, this brute Waliwalika's actions, in his eyes were as bright as daylight. His face leaked out a teasing expression, while he suddenly surged forward fiercely with great speed at this Jamaican!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 6

## Chapter 6: Insane Duel

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Five metres, three metres, two metres! The Jamaican calculated the distance in his heart, his breathing was heavy and his eyes bloodshot. From the duel with Gates, he concluded that this person from the East had tremendous explosive powers, if he was able to dodge and thereby counterattack, then the chances of victory would greatly increase!

As expected, Sheyan really burst forward, raising his arms to cover his face, like a huge block smashing forward, there was completely no trace of restraint. In this moment, Waliwalika felt the rushing wind against him and felt suffocated!

That crucial moment, he must retreat, he could only retreat!

While retreating, Waliwalika had already decided on his counterattack move. Him boldly standing up to take revenge for his brother was not purely impulsiveness. In this short span, his 7 different counterattacking measures had already started forming up in his mind.

However, Sheyan did not commit any further actions as he charged forward stubbornly like a raging bull merely trying to finish off his enemy with a sheer forceful collision!

Waliwalika strangely croaked, with one move transferred the hatchet to his right hand, and swiftly chop down with it. Yet, Sheyan very composedly raised his left arm! The nearby pirates all gasped in astonishment. Waliwalika had the strongest arm strength amongst them, once during a battle, he even split open a

british lieutenant's helmet! In their eyes, Sheyan would end up with a dismembered left arm, following that as half of his body will be chopped into half.

A glimmer of radiance flashed in the air!

As the two were about to exchange blows, an explosive blinding light emitted from Sheyan's left arm as a huge mysterious metallic arm emerged! This was the weapon obtained from the terminator world: Colbalt steel exoskeleton (Left arm)!

As the hatchet's blade chopped on it, sparks emerged however there were no injuries. After deflecting the hatchet, Sheyan extended himself and charged forward to Waliwalika's front, as he looked like he was about to deal a fatal blow with his mysterious weapon!

Waliwalika was blown slight backwards upon the impact, however, as he staggered a few steps back he realized he had already been forced to the side of the ship! He actually was unconsciously forced into the corner amidst the chaos of battle! If he wanted to escape his perilous situation, he must shift two steps away urgently. Currently, the gap between the two were not even 2 metres, with both Sheyan's arms covering his face, he leaked out a vulnerable spot. Waliwalika's gaze flickered as he took a step back with his left leg and whipped out his right leg in an upper kick manner.

Blood travels in the body at an average of 6894 km daily, at this time Waliwalika was breathing deeply and his blood was rushing 10 times faster than the average speed. Although his kick looked lacking, but actually contain a tremendous tearing strength. Once the enemy's strange metallic arm strike, his kick would allow him to propel to the side and escape his disadvantageous situation!

A person's rib area was considerably weak, once the rib splintered it would threaten the vital organs like the liver, lungs *etc.* That was where there's such a thing as the rib cartilage. Waliwalika's one kick would rescue him from the clutches of his opponent, and gave him a chance to escape. If he had not block and escape, he would suffer a huge risk of being closed in bombarded by the enemy.

“Peng!” Waliwalika’s eyes popped wide open! This person unexpedly took the full force of the kick directly to his weak rib cartilage! However, a frightening pain transmitted from his leg as though he had just stuck a piece of metal board! Did he really kick onto the opponent’s rib cartilage? Therefore, the projected recoil from the impact did not happen as he was unable to borrow the opposing force to escape, this was the only fatal flaw in his plan!

In this sort of intense duel, a flaw would mean death.

Five seconds

The blood lusted looking Sheyan utilized a mere 5 seconds to turn this Jamaican into a dead man. He used his strange metallic arm, in one swift blow he monstrosly pulled out Waliwalika’s throat from his neck. The cringing sounds of the shattering bones echoed through the deck, as the pirates could only cower in horror.

Following that was Sheyan’s malicious knee, heavily smashing against Waliwalika’s crotch awfully destroying that part of Waliwalika.

Before Waliwalika’s heavy body had the time to collapse, Sheyan had already coiled around his back, gripping onto the ordinary dagger he got from Gates he slashed across his throat. Blood immediately spurted out, as this Jamaican’s tall figure tumbled and fell abroad into the sea. Disrupting the reflection of the sunset with a huge splash, as it slowly submerged into the sea with small bubbles foamed up from his throat and slowly dissipated.

Sheyan then coughed modestly, licking off the blood from his middle finger, raising his brows he purposely made a weird pose as if emulating a mysterious eastern martial artist. After these, he then looked towards the audience, coldly continuing to say:

“Next.”

The entire place fell into a deathly silence, Sheyan knew that his viciousness had achieved great effects. Taking a few much needed breaths he casually observed the notification from his nightmare imprint he got after killing Waliwalika:

“Your throat slash dealt a total of 33 points of damage to Waliwalika,



opponent falls into a state of near death.... You have killed the opponent.”

“The voodoo curse (Black serpent’s bite lvl1) has been dispelled. Your basic attribute: Spirit has been recovered to normal.”

”

“You have acquired a black pin (Grey).”

“Black pin (Grey): This is a key classification item, normally used in various witchcraft/ magic to weaken the enemy. After using, you have 50% chance of attaining a lowest grade black magic/ witchcraft scroll, and a 50% chance of acquiring a random item. Do you want to activate this item. Yes / No?”

Sheyan understood that if this newly acquired “Black pin” produced a scroll, it would most likely contain the curse that Waliwalika used: Black Serpent’s Bite. He looked at his mere 5 points of spirit and then without deliberating selected ‘No’.

Presently, Sheyan had already accepted two duels – two victories, two dead opponents! Duels normally concluded within a minute, in that short time frame, his fearsome battle capabilities/ vicious nature/ Eastern mysteries had carved a deep impression on all the present pirates. Logically speaking, there should still be a third round of test, however, the atmosphere was frozen. Of course, this did not mean that no one onboard was incapable of contesting against Sheyan, they just felt like it was not worth the effort or risk.

To these pirates, killing Sheyan would only merit them with 2-3 Pounds, such low valuation was not enough to invoke their interest in dealing with this mysterious and cruel Easterner.

A clear and distinct applause broke the awkward frozen atmosphere, and this applause came from above. Along with it was a steady and cold laughter. This laughter was precise, stubborn yet steady just like an alarm.

“The third test is hereby cancelled! Welcome the mysterious Easterner Seaman Yan onboard the Bell and Mug!”

Sheyan turned his head around, immediately he could see a male walking out of the captain’s room, that was the future pirate lord Ammand! He had high cheekbones and a crooked nose giving one a first impression: A fierce tyrant with keen vision! Very naturally, Ammand had noticed that the commotion brought

about by his chief official had caused much harm to the morale of the ship, therefore, he personally made an appearance to put an end to this unhealthy deathly atmosphere.

As Ammand was speaking, Sheyan had already received the relevant notifications:

“Main mission: The Busy Man completed.”

“You acquired 100 utility points”

“You received a new main mission: Gain Prominence.”

“Mission summary: Promote your reputation across the Caribbean pirates.”

“Mission description: The pirates of the Caribbeans are bunch of reverential people. No matter how you do it, whether by good or evil methods if you can leave a deep impression in them, this will increase their respect for you.”

“Mission pointers: After accepting this mission, your reputation score will be activated in this Pirates of the Caribbean setting, current score of 24/1000.”

“Mission pointers: Pirates are all impatient bastards, you have a week to establish yourself.”

“Mission pointer: The higher your reputation in the pirate world, the better your rewards will be.”

You have succeeded in becoming a Bell and Mug crew member.”

“Bell and Mug is classified as a large pirate warship.”

“You triggered a side mission: Get close to a legend.”

“Mission summary: Ascend into the (Black Pearl/ Flying Dutchman/ Queen Anne’s Revenge/ HMS Victory) any random deck, and become their crew member.”

”

“Mission pointer: Although these few legendary pirate ships/ marine ships are currently lacking in manpower, they would rather have nothing than weaklings, thus, they would not easily accept people without a solid reputation. Please increase your reputation in the pirate world first.”

“Mission pointer: After the rum festival, these 4 ships would temporarily not set sail, however, they will only anchor for a period of one week.”

(Note: HMS Victory is the only ship that can catch up to the Black Pearl, it has a fast speed, pointed tip and flat tail, it belongs to the Royal Navy of the English empire. The captain is James Norrington, the first marriage candidate to Elizabeth. In the second series, he ingeniously captured the heart of Davy Jones. The ship's firepower is extremely terrifying.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter

## 7

### **Chapter 7: Ammand's Plot**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

After the series of notification, Sheyan felt slightly rejoiceful. If not for these sudden opportunities, he probably would have to mix with a bunch of low grade pirates in a lowest rank ship. On this Bell and Mug ship, he at least had a higher starting point, it was much easier to raise his reputation. No doubt this was a great advantage.

Ammand's reputation was unparalleled in this crew, even the untamed Xiaer had to acknowledge and do his bidding. Scarface Harry with a face full of smiles, came over and pat Sheyan on the shoulder, warmly welcoming and introducing him to the ship. Pointing to a room, he told him that he will be living there from now on.

Strictly speaking, the pirate ships primarily earn from their plundering. Therefore, they did not need huge empty spaces like those trading ships who compressed the crew's sleeping quarters to a minimum. This ship's living conditions were quite satisfactory. The room's interior was not bright and clean, but it did not have any stale odours. Although, the pillows and bed were filled with patches and were pretty old, it had just been washed before and was adequately clean. There was even a fresh smell of one that had been sun.

A pirate at the side modestly bowed to Sheyan, as he raised his eyes to look at Sheyan. He is called Ben Mugen, Sheyan's bunk mate. This politeness was a benefit from Sheyan's vicious exhibition of force. As this Ben Mugen was also a pirate, naturally he wasn't a good person, however, prior to this the two guys

that Sheyan disposed of were known to be cruel and vicious on this pirate ship. Don't even mention Waliwalika, he could not even stand against Gates. Therefore, he needed to show some sort of respect towards this mysterious and merciless Easterner."

Sheyan couldn't be bothered to care about this Ben guy, and proceeded to lie down on his bed. In today's duel, his left arm sustained the heaviest injury. The cobalt steel exoskeleton's primary function was for attacking and not defense, therefore, after receiving a chop from Waliwalika's hatchet, he was not able to perfectly negate his attack. Although the injured left arm was not considered serious, it still needed a period of rest to restore it. After he entered the bunk, the cowardly Ben Mugen did not dare to remain in the room and quietly sneack out to the deck.

After helping Sheyan to settle down, Scarface Harry immediately entered into the captain's quarters. Ammand was currently looking intently at a map, with arms behind his back his body posture was perfectly upright, in addition to his fluttering cloak at the back he looked elegant and resolute. Although Scarface Harry's footsteps were light, Ammand instantly heard him and reacted:

"You came?"

Although they were both familiar with each other, Scarface Harry replied with reverence:

"En, I have already settled down our new Easterner."

Ammand gently pressed down on his sword, pondering a while before replying:

"Today our new comrade had caused quite an uproar, what do you think?"

Scarface Harry pursed his lips, this expression mischievously hid itself within his fluffy beard:

"Ordinary."

Pausing, it was as though he was still finding his words, adding onto his word, he said:

"Very ordinary."

Ammand calmly replied:

“Explain your reasoning.”

Scarface Harry cleared his throat and said:

“His arm strength is truthfully immense, however, he has not gone through much systematic training. Against an enemy’s attack, he is still quite clueless, normally receiving the enemy’s attack before counter attacking. If not for Waliwalika and Gates, these two clueless blockheads, if they could drag on for a while and observe his patterns, then they would definitely force out a draw. To deal with him, we just need to get Marde to bring two guys who wield twin hatchets, which is a weapon that is hard to resist.”

Ammand nodded his head:

“En, not bad, your observation skills hasve increased. Waliwalika had recently gotten a bit too familiar with Xiaer, getting rid of him is not a bad thing. This Easterner’s low combat ability is actually a good thing, if we are able to obtain clues from him to access the east waterway then it would definitely be an unexpected surprise. I also suspect that he may have led a fleet for over tens of thousand of miles into the Caribbean sea, therefore, we have to carefully observe him. Do not use violence unless absolutely needed. Now the crucial point is to confirm that this brat is speaking the truth.”

Scarface Harry radiated an intelligence that did not match with his appearance, opening his mouth exposing his yellow teeth as he laughed:

“I know what to do, swearing on the Queen of England that old whore. If this brat is telling a single lie, then I will surely uproot his entire background, and the adorable sharks in the sea will look forward to a delicious meal.”

.....

.....

Sheyan obviously did not know about the conspiracy behind his back. After resting, it was already late at night as he went out to the deck for fresh air. He then went to the kitchen to grab a few bites and returned to his cabin. Ben Mugen was currently snuggled up in his blanket and snoring loudly, Sheyan immediately lifted him up and tossed him out of the cabin. He then shut the door and went to bed.

After he woke up he noticed the miserable pirate's face had turned pale from the chill of the night and had shriveled up at the doorway. He looked at Sheyan with a sad and longing expression.

Upon seeing this scene, Sheyan wanted to speak up but he found the words hard on his lips. Finally he just step outside, facing his head away he said:

“Tonight you better stuff a walnut into your throat.”

Ben Mugen felt like he was pardoned, immediately scrambling into the cabin. He had suffered greatly the previous night, and rushed to take a nap comfortably.

Naturally, Sheyan was not the only contestant in this historic world. Therefore, before the 24 hours deadline was met, all ships would probably not leave the port. This meant that Sheyan still had one free day worth of time to explore. Presently, it was 8 AM in the morning, after a night of crazy partying at the bar, most of the pirates were sleeping and the deck was completely empty. Sheyan made a round around the Bell and Mug ship, suddenly, he received a notification from the nightmare imprint:

You received basic information on this ship.”

“Bell and Mug ship”

“Length 40 metres, width 8.4 metres.”

“Volume capacity 400 tons”

“Special ability: smooth sailing (Active): After activation, this ship's speed will greatly rise while sailing upwind, duration is 1 hour.”

“Other details unclear.”

After receiving the basic information of the ship, Sheyan could not resist feeling curious about the 4 legendary ships at the port. Furthermore, he had his insight ability, after 2 hours the information on those 4 legendary ships were easily surveyed by Sheyan from afar.

“Black Pearl”

Length: 60 metres

Width 7.5 metres

Volume capacity: 600 tons

“Legendary ability: Constant sailing (Passive): The ship’s maximum speed is always constant, it will not be affected by any external elements – As long as the Black Pearl exists, no one else is able to claim that they are the kings of speed!

Legendary ability: Night concern (passive): Nightfall, the Black Pearl and its crew will have a 80% lower chance of being discovered – Darkness is my eternal ally.

Other details unclear.

“The Flying Dutchman (Presently this ship had not been cursed)”

Length: 70 metres

Width: 15 metres

Volume capacity: 800 tons

Legendary ability: Submerge (Active): This ship has been blessed by dark magic. It can swiftly shut its cabins and dive into the sea. Once it resurfaces, it has a durable ability that will restore 30% of the ship’s health points – The sea is the best engineer.

Legendary ability: Three joint shots (Active): Thoroughly showcasing its threatening ability, its violent burst shots will cause heavy damages to the enemy’s fleet – Get a taste of gunfire and cannons, haha!

Other information unclear.

“Queen Anne’s Revenge”

Length: 65 metres

Width: 8 metres

Volume capacity: 600 tons

Legendary ability: Ocean magic ropes (Ability not yet realized) : Blackbeard can utilize his enchanted sword to control the ship’s ropes, controlling it like poisonous snakes which can bind a nearby target – do not ever engage in a side to side battle with Blackbeard, if you want to achieve victory.



Legendary ability: Prometheus flare (Active): Shooting out terrifying flames from the front, utterly burning up all life in sacrifice to the great Prometheus – Even though you are in the sea, be on guard against the threat of raging flames.

HMS Victory

English marine ship (Captain Lord Beckett)

Length: 65 metres

Width: 10 metres

Volume capacity: 900 tons

Legendary ability: Fearless (Passive): When HMS Victory was constructed, they attached a royal english mariner's spirit onto it, therefore any additional equipments like the cannons would not exhibit any negative effects.

Legendary ability: Agitate (Active): In an emergency, the mariner spirit of the HMS Victory would assist the crew, and cause the ship's velocity to reach the maximum in the shortest time possible. It is the only other ship on the Caribbean sea to be able to catch up to The black pearl in a short time.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 8

## Chapter 8: Movement and Confusion

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan wasted a total of 2-3 hours using his insight ability to retrieve information. Presently, he still had about 2 pound sterling on hand, and thus, he decided to find a bar to grab a drink. At the same time he could fish for any news, and finally because of his accomplishment counter of his drunkard milestone was just 11/100. Since Sheyan already landed a job, he did not mind spending all his excess cash on rum.

After an hour, Sheyan's drunkard milestone counter reached 22/100, in contrast his cash spiraled to a single digit. Suddenly, Sheyan heard a commotion from the outside, looking out from the bar he could see a small ruckus happening on the street. The port surrounding patrol guards were hurrying to that direction.

Previously mentioned, Tortuga is a neutral port, therefore, its patrol guards did not possess much power, but was supported by the private powers who ruled this island. After Bernard Fokke turned over a new leaf and constructed this neutral port his personal guards possessed great influence. However, right now the port's patrol guard's influence were deflated like a decompressed pregnant woman's boobs after breastfeeding.

Sheyan walked to the entrance of the bar, he didn't even have to raise his head but could already see Tortuga Port's highest castle enshrouded with thick black smoke! The entire port had become extremely chaotic, people running about like a swarm of ants being threatened by a smashing rock. This place had been

thriving for an entire 70 years, minus the citizens, above 99% of the remainder are pirates!

They were not a bunch of law-abiding citizens, once Tortuga Port was thrown into chaos, these pirates “gentlemanly” behaviour died off as their underlying wild beast unleashed. Cruel and hungry, they started plundering and even rob each other’s money pouches!

“Wu...” There were few who were as chill as Sheyan. He gently caressed his chin as he looked far towards the already engulfed in smoke castle in deep thought and did not have a single notion of violent behaviour in his mind.

Suddenly, a loud sound emitted from the castle once again, yellow smoke and dust spiralling up 20-30 metres into the air, and formed a mushroom cloud shape. People with amazing vision could see that several horse carriage wrecks were being flung out, disintegrating in mid air, and even the flesh of the horses were mixed into the mess along with the smoke. It splattered down like rain, leaving one a bitter taste of tragedy and disgust in their mouths. Several pirates standing beside Sheyan had their mouths wide open. One of them wearing a greyish wide bandana against his bald head exclaimed out in shock:

“Good grief, those sons of bitches must have more than a hundred buckets of gunpowder.”

Although this brat used the term “sons of bitches”, his vulgarities were not scoldings but just a form of expression. Looking at his appearance, he looked like the kind of crew member who constantly patted his crew members and would say “You F\*\*ING did well mate.” After listening, Sheyan knew that this guy was a pirate expert in using gunpowder and cannons. However, his attention immediately focused onto the fogged up castle and the earth shaking explosion that just happened.

Maybe within the castle and the black smoke there was a storyline character causing the explosion, however, this was such a large scale explosion scene. It was not realistic when compared to the technological developments of this Pirates of the Caribbean era. Just taking that cannon expert’s saying, there must be at least a hundred buckets of gunpowder! In this era, most things were made with oak, and the total amount of gunpowder would exceed a hundred

kilograms. Therefore, to a person that have not operated a bulldozer or excavator before, to move a hundred buckets of gunpowder would require exceedingly huge construction equipment or something like that. Unless all the patrol guards in Tortuga were blind, they would definitely have spotted such huge equipment.

Hence, this should be caused by a contestant. Only a contestant would be able to use such immense powerful explosives, and only a contestant would dare to ruin the peace of a neutral land like Tortuga which had experienced 70 years of peace. Thus, he must have triggered such an explosion to satisfy his personal goals. Currently, Sheyan had a flicker of inspiration in his mind, as though he had found the key to a particular question that was bugging him. But just as he found the answer, he actually forgot the question.

Presently the port was a sea of confusion and chaos, a few hasty and urgent figures scampered over like a pack of frightened mice running from a cat. Those should be contestants that committed the act, as a group of Tortuga patrol guards were pursuing them with weapons raised.

These guards probably received a kill order, persistently tailing these contestants. As those figures ran over, at about less than a hundred metres to Sheyan, suddenly, from the side transmitted a long neighing sound. This sound sounded like a horse, but weirdly, the people who heard this simultaneously shivered up as though someone had pour a bucket of ice water over them and their blood vessels all streamed with chilliness.

A wooden house at the side suddenly imploded within, as wood splinters exploded out disorderly, and a huge horse leapt out of it as though it was soaring in the sky. This horse was as tall as two people, its muscles bulging and swelling up as though it was going to tear through its own skin. Its eyes were covered with a black eye patch, its mane and tail swayed gently displaying a trail of blue cold air, spiralling up slowly like the smoke. There was a flaming red saddle on its back, as bright as the red cloth used in ox duels.

The horse rider looked roughly 40 years old, he was extremely stable and did not need to hold onto any straps. He had a small moustache that looked like that of spanish nobility, but his chin was shaved clean. Wearing a black western-style hat, he had a pair of sharp yet grim eyes, staring over he pulled out a short land

musket!

Present time firearms were the basic primitive manual muskets with a fire string that is ignited with a match, to release one round, it required a long time to prepare. However, once this rider pulled out his musket, the fire string on his automatically ignited and the spark went into the black barrel. “Boom!” The carbon fumes rose from the barrel, and Sheyan could feel the hairs on his back slowly stiffening up. His eyes popped wide open, witnessing the first contestant trying his best to evade but after the gunshot sound, a part of the top half of his body exploded and was badly mutilated!

This scene was like that of a huge watermelon exploding in an instant, as his flesh and bones miserably fragmented into small pieces. The surrounding people/objects/shops in a 7-8 metres radius were all covered with a layer of red which gave off a fishy smell!

What was strange was that the contestant’s lower body was perfectly untouched, as his legs further ran a few more steps after its other half’s explosion before losing its balance and collapsing onto the street. Blood flowed out everywhere, gradually forming a crimson blood pond.

After witnessing this horrific scene, it was unimaginable what the other contestants would feel. Taking a glance at each other, they cried out frantically as they dispersed to escape. Two of them after running to a nearby shore, immediately started pushing out a small vessel. Feeling anxious like a stray dog, they frantically paddled out to sea, obviously, they understood the weakness of the horseman, that he was unable to enter the water. That horse galloped rapidly, however, when he reached the shore, the boat was already 50-60 metres and still rowing away.

When everyone else all thought that the rider was now helpless in the face of circumstances, he actually tightened his reins! That horse stood upright on his back heels like a normal person, letting out a mournful neigh, he sprayed out an icy blue cold air from his nostrils. Under the brilliance of the afternoon sun, the cold air was sparkling and translucent, it seemed like it was emitting light giving one an awful frosty feeling.

Following that, the horse kicked off with strength, leaping into the sea! Its

hooves were the size of a washbasin, when it came into contact with the water, the area solidified into a light blue icy layer. It was so clear that the flowing waters below could still be seen. The horse had started to break into a frenzy charge, beneath its hoofs it left a trail of icy white fog, causing the surrounding 2-3 metres to freeze up. As the horse charged by, the layer of ice behind would quickly melt away. Viewing from far, it was like a pathway of white ice was forming towards the not so far escaping boat.

Just a mere 10 seconds was enough for the horse to catch up to the two appalled contestants. Yet, they still had surging willpower in them intending to resist, however, that rider drew out his sabre, swiftly raising it high and slicing down with the destructive force of a thunderbolt! The two contestant's actions momentarily stagnated followed by a blood bath, they were like grass that was being shred apart by that sabre!

"Ah!!!!!" The rider let out a murderous bellowing, as the sound echoed into the entire port. "Receive the full wrath of the Fokke family!! Scum and maggots!"

"That is Little Fokke?" Sheyan overheard a nearby pirate talking to his comrade. His comrade seemed to be pretty knowledgeable, lowering his tone he spoke out:

"That's right, he belongs to the third generation of the Fokke family, that horse is named Momore. Rumours has it that a demonic spirit resides in it, and it was Bernard Fokke's horse. Only people from the Fokke family are able to tame and be its master."

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter

## 9

### Chapter 9: Rushing Undercurrents

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: Elkassar**

This moment, Little Fokke had already rode his horse back to the port, using a warning tone he scolded:

“Scumbags who have eyes on the back of their brains! Even these idiots have no chance, set up the cross at the courts of the port, nail these two damned corpses up. Let them know the consequences of causing trouble on this sacred freeport! Their flesh will rot in the sun, and their souls will be humbled in the torture of this court. When the bell rings at midnight, I want to see the rest of these criminal scums nailed to the cross! Hurry!”

After little Fokke finished speaking he did not rest, immediately riding the horse, Momore, towards the castle that was still engulfed in black smoke.

At this moment, a low husky voice could suddenly be hear. It said, “Strong in appearance but weak in reality.” Hearing this, Sheyan could not help but giggle slightly, turning his head around but all he saw was a mess of people, he had no clue who was the one who spoke. However, he could clearly see the greed and evil intentions in the eyes of a few pirates.

.....

“Little Fokke’s actions are really stupid.”

30 minutes later after the events, aboard the Bell and Mug ship, Ammand gently raised his hands and said. Beside him was a man wearing a brown western-style hat, it was the navigator Xiaer. Presently, Xiaer’s behavior towards

Ammand was extremely humble, it was completely the manner of how a servant treated a master with fear and respect.

“This place has enjoyed the peace for far too long, who knows how many pairs of eyes were observing today’s chaotic events. If the Fokke family had not spoken a word but had captured and slain all of the criminals today, then everyone would still acknowledge that the Fokke family’s control of Tortuga port has not declined.....but now, haha.....”

Ammand’s eyes were flickering, reaching out his hands to touch the smooth hilt on his waist he muttered:

“But, if Little Fokke did not retaliate it would be worse, those foolish patrol guards can normally deal with small ruckuses, however once a huge problem breaks out, they are like headless houseflies, knocking their heads around but nothing is done. At the start if not for little Fokke riding out that demon horse, Momore, out to eliminate the threat, those normal pirates would probably be emotionally disturbed.”

Xiaer tilted his head to gaze at the sunny Tortuga port, his eyes containing a certain greed and ambition. Tortuga Port was a prime shipping route in the Caribbean sea, for 70 whole years it had been amassing wealth, it could probably purchase half of England by now. However, the sun will always set, Ammand’s towering figure stood firmly, Xiaer furrowed his brows, hanging down his eyelids as he calmly say:

“Maybe little Fokke had screwed up his own job badly, however at the start we all witnessed.... That gun, that sabre and the threat of the deadly horse! As long as those 3 mystical objects remain, nobody would dare to go against the glory of the Fokke family!”

Ammand stern face changed to a sinister sneer:

If the entire Fokke family had only those 3 items that belonged to the dead, then not long later will be their doomsday. No matter if it’s the Black Pearl’s owner Old Jack, or even Queen Anne’s Revenge’s owner Blackbeard, they would not bat an eyelid at those 3 mystical objects.”

“Old Jack is currently protected by the law, he himself is a tribal chief of an American Headhunting tribe. Blackbeard 10 years ago had already started



mastering the voodoo cults black magic. Currently it is reported that they are still looking for the secret killing mechanism of the Queen Anne's Revenge! If not for the Flying Dutchman's captain Davy Jones being a vaguely neutral guy, Tortuga port would have been swept away long ago!"

Xiarer humbly stopped, he realized that Ammand was speaking more than usual today, and the information he leaked was the kind that needed blood and killing to exchange for. Yet Ammand casually took a deep breath, and continued speaking:

"The winds of the Caribbean sea are starting to carry the sounds of blood and mourning, I feel that there will be a huge shift in the coming few days. I normally close my eyes to the politics between you and Scarface Harry, however at this time, all the entire crew of the Bell and Mug must unite together and seize this risky but immense opportunity to rake in some merits!"

Under Ammand's falcon vision, Xiaer could only nod his head and did not dare to have other notions in his head. However what was going on in his heart was something nobody could fathom.

.....

Under the command of Lord Fokke, Tortuga port's guards all frantically moved together, sweeping the entire port upside down. Sheyan was presently a Bell and Mug crew member, therefore he could naturally spectate from the side. He felt that although the guards were rather valiant, their qualities were inferior to the official government ones, the way they searched and arrested was crude, scolding loudly and accepting bribes, finally casually arresting a few immobile wanderers back to report back their activities. Looking at such absurdity, it was no wonder those vicious pirates would harbour cunning thoughts. To them, only power and the blade could submit them to respect!

Suddenly a muffled explosion could be heard from the west side of the port, this sound was still relatively foreign to the pirates, however Sheyan was able to deduce that it was the sound of a grenade. Without a doubt, those local thugs of a patrol guard had managed to earn themselves a merit, they probably found the nest of the remaining contestants.

Sheyan was presently standing at a distant hillside, therefore he could see

distinctly. In the midst of the port, two old houses had shook a few times and finally collapsed leaving a pile of floating ash and rubber. 5-6 figures dashed away separately, but there were only 3 patrol guards surrounding, looking like they had no clue on what to do. The faraway reinforcements were still rushing here and they were a few hundred metres away.

Subsequently, a huge chase down once again started. The pirates in the port had zero intention of being a good citizen, as they all broke out laughing. Spectators who whistled and continued chit chatting could be found everywhere. After seeing this scenario unfolding, Sheyan's heart stirred as he immediately gave chase to one location. Not long later, ahead of him was a breathless contestant and his persistently pursuing Tortuga patrol guards.

This contestant's appearance was similar to most ordinary pirates, tan black skin, the facial features of a 30 – 35 years old male, a black, messily tied bandana, a cheap shell necklace had been slung to the back of his neck, wearing an interior tight fitting shirt, pants were greyish black and had a sackcloth texture with dust covering it, his feet were covered in a stocking and tattered slippers. Taking big breaths of air, every few steps he would anxiously glance backwards, he was extremely panicky, and an air of despair came from his eyes.

Without a doubt, to run up the hill and maintain a speedy pace would consume a great deal of stamina which is linked to physique. Therefore this contestant's running speed had started to show signs of weakness, as the pursuing patrol guards closed up the gap inch by inch. Sheyan used his insight ability on the patrol guards behind, and received a list of attribute details:

“Dice” Coutts

Tortuga port Class II patrol guard

Height 5 foot 7 inches

Weight 73 kg

Strength 7 points

Agility 8 points

Physique 5 points

Perceptive sensing 11 points

Charm 7 points

Intelligence 3 points

Spirit 6 points

Basic close combat lvl 1, Basic endurance lvl 1

Class II patrol guard, patrol team special ability (passive): Teamwork lvl 1. To the accustomed working as a team guards, if an ally is beside him, his power will be greatly increased. Every time an additional ally joins, the group attributes will raise by 10, maximum raise is 100.

Class II patrol guard special ability(passive): Tenacity lvl 1. Additional increase of 200 HP.

As Sheyan was surveying the guard's attributes, that contestant had head first dove into that little hut halfway up the hill – which was Sheyan's first hideout when he entered this world. Obviously that contestant had felt that they were about to catch up and wanted to borrow these complicated structures to shake off his opponents. Sheyan swung his head round to look down at the port, as expected – the other 3 pursuing guards all felt extremely relaxed at this situation. It was probably because this would give rise to a 1v1 situation, therefore they split up to chase the rest of the fleeing contestants. Looking at this series of events unfolding, Sheyan leaked out a mocking sneer from this face, and slowly inched closer around the huts to that particular hut.

As he entered this complicated hut district, "Dice" Coutts started feeling that something was off, therefore he immediately drew out his marine blade from his waist after reaching close to this contestant. Very accurately striking the enemy's leg, he let out a roar as the contestant fell to the ground and rolled away. Rolling and crawling away he stumbled back up and tried to escape from the front.

However he very quickly felt that something wasn't right, turning round to look, he saw that this "Dice" Coutts was sinisterly laughing with his hands folded across his chest. Walking step by step forward, this marine blade was once again lodged between his waist. This scene looked similar to a cat toying around with a mouse.

This contestant gritted his teeth, eyes filled with despair he pulled out a dagger from his waist, wildly shouting out:

“Don’t come close!”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 10

## Chapter 10: Edward's fifth series golden pound sterling

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: Elkassar**

"Dice" Coutts pretended not to hear as he sneered and inched forward. The contestant's eyes were filled with despair, waving his dagger wildly in resistance, he finally manage to land a strike on his enemy's arm. This however fuelled the guard's vicious nature, kicking and punching, he showered down on him with vicious blows. Quite obviously this contestant did not have much in the way of close combat abilities, although he tried his best to block and evade, he was still beaten to a pulp. His face was bruised with blood seeping out from his features, and he was wailing miserably .

When "Dice" Coutts finally felt impatient, he brandished his marine blade out again from his waist, mercilessly slashing it down. With a tearing sound, a huge wound opened up on the contestant's hand, as fresh blood flowed down soaking up his shirt.

The contestant did not cry out at all, immediately the second blade bolted down once again, the contestant then attempted to roll away. Crying out in agony this time, his back had been heavily slashed down, raising his head he cried out in desperation:

"Let's die together!"

Extending both hands after he cried out, at this critical moment, another figure crashed through the walls of the hut and into the hut itself. The figure pounced onto "Dice" Coutts, throwing him to the floor as they started wrestling each other. Following that, the entire wooden hut suddenly collapsed, leaving a

wake of dust and rubble, forcefully pressuring them beneath

The person that charged in was Sheyan, he selected to make an entrance at such a critical time was already calculated beforehand. He was stronger in all of the basic skills, and commenced battle in an environment that was beneficial to him. (After taking down, the marine blade was tossed away) However to Sheyan's astonishment, "Dice" Coutts's close combat capabilities were relatively fierce, furthermore his high HP of 250 points caused his attackers to feel a sense of helplessness. Fortunately this guy was battling alone, if he had allies with him, then the patrol guard's special passive ability: Teamwork would be activated. If that was the case, even Sheyan would be unable to escape!

Currently, his left hand equipment the cobalt steel exoskeleton was finally in play. He could drop the enemy's defence and injure him, the weapon also brought about a stable 18-19 points of damage, and lowered greatly the chances of fluctuation. Yet "Dice" Coutts fists were covered in Sheyan's blood, bruising Sheyan's body. However, because of the "Endurance" Innate ability, its threat level was reduced to an acceptable one.

Seeing that he could not overcome his enemy, "Dice" Coutts let loose a frenzied cry, swinging his right hand mightily, using his convulsing middle finger to press onto Sheyan's left eye! He could feel the dampness of the eyeball, believing that his enemy would try to dodge in this sort of circumstances and then he would have a chance to escape. However Sheyan's face remained grim like a granite, as if his opponent was going to press down on another person's eye ball instead! Raising his left first, a blinding metallic radiance flashed above as he used his might to drill it down!

A heavy thump echoed, Sheyan gently raised his left fist from the enemy's mutilated throat as he instinctively used his right hand to massage his red and swollen left eye. Sheyan looked pretty bad, bruises covered his face in patches, as fresh blood flowed out from the corner of his lips. Respectively, his HP had been reduced by 70 points. This was primarily because "Dice" Coutts, when his HP had dropped to below 20 points, suddenly went berserk and counter-attacked. Because Sheyan wanted to prevent him from fleeing, he could only take head on blows that could have been easily evaded.

In truth, Scarface Harry's words were pretty accurate, to the current Sheyan,

his lack of proper attacking method was always one of his bigger flaws. If he wasn't brilliant in scheming and continuously paved an advantageous route for himself constantly, he wouldn't have been able to gotten off so cheaply numerous times in this world.

After killing off this Tortuga patrol guard, Sheyan felt that his pirate world reputation increased by 50 points. Utilizing the key loot that the guard dropped, Sheyan unlocked the respective chest. The chest had a special pirate era flair, oaken wood texture, on its surface were several cutting marks from swords, and it had an obsolete copper lock.

Sheyan sluggishly opened the chest, and inside at the corner there was only an old linen purse, and beneath the purse was a brass ring. The purse looked extremely shriveled up. Sheyan picked it up to observe, even the sweet sound of coins rattling was not heard. This moment Sheyan suddenly recalled this patrol guard's name: "Dice" Coutts.

"Damned brat, did he lose all his wealth and thus went out to work."

Sheyan loosen the purse strings with great apprehension, turning the purse upside down, simultaneously he could feel a few metallic objects hitting each other as it dropped out while producing a clanging sound. Sheyan suddenly felt a slight delight, because beneath the 5-6 pennies and 3 shillings was a golden coin. This gold coin twinkled with radiance, it looked brand new and certainly not like an ordinary object. This golden coin had several complicated characters weaved onto it, and on the other side was a horse rider raising his sword in an awe-inspiring pose. Sheyan then received a notification:

"You have acquired one Edward's fifth series golden pound sterling."

"Edward's fifth series golden pound: Precious object, valuable currency, it has collection value. Certain storyline characters would love it, forged using 22k of gold, it's worth is 10 times that of an ordinary pound sterling. You can use this as normal currency, and it can be brought out of this world, to be exchanged in the nightmare realm for 400 utility points."

Following that Sheyan picked up that brass ring, he realized at the back was written (unidentified). He was quite amazed, because before this he had never encountered a ring type accessory that needed to have it identified. He

immediately kept the ring, glancing at his surroundings, he sneered and continued to give chase.

Sheyan's target was undoubtedly the contestant he rescued. That guy had no sense of gratitude and already took off, however his physique wasn't very good, his regenerative strength wasn't strong, after this leg had been slashed by Coutts, he could only limp away and did not make it very far.

Sheyan rushed up with a gloomy face, that contestant was probably still flustered. Furthermore he had to constantly look out for patrol guards in addition to his leg injury, he was already staggering about when Sheyan caught up to him. He realized that he could no longer escape and thus sat down onto the floor, as he forced out a smile on his face saying:

"Hey friend, it's good you're fine. This cripple would be useless staying over there, therefore I left first."

Sheyan coldly observed him and replied:

"Is this how you treat your savior?"

This contestant's face turned pale and stuttered with his words:

"You can't blame me! Even Caldas, such a strong person, died when these guards ganged up and beat him, how would I know that you were that strong. You actually managed to make the guard retreat and finished him off!"

Sheyan replied coldly:

How strong was that Caldas?"

That guy gave a muffled response:

"How is he not strong? He is a person who started off together with Boss Nick, rumour has it he already experienced close to 6 movie worlds. He is a beast whose strength exceeded 23 points! However when we were found out, he could not even last for 1 minutes against these port patrol guards, he did not even have a chance to escape!"

Sheyan's heart skipped, laughing he replied:

"How many guards were they faced with"



This contestant was stunned then he replied:

“It was one group!! That time Caldas was in charge to guard after the castle’s back door was breached. Escaping out is a narrow and steep windy road, beside it was the cliff! Although there were many patrol guards chasing us, only one person could pass through that road at a time. Never new that Caldas would be defeated so quickly, we would not cut such a sorry state after the explosion!”

Sheyan mockingly laughed out and said:

“So you’re saying he, although he was faced with a single guard, behind the guard was a multitude of others?”

“That’s right.” That contestant replied.

Sheyan continued:

“These guards have a passive ability, every time there is an ally near them, then their individual attributes will increase by 10, the highest they can reach is a 100! Furthermore this is a mere ii class patrol guard. If Caldas had faced with those higher class patrol guards, their passive ability bonuses would definitely be more insane! Furthermore, some of these guards may possess long range combat abilities. From what i can tell, Caldas lasting that long is already quite valiant.

The contestant was dumbstruck, he hesitated and then said:

“Then.. just now that patrol guard...”

Sheyan softly spoke:

“He was only a Class II patrol guard, furthermore he was alone, to settle him did not require much effort.”

Presently, this contestant was looking at Sheyan with a peculiar expression, without a doubt, he had already looked on Sheyan with feelings such as “valiant” “Cold on the outside but warm on the inside” “Well informed.” Pausing for a while he reached out his hand:

“I apologized for what happened before, my name is Chris, may I know your name?”

Sheyan laughed and replied:

“You can call me Seamen Yan. Since there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave.”

“You’re... leaving?” Chris was feeling dull as he scrambled to find the words he needed. When Sheyan walked away for quite a distance, he suddenly struggled forward and shouted: “Wait! Wait! Don’t leave me behind!”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 11

## Chapter 11: Reason

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Presently other port patrol guards have not given their attention to the hill, however once Coutts was late in returning, they would immediately send people to investigate. Therefore Chris was clear, based on his estimation of Tortuga port's power, no matter if he prepared beforehand to receive his aggressors, or continue hiding, they would turn the place upside down to find him. Furthermore his condition was disadvantageous, even if he wasn't hurt there was a high probability of him being captured. It wasn't easy for him to meet such a crude yet righteous guy, how could he just let him go?

Sheyan heard him shouting and turned around asking: "What else do you want?"

Chris with tears in his eyes replied:

Respected Yan, look at my condition, how could I possibly escape? If you're leaving me here to wait for my death, you shouldn't have rescued me previously."

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders saying:

"From your words, you probably have a team right? Can't your comrades save you?"

Shaking his head, Chris argued:

"They probably already set sail, Boss Nick's boat can submerge under water and not be discovered. Hais... if it was the previous day they would probably

rescue me, however I can't even do much with my current state, they will surely abandon me."

Sheyan curled his lips and said:

"I've already saved you once haven't I? More importantly, saving you was not my primary motive, if I hadn't confirmed that I could take down that guard, I would not have acted. Currently the entire Tortuga port is on a huge manhunt, If I help you then wouldn't it be equivalent to stepping myself in the foot? Please give me a reason to do so."

Sheyan's speech was extremely reasonable, if he immediately agreed then Chris would probably have certain suspicions. This guy bluntly replied: "You're probably alone right? I can recommend you to join our group!"

Sheyan felt his indistinct and fuzzy skepticism within his heart spring up, as though one more would cause it to pierce through, he purposely acted indifferent saying: "Join your group? If your group was so reliable, then why would you be begging me for help?"

Chris's face turned red, however he sincerely replied: "Mr Yan, you must understand, the strength of a team cannot be compared to a single person. In such a dangerous and strange place like the nightmare world, a person's strength is considered very minute. Only a group is able to give one a better chance at survival. Regarding this one time, it was an accident, if Waka did not stupidly trigger a hidden mission and increase the difficulty, then I believe we would currently be in the present world's Dubai on a nice yacht enjoying wine along with high grade caviar."

Sheyan merely sneered and said:

"The more people, the thinner the profits. Furthermore the nightmare realm is an extremely stingy place, without exposure to huge risks, then there wouldn't be generous rewards. So many people sharing one piece of cake, how much can one person eat? My previous world experience allowed me to receive two pieces of equipment, what about your Mr Chris? Furthermore, I don't believe that such a group will split their loots evenly! The better the loot, most probably it will go into the pockets of your Boss Nick."

Chris instantly replied:

“Yes I admit what you say is true, however, if because of this you neglect the importance of a group’s strength, then you are not looking at the bigger picture! Before joining the team, My world conclusion and mission success rate or any side mission’s score would always be below 50! The free attribute points I received would always be 1 point, potential and utility points rewards were also pathetic. However after joining the group, although the amount of loots after dividing it were relatively lesser, however the scenario exploration rate and mission success score greatly increased! With bigger manpower, accomplishing the mission would also be much easier, the additional utility points rewards would also raise by a few folds. If I am able to return alive this time, I would be able to receive a total of 2000 or more utility points! You tell me, is joining a group worth it?”

After listening to Chris, within Sheyan’s mind was like a thunderbolt striking him, his shroud of skepticism and confusion was wiped clear! After completing the Terminator world, he always harbored this regret: His personal mission completion score had only been 53! Furthermore to eliminate those two frightening T-750 Terminator had caused Sheyan to utilize his fullest strength. If it was another person, he wouldn’t have done it better! This sort of performance had only earned him a 53 completion score.... It was barely a passing score! What kind of performance would then be worthy of a 100 score? The time he deliberated for so long but could not come up with an explanation. However looking in perspective now, there was only one word.

“Team!”

“This damned realm encourages forming teams, encourages contestant’s to unite!”

“If that time I had teamed up with that dead Cazider.”

“If I had teamed up with the beardy when i just entered a nightmare world... forming a partnership with him...”

Sheyan’s mind was buzzing with two such notions, then he very easily confirmed his decision: Then he could have accomplished much more! But.. but! All the risks I took would definitely increase, trusting my back with those two bastards? Then the rewards I painstakingly fought for would have to be split

evenly with them?... In your dreams!

A doubt flashed in his heart: If potential points and utility points were directly related and determined by the mission completion rate and score, then rewarding basic free attribute points were determined by what?"

Chris, upon seeing Sheyan's pondering state, thought that he had managed to persuade him, immediately continued encouragingly: "Yes, a new member who wants to join would have to pay up 50% of their utility points and 50% of their potential points whenever a mission ends. But, the risks you will face will be greatly reduced, it will definitely not be greater than going solo. Furthermore, if you prove to possess great strength your scope of authority and privileges will likewise increase. For example I no longer have to pay up any utility points, furthermore my contributions to this infiltration into the castle mission was huge, therefore if i'm able to return alive, I can participate in the bonus dividends can acquire the lowest rank member's utility points. Yan, your close combat powers are tremendous, you can fill the gap left by Caldas' death! Believe me, come on!"

Sheyan hesitated a while, lowering his head he said: "How would I know what you are saying is true?"

Chris hastily replied:

"How could it be false! Don't tell me you believe a person is able to cause such an explosion in the castle? That place hides a great deal of secrets, and even contains treasures!"

Sheyan stared intently at Chris.

"Treasures?"

Chris nodded, sincerely saying:

"How about this, if you are willing to save me, apart from recommending you to enter our 3k party, I will also show you a high value report, this report will allow you to receive a B level difficult hidden mission!"

Sheyan refused to nod his head.

Chris gritted his teeth, fishing out a glistening yellow bullet out: "You win! I'll

add on this!”

Sheyan simultaneously received the item’s details: Exquisite 7.62mm bullet  
(Condition: Extremely good) Origin: United States of America, Ohio, Springfield  
Ammunitions factory Equipment rarity: Light blue

After loading into firearm: Enable your next far range attack to increase by 30 points.

Usage (requires flammable material nearby): Deducts 10 HP from user, removing blood on the user’s body, dizziness effect.

Description: I wish that our country will love us like how we love it.

Equipment battle score: 5

Sheyan gazed at Chris a short while, reaching his hand out he said: “Deal.”

A this moment, the port’s patrol guards had concluded their manhunt, and they did not finish empty handed as they caught someone and returned in triumph. They roughly discovered that Coutts was missing and had started to make preparations for people to ascend the hill to search. Sheyan from far he could see the unfortunate brat who got caught.

“What if he tells on you guys?”

Chris was shocked and replied:

“Don’t tell me you do not know the punishment for leaking out relevant information on the nightmare realm to world’s characters? It is the same as using your abilities from the nightmare realm in the present world, the punishments are severe. Believe me, you would never want to be at the receiving end of such punishments. Oh, shit they have started advancing towards here. Yan! Never forget our agreement!”

Sheyan softly replied:

“Of course I won’t, let’s move. Let’s detour around the hillside, once we return to the harbor’s pier first then we’ll see.”

Chris was astounded as he exclaimed:

“Heavens, what are you thinking?”

Sheyan asked:

“Don’t tell me you didn’t get the main mission of finding a job by this afternoon?”

Chris shrugged his shoulders:

“Of course, however regrettably we tried our best but only could persuade Captain Hook, a nameless person without reputation to receive us. However his damned ship can only take 10 guys! He still demanded boarding fees, therefore Captain Hook’s corpse should currently be washed out a few hundred miles out into sea.”

Sheyan nodded his head and said:

“My other identity is the crew member of the Bell and Mug, because I got rid of the ship’s crew head, the respected Captain Ammand announced that I replace his position.”

Chris eyes were wide with amazement, finding it hard to swallow his saliva  
“Ammand? That Ammand?”

Sheyan calmly replied:

“Yes that Ammand, one of the future seven Pirate Lords, Pirate Lord of the Black sea, that Ammand.”



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 12

## Chapter 12: Each harbouring ulterior motives

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Without a doubt, Ammand this name shook Chris to his core. Even if he tried to cover up, he could not conceal the envy and greed on his face, raising his head and turning around, he tried to probe further: “The Bell and Mug, we have already scouted before. It is merely comparable to a portion of those 3 huge pirate ships... I heard that after becoming the crew member of a large pirate ship, then you would enjoy certain benefits?”

Sheyan straightforwardly said:

“Yes, you will receive a side mission, its end direction is the 3 legendary pirate ships.”

Chris swallowed his saliva:

“Then your intention is to bring me aboard the Bell and Mug?”

Sheyan nodded his head saying:

“Thats right, presently undercurrents are rushing within the entire Tortuga port, even if the guards have such audacity, they wouldn’t dare to request to board the ship, in fear of starting a riot from those greedy pirates. Therefore boarding the ship can ensure your safety, once the investigations have concluded then you can successfully escape.”

Chris suddenly suspiciously said:

“A pirate’s suspicious nature is very strong, furthermore you just joined. Why

would they allow you to bring a stranger on board?

Sheyan softly replied:

“Therefore you and I must have an intimate relationship.... Conceal your damned perverted gaze! I have no interest towards a guy’s ass. You can be my relative, or even my savior – we must make those scrum pirates believe that you are an important aspect of my life.”

Chris heaved a sigh of relief as he satisfiedly said:

“I reckon your idea is great, however it is not enough. If you can add those two suggestions together then this would be perfect. Cousin as well as a savior would increase the persuasive powers. Beloved Yan, then it is settled.”

As they two chatted, Sheyan supported Chris towards the nearby the pier, hiding him at the nearby woods next to the shore. Following that, he struck out a signal towards the Bell and Mug within the port to send a small boat to fetch him. (In this era, the water nearby the port would normally be filled with sludge, and huge pirate ships need deep water to stay afloat. Therefore they were unable to approach close to the shore, in some cases the sludge was extremely serious and thus the ships distancing from the shore by even 1 hundred metres is something commonly seen. Therefore to travel to and from the shore would require a sampan/mini boat to bring people around) In an instance, Sheyan was standing in front of Ammand inside the Captain’s quarters. Ammand was currently holding and examining a yellowish stained map, his slim and prominent body remained extremely upright, looking like a bayonet on top of a rifle.

“What’s the matter?”

Ammand’s gaze swung onto Sheyan’s body and then back towards that map.

Sheyan, neither servile nor overbearing, as he replied:

“Very grateful for your honor’s audience, however I am unable to live up to such abounding love. I currently met a tricky problem, in order to not implicate the rest of the crew of the Bell and Mug, I have no choice but to say farewell here.”

Ammand continued facing his back towards Sheyan, however his pupils contracted: “You are already my crew member, therefore you must first explain

fully what you plan to do and not face it alone!”

Sheyan’s eyes flickered with a concealed craftiness, following up with a heavy voice: “A few hours before that explosion in Tortuga’s castle, I believe you have heard of it Captain ?”

Ammand tightened his fist and then loosened it, yet with a soft tone he replied: “This matter is known to everyone.”

Sheyan very sincerely continued:

“My unfortunate cousin, Chris, was caught up in this ugly mess. Even worse, he is one of the participants in that scheme. When I discovered him on the west hills of this port, a patrol guard was in the midst of ripping his head off, therefore I stepped in and saved his life, killing off the guard in the process. The same as what he did for me two years ago in Southeast Asia, Manila.”

Ammand pondered for a moment, and finally replied with a serious tone: “Then after leaving the Bell and Mug, what are your plans?”

Sheyan with a perplexed face shook his head:

“Presently I do not know, maybe hiding and laying low for awhile then find a boat and sail out.”

“Fool! Stupid!” Ammand suddenly raised his voice and turn around: “Do you not know how big is this Tortuga port island? It is not even a third of the Dyke county, even a small child can walk from the east to the west in 2 days!”

“Furthermore the Fokke family has resided here for a whole century, how long can you and your cousin hide? 2 days, 3? Until then even if you deny flatly, this will implicate till our heads. Do not forget that Scarface Harry brought you away with a witness of over 10 people! Seaman Yan from the East!”

Sheyan’s face leaked out a hesitated look, expressing his words with silence. Ammand continued with a tone as cold as metal: “Implicate? Pui! When you do something without thinking, that is called implicating. I warn you again, although you have become a crew member of the Bell and Mug, you must still think before you act! That is the basic starting point! Where is your cousin? Quickly organize someone to receive him onto the ship.”

“Captain!” Sheyan used a tone of extremely gratitude yet guilt to call out.

Ammand exhaled greatly, loftily waving his hand:

“Go now, the Fokke family is currently in a hard pressed state, they do not have the balls to cause a ruckus on our Bell and Mug.”

Sheyan nodded, politely bowing before he retreating out. Yet Ammand’s eyes exhibited out a look of excitement from Sheyan’s piece of information, this was definitely a huge cause of celebration! To the declining Tortuga port, this brazen assailant was a wanted fugitive. However to the ambitious pirate captain Ammand, this assailant served to be a valuable reward!”

Although this brat caused such a ruckus, his strength should be pretty ordinary. However he managed to infiltrate into the Fokke residence, he probably managed to obtain a great deal of information within the Fokke residence. To obtain such observations and evaluations of this affluent yet weakening house, it was definitely rare to come by!

From a deeper perspective, no matter how reputable Ammand was, he could only be hailed as a great pirate captain, he was still miles of being held in the same light as those 3 legendary ship captains. The Fokke family’ decline is there for all to see, however because of that undead great horse, none of the pirates would dare to make a move.

If such a huge scale event like pillaging the Tortuga port happened, then it would definitely be a joint coalition of a few groups of pirates. Under normal circumstances, Ammand’s position in the coalition would only be that of a subordinate/ weaker position. However, he had obtained such a bargaining chip in the ‘person who had assaulted the castle and survived’. Therefore very naturally his position would change to that of a leading or more dominant role.

Sheyan accurately grasped this point, therefore he used a retreating and grave stance coupled with his strong code of brotherhood to move Ammand to act in this manner! This kind of effects would produce a more fruitful result than blatantly pleading with him.

As Sheyan was getting ready to board the mini wooden boat to fetch Chris, Scarface Harry hastily brought 3 other pirates equipped with weapons over here. Ther said that the captain ordered them to escort Sheyan in case he met with

any problems on the way. Sheyan on hindsight acted with gratitude, however in his heart he bitterly laughed at Ammand's lack of composure. He feared that the boiled duck would fly off (Chinese idiom it means the excessive fear that an already cornered person would escape), and thus acted accordingly.

The anxious Chris waited what seemed like an eternity to him, fidgeting like an ant on a hotpot. Once he saw Sheyan along with 4 other vicious pirates overflowing with killing powers, he felt secured as he shed out tears of relief.

Once he safely boarded the Bell and Mug, he gradually started to loosen out immediately feeling the searing pain from his injuries kicking in. Unable to tolerate he started groaning. Chris's physique was quite low, therefore his regenerative powers weren't strong, furthermore his cut wound on the leg was not light. Also, while escaping with all his might, he had lost a lot of blood. Xiaer, the ship's doctor held this appointment in concurrent to his navigator position went to look at Chris. He then simply cleaned the wounds with strong alcohol, bandaging them up and then allowing him to rest.

Presently in Ammand's heart he had a strong urge to grab onto Chris's neck, shouting into his face getting him to leak out all the information he knew. However disturbing a sick patient in this era was not polite behaviour. Of course, this was primarily because Ammand had already started to treat Chris as an object in his hands, thus allowing Chris a period of blissful rest. When Chris was secretly celebrating his huge aversion of crisis, Sheyan suddenly pushed open the cabin door, coldly saying out: "My part of the deal is done, what about yours?"

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 13

## Chapter 13: Importance of Charm

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: Elkassar**

Faced with Sheyan's interrogation, Chris bluntly used his nightmare imprint and transmitted details of the hidden mission to Sheyan. Sheyan nodded his head, pushing open the door to leave, however when he took two steps out, he turned back around.

"Oh right." Sheyan stared at Chris. "You are currently injured, your personal strength is also not very strong, those pirates are capable of killing, extortion... anything. They are not any good people. When I'm on board they wouldn't dare to touch you, if I have to run an errand at the port, you wouldn't be able to show your face in Tortuga port and can only stay on the ship. Therefore, from here onwards you need to fend for yourself."

Chris suddenly bolted up like a cat who just got his tail stepped on, exclaiming:

"Heavens! You can't do this!"

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders, calmly replying:

"Chris, I am not going back on our agreement. Speaking truthfully, you have not been fully honest with me either, therefore I do not feel the need to act in a manner that close friends comrades will."

Chris gave out a dry laughter saying:

"Yan, how could you be like this?"

Sheyan softly spoke:

“Then why haven’t you told me the reason you attacked Tortuga castle? The detailed process and the rewards for attacking...”

Chris face turned bitter, stammering he replied:

“You haven’t mentioned this before, I still thought you weren’t interested. My role in attacking the castle is actually very passive, the entire thing was arranged by Boss Nick. We were just like ordinary workers, just doing our individual parts and completing it was enough....”

Chris was the perfect example of a person who acted simple and honest but was actually incomparably shrewd. In situations which cost him dearly, he was extremely decisive. In situations that were relatively normal he was like a wily old fox, not willing to divulge anything. After much beating around the bush, Sheyan only gotten the information that they charged into Tortuga castle to retrieve an important object. But this was better than nothing.

“Alright.” Sheyan stared at Chris saying, “I have the infamous reputation of killing people on this ship, if anyone tries to find trouble, just announce to them you are related to me. If there is anything, I will mostly likely see to it. Even if they are daring, they would still think twice.”

Chris had already thought of this beforehand, however he needed to have Sheyan’s approval first. If he talked big to scare others, and when Sheyan returned but acted indifferent, then he believed those brats that he scared away would definitely come back stronger with a vengeance! Presently he obtained Sheyan’s approval, thus he felt relaxed.

After settling Chris, Sheyan once again set sail out to Tortuga port. Without a doubt, that brat Chris had already been scared shitless, therefore his judgement had been greatly impaired. Furthermore, he had never experienced firsthand the kind of power that could even attempt to pillage Tortuga port, hence once Ammand started his interrogation, Chris would definitely leak out his individual report which was of utmost importance to these pirates.

However this didn’t matter. Sheyan was willing to save him and bring him abroad, he naturally had plans on his own. His primary top priority was to first let Chris divulge out the hidden mission contents, then he can determine if this would clash with his earlier devised schemes.

Presently, Tortuga port was back to its bustling state, however the numerous pirates in the streets all looked unexplainably secretive. Furthermore, the Port's patrolling guards and helpers had been doubled, but the business traders had started to slash their prices and dump their goods. This sort of behavior looked like they planned to leave this place earlier. Sheyan followed Chris's estimated directions, he walked to a store on the west side of the port. Raising his head, he couldn't help feeling a peculiar sensation, this was actually the "Chicken and Dog" Store that he visited when he first entered this world.

Approaching the old man with a white bandana over his head, sweeping around with his feather duster, Sheyan projected out his deep voice:

"Mr Mole Waller, Lady Tatasha from India has entrusted me with a message for you."

After listening to that, the old man did not have any reactions as he continued dusting around. Suddenly a small ceramic wine cup dropped from the shelf, shattering into 5-6 pieces. He coughed a few times, using his right hand to pick up the pieces, and then spoke out slowly:

"Hais... old already, good for nothing."

" ! ! ..... ¥ ¥ amp;..... F\*\*\*!" Sheyan became depressed. "Why is it like that? Chris clearly told me that once i mentioned Lady Tatasha, this old man would sigh, and recount his past events! But why is it like that now?"

"Don't tell me that slut tricked me? However this was clearly transmitted by the nightmare imprint, he wouldn't be able to play any tricks. But what is going on right now?"

Sheyan tried to strike a conversation with the old man, however the old man once again sat on his chair, and dazed out into the distant ocean without saying a single word. Sheyan was depressed and impatient, he wanted to punch this old man in the face. However he suddenly recalled the scenario when he first met this old man, after buying a few betel nuts then he managed to get information out of him. Following that, this old man had tried his best to recommend a tattered rope knot he said to "possess strange magic, protective talisman". However Sheyan just took off. Currently within the shop, that so called rope knot that was hanging on the wall had vanished!



After going through this memory, Sheyan immediately investigated the items in the store. He realized that the items that were sold since yesterday was quite a hand full. Furthermore those items were similar to the kind of trash objects would “Possess strange magic, protective talisman”. His heart skipped a beat, pointing to a branch that was hanging on the wall he inquired:

“How... how much for that?”

Hearing a business opportunity, the old man lazily looked over, fuming he opened his mouth to scold:

“Don’t talk rubbish, what object? That is branch that dropped from the holy tree on the second sage of Mount Olympus! If not for the recent divine warning of ill omen, I wouldn’t sell to others just to raise funds.”

Sheyan did not dare to provoke him, nodding his head furiously and said:

“Yes yes yes, then how much is this Mount Olympus holy tree branch?”

Mole Waller angrily replied:

“2 pounds, not buying then get lost!”

Sheyan’s face twitched, he realized the incompetency due to his lack of charm, lowering his voice he replied:

“I do not have much on hand, can you make it a little cheaper?”

The old man shook his head and said:

“What? This beggar doesn’t have enough money, then are you standing here wasting my time? You have 5 seconds to get out of my face, anyway this holy tree branch has a buyer waiting to collect it later on. You are not the only interested buyer.”

At the start, in order to complete that drunkard milestone, Sheyan had spent all the money he had. Apart from that, the only cash left for him was that few shillings that the class II patrol guard Coutts and dropped, and that Edward fifth series golden pound. However the latter was a valuable object that could be brought out of this world, and could be changed for 400 utility points. Unless it was an emergency, Sheyan would definitely not use it. In front of him this old man was extremely strange, furthermore he had no means of finding cash in

such a short time. Sheyan's heart stirred, he then produced the Edward fifth series golden pound sterling and said:

“Okay! 2 pounds it is then, I will use this valuable collectable as collateral, I will return with money.”

Actually Sheyan was probing, although this was supposed to be a grocery store, but half the house was filled with mysterious and strange objects. It looked like he was a valuable item collector. This sort of person according to logic would definitely show great interests in valuable collectables.

Expectedly, once Sheyan fished out that shimmering golden Edward fifth series gold pound, although this crafty old man did not move or say a word, his eyeballs uncontrollably focused on it. Following that he bit the coin, and blew on it, consecutively putting it near his ear to listen, finally he took out a pocket watch magnifying glass to examine it. He then reluctantly spoke:

“How about this, you do not have to return to get your money. I have always been fair in my dealings, one golden pound sterling is roughly worth 5 pounds. I will give you a change of 3 pound sterlings.”

After speaking he consecutively took out 3 pound sterlings, he looked as if he was about to toss it over! He did not care if Sheyan was willing, once he caught it, that would mean a done deal! Fortunately, Sheyan had starting working out at sea at the age of 14, he had already ran into countless con artists. Hence before the old man could toss out that 3 pound sterlings, both his hands were already stuffed into his pockets, causing the 3 ordinary pound sterlings to drop onto the floor. Laughing he said:

“Such a coincidence! God has heard my plea, sending to me a familiar person, I will immediately find him to borrow that 2 pound sterlings, Mr Mole Waller please return the golden pound sterling to me.”

This golden pound sterling landing into Moke Waller's hands was like a bone that had been bitten by a famished dog for two days. How could he easily let go? Immediately his tone became warm saying:

“Actually this shop has other mystical treasures. Look, this mystical tail bone had been blessed before by a mysterious gypsy, it can change your fortune for the better. That? Ah that is the Atlantis Sea snail shell from the legends, it can

emit a shout that can even sway the oceans....”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 14

## Chapter 14: Milestone achieved!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Sheyan elegantly smiled as he listened to the old man introduce the objects in this store. However he treated this old crook's words as garbage, letting the go in from the left and out from the right. Following that he hurriedly shouted out to the streets:

"David! Over here, lend 2 pound sterlings to me!"

"Wait!" Mole Waller suddenly called out, with a sunken face he said: "Alright, I want to buy this golden coin, state your price."

Sheyan instantly replied:

"12 pounds sterling, because I want to purchase your holy tree branch, you can pass me 10 pounds."

Sheyan knew that he had been made a fool by Chris, this brat only told him the mission sequence and omitted that he needed to purchase something from Mole Waller in order to reach a friendly and amicable stage. Of course a person with high charm will be able to instantly trigger the mission. Hence this stinking worm Chris's goal was very simple, he wanted to let Sheyan hit a chokepoint in this mission and then return to find him, and at the same time suck out some benefits. In the nightmare realm, it was always personal gains first, under most circumstances, a person's actions would be driven by the benefits involved.

Sheyan knew he had to negotiate with Mole Waller and not blatantly gifting him with the gold coin because his personal charm wasn't high. This old man was

obviously a greedy and dishonest shark. These shark's nature were to not engage in business that was unprofitable, therefore if had merely gifted that gold coin, he would most likely still be unable to reach the mission's criteria. Then he would ultimately still reach a chokepoint, and needed to return to beg Chris for help.

Hearing the words "10 pound sterlings," This old man pounced up like a mad dog, shouting out with saliva flying: "No way! Maximum is 6 pounds!"

He probably understood that his outburst had no effects, so Mole Waller exhibited a hooligan-like behavior and refused to return the golden coin. Sheyan had tried using both the carrot and stick methods but still had no results, because that side mission starting point resided in this crook's head. Therefore he unwillingly completed the deal. This moment, he once again tried mentioning the lady Tatasha, and this old man finally opened his mouth:

"Tatasha.... This girl actually remembers me."

Sheyan's ear became fully erect, however... following on there was nothing! This old crook started to talk a whole load of rubbish.

"Hais, I've not talked so much to someone in a long while. I'm so thirsty, not sure if the opposite Iron Hoop bar has restocked on its golden rum."

Sheyan resisted his rage, once he went to the opposite bar and inquire then it would be done. However, it was one tiny bucket for one pound sterling (Roughly the size of a draught beer). Without a choice, he could only spend his money to please this old man. After sampling this fragrant rum, Mole Waller was satisfied and eventually divulged everything.

This old man was actually fallen nobility from India, when he was young he interacted with someone he should not have, he then became a seaman. He then followed the then East India Trading company's ship to Europe. In his frustrated and destitute state, he met a group of gypsy troops. Forced by poverty, he turned to robbery and was discovered by a gypsy, he then miscalculated and killed the guy.

The gypsy was of nomadic ethnicity, like the nomads of the grasslands he had no fixed residence. Grassland nomads would pursue water and grass fields, however his was sailing on a schooner and he repeatedly sailed from one city to another. Therefore their status was low, and the law held them in disregard.

Under such circumstances, the murderous Mole Waller fled. Ever since then, he would get nightmares every day, and his nightmares were of him killing that gypsy.”

This persisted for a month, and Mole Waller who was on the verge of a nervous breakdown once again returned to the group of gypsies. He then found out someone had placed a curse on him, and that was his victim’s fiancée – Lady Tatasha. Because Tatasha’s wedding was an arranged one, she did not harbor much hatred towards Waller, placing a curse of only 3 years and then letting him free.

After a mouth of golden rum, Waller sighed and spoke:

“Go on, what is her message?”

Sheyan stared into Mole Waller’s eyes, saying out this hidden mission’s key phrase:

“The living nurtures the dead, and loneliness kills the warmth, nine wild ducks fly over a fierce tiger.”

After listening to these strange words, Waller’s wrinkles became more profound. Pausing he then shook his head, walking into the room, he retrieved a sparkling and transparent fragment, passing it to Sheyan. Sheyan instantly received a notification:

“You have acquired a mission object: A gypsy’s prophecy crystal ball fragment. Using it: It will give light on your future path, allowing you to step onto life’s correct crossroads.”

Once the mission had advanced to this stage, it had no relation to the old man Waller anymore. Sheyan heaved a sigh of relief, walking to the shore, he placed the crystal ball fragment into the sea. The crystal ball fragment melted into a fragmented brilliance, then it started fusing together. As the rays gradually combined, the phosphorescence formed into a sentence, then it vanished.

“When the midnight bell sounds, whimpers of the departed spirits would be restored into truth, history’s dust would be wiped away, the truth will finally be revealed.”

Sheyan stood up, breathing with satisfaction. Once the mission had advanced

to here, it was left with the last step: Once Midnight reaches. Although Chris was a devious brat, he merely played a few tiny schemes, because he knew that if he went overboard and the two fell out, he being the weaker one would greatly lose out.

Sheyan was prepared to make another trip to the port to gather information. Furthermore, he was currently carrying quite a load of cash, and thus wanted to drink a few mugs of rum to increase his completion of the drunkard milestone. However to his pleasant surprise, his drunkard milestone had previously reached a completion rate of 72/100! The milestone had mysteriously increased by 50 points! Thoroughly thinking, he immediately recalled that he had accompanied Mole Waller and drank a few mouths of golden rum. Unless one mouth of golden rum is worth 10 mugs of normal rum?

With this notion, Sheyan made haste to that Iron Hoop bar, requesting for another two buckets of golden rum! However he was cruelly informed that there was no more stock, any amount of cash would be useless. Without a choice, he returned to find Mole Waller, but who knew from far he could see that old man was already drunk, snoring loudly on sales counter. The two small wooden buckets were scattered to one side, the only word that could describe its contents was 'Droplets'. He could only leave in disappointment.

Looking at this milestone lacking in 28 mugs, Sheyan calculated, that was about 6 – 7 beer bottles in volume. To him, this wasn't a difficult mission, he then sat down and started drinking. People who went to the bar mostly came to pastime, even those with good alcohol tolerance would leisurely drink. The crowd in the bar were dumbstruck by Sheyan's behavior of repeatedly downing mugs of rum. He completely treated rum like water!

Sheyan was currently alone, in one breath he drank the entire 28 mugs. Feeling a little fuzzy, he received a series of notifications:

"You have achieved your first milestone as a contestant."

"Your achievement point is 1." (To increase your achievement points, you must accomplish 10 milestones)

"You have received a title: Drunkard."

"Drunkard: once you drink an alcoholic beverage, your HP will decrease by 3,

damage rate will increase by 4, duration of 60 minutes.”

(TN: numbers should be referring to %)

“At one time there can only be one title in effect, do you want to equip this title (drunkard)?”

“Initializing advanced milestone: Intoxicated man”

“Intoxicated man completion requirements: Drink every variant of rum, variants as follows.”

“Mulata: Manufactured by Santa Fe, Villa Clara Province, Rum company.”

“Ronrico : Puerto Rico manufactured rum.”

“Lambs potato rum: British Navy rum

“Cockspum: Federation of the West Indies Distilleries manufacturing company.”

“Lemon Hart rum: Granulated sugar and rum commercial trading Harto company.”

Sheyan was relatively satisfied with this ‘Drunkard’ milestone. Because to a person who engages in close combat, he did not need to have the precision skills of a long range one which would miss greatly even if a small aiming mistake was made. The decrease of HP by 3% is not serious, however that additional 4% bonus damage was extremely enticing. Even if he had to use 3% of his HP in exchange for 2% damage bonus he would gladly do so.

More importantly, one cannot forget about Sheyan’s current status in the present world. He had to face both threats from the government as well as the underground society! Even if he received unimaginably strong equipments, he would not be able to bring them into the present world, which had no help to his condition. However a title was like a personal attribute, it was considered an abstract item and thus will not be restricted. If that’s the case, it would be able to provide some sort of support to his present world self.

Currently in Sheyan’s mind, he was forming up an extremely digressed train of thought... those historic drunken fist masters, could they have been contestants who were similar to him in achieving this drunken milestone?! That is why



without wine they would be unable to activate the title, thus their powers would naturally greatly decrease.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 15

## Chapter 15: Historic Battle Scenario

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Sheyan had a few more spare pounds on hand, he then explored the entire Tortuga port in search of rum. However, he only managed to drink 3 different kinds of rum from the 'Intoxicated man' milestone: 'Ronrico', 'Lemon Hart' and 'Mulata' rum. Still he managed to obtain information on the other two kinds of rum. 'Lambs potato' rum could be found in the British warship that was anchored at the port, 'Cockspum' was kept within Tortuga castle.

Sheyan paid a huge price to gather this information, as his net worth plunged downwards. Once again, Sheyan felt the importance of having high points in charm, it wasn't just about a meagre amount but a substantial economic difference! Furthermore, to be able to use less amount and yet gain more critical information.... Alas, Sheyan could not shake his head at his low charm level. Although his level wasn't considered the lowest, however, it was widely not enough by his own standards!

A party's important nature can also be distinctly seen here. Within Chris's party, they would definitely utilize the person with the highest charm to gather reports, highest strength to lead the attack and the highest physique to hold the ground. With such suitable delegations and everyone doing their individual parts, the chances of a great mission success would be increased. Therefore, rapidly increasing their potential.

However! Even though a party is important, Sheyan wanted a party that he could personally be in charge of! If his position was an awkward one where he

had to settle for the leftovers from others, such a position that could be easily abandoned if deemed useless was definitely not what he wanted.

Shaking his head, Sheyan then discarded all these distracting thoughts. He continued to gather reports within the streets of the port, and at the same time observing the movement patterns of the Tortuga patrol guards. The 3 stationary legendary ships suddenly brazenly raised their skull insignia flags! They then loudly opened fire! The fire sounds were systematic, 3 long and 2 short ones, as the smoke dispersed upwards. Their individual ships then signalled out their respective bugle horn sounds, only the 'Flying Dutchman' used a huge sea snail shell to blow out their sound.

Sheyan was startled by these cannon sounds, he momentarily thought that the pirates had reached a consensus and were about to commence an organized assault on Tortuga port. However, he immediately tossed out such an idea. Because from all perspectives, there was still no mature opportunity to strike at Tortuga port yet! Furthermore, these pirates were like a sheet of loose sand (Chinese idiom it means unable to cooperate), there was no way they had successfully reached an agreement and colluded together! From this, it was probably a contestant that had triggered a story component or something!

From far he could see that the Bell and Mug had also started to raise their flag, the one-eyed pirate Cuaron was also watching from afar as he blew hardly on a bugle horn made from a water buffalo's horn. Sheyan as a new member had no clue what that meant, however he should to immediately return to the ship.

Once Sheyan had climbed aboard the deck of the Bell and Mug, he received a list of notifications from the nightmare imprint:

"Verifying identity status..."

"Contestant no. 1018 has obtained Ammand's acknowledgement, current status: Crew member of the pirate ship 'Bell and Mug'."

"Contestant no.1018 has acquired the rights to enter the historic storyline battle: Destruction of the Paragon fleet (Preface chapter)."

"Contestant no.1018, do you wish to enter this historic storyline battle: Destruction of the Paragon fleet (Preface chapter) as a crew member of the pirate ship 'Bell and Mug'? Yes/ No."

Historic storyline description: As the era of the great oceans approaches, Spain had relied on its navy to plunder and accumulate a huge wealth. At the end of the 16th century, Spain was in possession of 83% of the world's precious metal extracts. These huge wealth substantially stimulated a domestic booming economy. To safeguard their overseas interest and monopolize maritime sea routes, Spain has established a formidable maritime fleet with approximately a hundred warships, 3000 extra cannons, and over ten thousand soldiers. Such a formidable fleet rampaged through the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. Proudly hailing themselves as the 'Paragon fleet.'

Following the sudden emergence of Britain, it massively threatened Spain's colony and its monopoly position. Hence, the king of Spain, Philip the second, harboured great animosity. At the time, Britain's maritime powers were not great, struggling to match their rival, the Spanish fleet. Thus, they could only rely on cooperating with the pirates to organize skirmishes, intercepting and looting Spanish vessels carrying gold and silver. Through these pirate activities, the royal family of Britain gradually gained strength. The two parties conflicts were unable to reach a compromise.

In order to achieve maritime supremacy, Spain and Britain engaged in an intense and spectacular naval battle which gathered worldwide attention. In this naval battle, the spanish fleet held overwhelming superiority. However, to everyone's surprise, this battle's concluded with Spain's devastating defeat and eventual end. The 'Paragon fleet' was utterly wiped-out. Ever since then, Spain had rapidly declined, and consigned their 'Naval supremacy' status to Britain.

Therefore, this impending historic storyline battle, is a prequel involving a huge naval battle of such grandeur!

Faced with such a magnificent opportunity, Sheyan without thinking selected Yes, as a list of notifications followed:

"History storyline battle: Destruction of the Paragon fleet (Prequel chapter)"

"Three merchant ships sailing from the New World are currently navigating a hundred nautical miles from here, the ships are fully packed with stolen loots of gold, jadeites and precious minerals from the New World. Because the ship draws quite deeply, their speed is extremely slow, even the slowest pirate ships

can easily catch up.”

(TN: a ship drawing deeply means their body is sunk deeper into the water mainly due to heavy load, therefore there is a greater risk of water entering from the sides)

The merchant ship owner Fernandez is an exceedingly shrewd man, before sailing, he already recognized the immense danger within this voyage. Therefore, he spent a huge amount to hire 4 battleships from the ‘Paragon fleet’ to escort him. After a long voyage covering more than half of the distance, regrettably it was discovered by a British Royal navy speedy sail boat. This piece of information had travelled rapidly and leaked to the British Royal navy warship, HMS Victory that was anchored at Tortuga port. The HMS Victory had quickly conveyed this news to the nearby pirates in Tortuga port, reaching a mutual agreement, they set sail in pursue of the Spanish fleet....

Presently it is necessary to bring up the subtle relationship between the British Royal navy and the pirates. Under normal circumstances, a pirate plundering a merchant ship is an activity that violates the law, therefore their relationship is that of a police and thief. However certain pirates were previously fallen British nobility, and possessed a ‘letter of marque’ issued by the Queen of Britain. This means that if they did not plunder British ships, then they would receive Great Britain’s protection. Some of them secretly plundered british ships but did not allow the news to leak. These pirates were like the allied forces of the British Royal navy. Even those incorrigible pirates who committed unimaginable crimes, if they showed sincerity in amending their ways, donating a portion of their wealth to the Queen of Britain, they could equally be bestowed nobility.

With these factors intertwining, simply put: even though the British Royal army and pirates had such internal contradictions that could be debated, their bigger enemy was the ‘Paragon fleet’ and thus they were able to put aside such contradictions. Therefore, once the HMS Victory encountered information on such a profitable but tough to tackle spanish fleet, they divulged this report to the pirates and colluded with them. As long as both sides were aware of their own roots, working together naturally in the face of massive benefits. Thus they were able to form a partnership in such a short time!

The sea breeze was strong and swift, the sails of the Bell and Mug were swelled

out maximumly from the wind, strongly pushing this huge ship ambitiously across in high speed. This ship modelled the design of a Beihai 3 mast sailboat, having a delicate long hull in addition to the knocking angle of the ship's bow, it looked like a greyish light blue striped wide flying fish that was gliding at high speed. Easily breaking waves and leaping over the water surface, yet it maintained a stable gliding, showcasing both agility and gracefulness.

Presently the ship had a nervous atmosphere, the gunners repeatedly checked their loaded ammunition. They had to arrange the gunpowder barrels in a position that was easily accessible yet secured, while the one-eyed Cuaron was ordering loudly to the crew men to sharpen their blades/swords. To the Bell and Mug who placed heavy emphasis on speed, very obvious their main attacking tactic is closing up to the side, engaging in close combat (should be jumping to the enemy ship). A perverse ship like HMS Victory who brought close to two hundred cannons, naturally they would rely on pure firepower to bombard their enemies with explosions overwhelmingly crushing them.

Presently, Sheyan was a person that everyone was focussing on. These pirates had witnessed a great deal of brave men on dryland transforming into a spiritless coward, vomiting and breaking down when on board a rocky ship. A huge portion of them were resenting his murderous behavior, therefore, some were making jokes about him at the side. Who knew Sheyan leisurely continued his activities, even surpassing those idlers running about aiding others in tightening the sail ropes, reinforcing the sides. He looked as if he was an expert that had lived aboard a ship for a long time.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 16

## Chapter 16: Naval assault!!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Captain Ammand harbored suspicions towards Sheyan who self proclaimed that he was a seaman from the east. For example, exaggerating one's ability to an employer was widely commonplace even in the present world. Therefore, upon seeing his performance, his suspicions utterly vanished. No matter how much someone could put up a facade, only an experienced seaman was able to remain calm and composed out in the threatening sea. This was something that couldn't be achieved through acting!

In contrary, the unlucky Chris whose leg injuries had not completely heal was in complete shambles. Following the bumpy ship, he had vomited excessively and even blacked out. Fortunately, his widely announced deep relationship with Sheyan had raked in benefits. Under the oppression of Sheyan, the compliant Ben Mugen effortlessly supported him, he looked as if he was on the line of duty to save his country. He hoped that this cousin/benefactor of Sheyan would put in a few good words and prevent himself from the miserable fate of getting chased out of the cabin.

The wind gradually grew fiercer as the seawaves freely crashed in layer by layer, containing a certain loftiness and an imposing strength. If one were to have a bird's eye view, the Bell and Mug with a total crew strength of about 200, and a displacement\* of 6 tonnes, would look like a fallen leaf gliding gently on this boundless vast body of water, it looked like so vulnerable like it would capsize anytime.

(TN: A ship's displacement is the total weight of the ship including its contents)

At this precise moment, a blinding light flashed out in the distant sky! It was like a ferocious thunderbolt suddenly piercing through the empty sky, a layer of goosebumps formed on anyone who witnessed this. It was like their spirit drifted away from their skin, and their nostrils flared up. Watt, standing above them on the observation platform, shouted out loudly:

“Message from the Flying Dutchman!”

“Enemies to the west, 11 miles from here!”

Sheyan, currently observing the brilliance in the sky, were familiar with the history, because in the bar he overheard that the captain of the legendary ‘Queen Anne’s Revenge’, Blackbeard, was proficient in black magic. The lights in the sky was probably to illustrate certain warnings, this magic had no combat capabilities and was only like a large scale fireworks show to the Caribbean pirates. In Pirates of the Caribbean 4, Blackbeard was even able to stick the legendary Black Pearl pirate ship into a rum bottle and stored it as a collection, such were his immense black magic powers.

Upon witnessing the fireworks, Ammand’s body bolted upright. He was currently wearing a dark black commander hat, “Shinng” as he drew out his sword on his waist and loudly exclaimed:

“Full rudder to port! Raise the sails, full speed west!”

Presently, Ammand’s entire body was emitting a dazzling white brilliance, under the command and direction of his sword, the entire ship also was encapsulated with a faint white glow. Obviously the ship’s special ability: ‘Smooth sailing’ had been activated, with sails against the raging winds, the ship’s velocity greatly rose! As the pirate ship sailed rapidly towards the west. According to Sheyan’s estimation, there was at least a 30% increase in the velocity!

Although this ship rapidly sailed forward, when it approached the battlefield, the atmosphere had already lighted up in full swing! Without a doubt, the ocean’s king of speed Black Pearl was the first to engage in battle, following closely by the speedy HMS Victory. Two ships from the ‘Paragon fleet’ had turned to welcome them in battle. Next in line was the Flying Dutchman that



signaled out the message. Once the Bell and Mug had charged into the battlefield, in their presence were the 3 merchant ships that looked like naked sheep without any form of protection.

“Ready ~ Release!” Ammand once again raised his silver sword! Under his forceful command, the Bell and Mug inclined fully towards the right, simultaneously 10 tongues of flame spat out from the left! As the white fumes dispersed, the 10 cannons on the port (left) side of the ship started firing off again. However the Spanish merchant, Fernandez, very early in his life became notorious for peddling black slaves, how would he be so easily dealt with? His 3 merchant ships were not inferior in any aspect to a military warship in terms of tonnage, in fact they were armed merchant ships! Amongst the 10 cannons fired from the Bell and Mug, only 2-3 cannons connected with the target, it was completely not threatening to the thickly fortified armed merchant ship!

Ammand on the other hand was not expecting much from his own ship's firing capabilities, after the symbolic explosion to commence the battle, he immediately commanded to rapidly close up the gap, and prepare for a connected side to side battle! To the pirate captain, this was his favourite course of actions, because upon connecting with the enemy, they could loot their wealth and even capture the entire merchant ship. Of course, a close combat battle was much riskier and its casualty rate would be more shocking.

Huge torrents reached out for the heavens as the tidal waves rolled vigorously. However the Bell and Mug relied on its agile speed to rapidly close in on the heavy merchant ships, in a flash, the gap was greatly shortened! Visibly it looked like the connection was about to succeed but at this moment, Sheyan sensed an immense pressure forcing its way from the left. This pressure had no form but yet it surged up violently, not only was it difficult to evade, it gave a bone shattering feeling from its imminent collision.

Sheyan instantly threw himself horizontally onto the ship's deck, laying down perfectly flat, he conveniently grabbed and pulled the confused Chris down as well. Chris had just recovered and wanted to get some fresh air away from the cabin but in the end was forcefully dragged to the floor by Sheyan. Face planting into the ground, fresh blood oozed from his nose, and he even chipped two of his front teeth. This brat stubbornly raised his head to curse out but was

shocked by what he saw: The square board on the side of the left merchant ship started crackling and finally opened up, revealing a organized row of densely packed black cannons aiming at this direction. As some were still scrambling to understand what was going on, an entire 37 Ceska Zbrojovka ammunitions factory manufactured brand new cannons spat out their terrifying flames!

Within seconds, the high speed Bell and Mug suddenly shuddered, and forcibly shifted horizontally by 7-8 metres as though an invisible hand had heavily smacked it on its left. At least 20 heavy cannonballs successfully crashed into the ship's body. Clear and distinct explosions could be seen from the right side of the Bell and Mug leaving a trail of dust in its wake. Planks of wood shattered from the huge explosions, causing such a tragic sight!

Under this string of attacks, the Bell and Mug had suffered heavy losses. This was due to almost 70% of the pirate crew excitedly congregating on the deck in wait for the incoming contact of both ships. In a quick and estimation, roughly 1 in 3 pirates were injured from the attack, and some were even blast overboard by the impact. One of the collapsed individual was the chief officer Scarface Harry, this huge, sturdy and outspoken man in order to shield his comrade, had taken a fast moving sharp broken wooden fragment into his head. His head was covered in flowing blood, and he completely faded into unconsciousness, no one knew if he had survived.

Fortunately in this era, the cannons after firing would be pushed backwards by the recoil, after firing once the innards of the cannon had to be scrubbed clean before loading back a new round. Such was the complicated process of reloading. To Fernandez, his profession was a businessman not a militant, his employed mercenaries may not be experts or experienced gunners, therefore, the reloading time took relatively longer. This no doubt gave Ammand, who had hundreds of battles worth experience, adequate time to retaliate!

“Steer 70 degrees!”

Ammands body remained upright, using his venomous and eagle eyes to observe, his voice was like a huge whip that lashed onto the nearby pirate's butts! Enabling them to immediately recover and execute his command.

“Straighten the third sail! Let the wind blow starboard!

“Lower the fourth sail!”

After a series of commands, Ammand took big steps to the main mast, raising his sword and slicing down, the largest main sail gently and grandly floated down. The silver sword atop Ammand’s hand suddenly emitted a blinding brilliance, enveloping the entire ship and connecting at the sharp end of the bow of the ship. Previously the ship was parallel to the merchant ship, however in a short span, the entire Bell and Mug begun rotating straightly, forming at ‘T’ shape structure with the merchant ship!

In a flash, a huge wave crashed in, however, the Bell and Mug tenaciously weathered the waves causing a massive splash. Undauntingly with its constant high speed it wildly crashed head on into the enemy ship!

Previously the Bell and Mug was described as a piece of fallen leaf aimlessly adrift on the ocean, however right now, its captain was completely dictating its every move! Under his leadership, this pirate ship had change from a mere leaf into a penetrating blade similar to the silver sword in his grip! Slender, graceful, cruel, conquering anything in its path! Its honour did not allow one to glance back (chinese idiom it means duty-bound no turning back), as it frantically stabbed into the enemy’s abdomen!

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 17**

## **Chapter 17:Pitfall**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by:I and Elkassar**

“Kacha! Kacha!” a crackling sound broke out amidst the chaos, as both ships vibrated violently from the intense collision! The sharp bow of the Bell and Mug was made with a special and unique legendary material, upon collision it radiated out a piercing white ray, like a hot knife through butter stabbing into the enormous merchant ship. From a bird’s eye view, the Bell and Mug looked like a toxic sharp sword, deeply penetrating into the merchant’s abdomen!

The crouching pirates excitedly cried out, waving their already prepared lassos they cast them over in succession, binding the two ships together and at the same time forming a passageway. Unsheathing their sabres/swords and muskets, they charged over! The opposing merchant ship quickly organized men to welcome the pirates with a wave of gunfire, however the sparse bullets only found 5-6 pirates. This subsequently triggered their bloodlusted nature, even one-eyed Cuaron was proving why he could be a crew head with his tremendous showing of strength. He charged forth in the first wave of attacks, blood splashing over his entire body, swinging his sabre he cut down 5-6 enemies. This boosted the pirate’s morale, as they boldly advanced to clear the opposing deck.

In a side-to-side hand-to-hand combat battle, capturing the opposing ship’s deck would give them an upper hand. However, if the enemy’s resistive willpower was stubbornly strong, they had to go through the arduous battle of battling through individual cabins. Furthermore this merchant ship’s volume was more than a kiloton, its interior was probably segregated into three levels. Each

level would have roughly 20 plus -30 rooms, if the members hid themselves, camping with their weapons, this sort of situation would waste a big deal of effort. It was like a hard bone that was tough to chew on.

At this moment, Ammand stood out, his face grim yet his eyes flashed with a bloodlusted excitement, his body posture remained absolutely straight. Pressing down on the sword hilt on his waist, with a graceful stride he walked down the stairs of the ship's hold\*. As his body disappeared beneath, the pirates frenziedly yelled out, raising their weapons and charged in.

(TN: A ship's hold is a space that carries cargo, normally there will be stairs down to it from the deck for larger ships)

Below the stairs, a resisting line of 10 congregated opponents received them. Leveraging on the narrow channel within the hold of the ship, their front wave comprised of several gunmen aiming with their muskets as they high kneeled on the floor. "Bang! Bang!" They released their trigger. Because Ammand's prominent body structure and aura exposed him as a/one of the leader of the pirates, most of the bullets were fired in his direction! Yet Ammand's face leaked out a sinister sneer, unsheathing his silver sword in the nick of time. In a captivating and dazzling slashing tempo, with an unparalleled speed unable to be captured by the naked eye, traces of silverish lines formed circled around Ammand. Following that the incoming bullets suddenly deflected and penetrated deeply into the surrounding wooden walls.

Ammand's advancing pace did not drop, striding towards the mini fort constructed by these few seamen at the last minute. Face against him, these seamen looked horrified, rooted in their positions. After a brief moment, their throats, faces and chest were vandalized with blood and wounds, as they collapsed like dominoes. Even after death, they threw a horrified gaze with their frozen pupils at the already distant Ammand's graceful, imposing and upright figure!

The few pirates following Ammand were not at all surprised by this common occurrence, with a glance full of admiration to their captain, they surged forward. Taking no chance they mercilessly stabbed at the corpses, looting their personal items and then use the dead men's clothes to wipe of the blood on their hands. Finally they lifted and tossed these motionless and bare corpses into

the sea. Sheyan wanted to try following, however seeing Ammand's frightening monstrosity, and the manner at which the pirates cleared up after him, knowing himself he instantly halted in his tracks.

Because by following, even if he was able to loot a little, he will be despised by the pirates. One must never forget, he was still holding a side mission on his chest, he had to raise his reputation amongst the pirates. Such small matters was something he would never take part in. Yet the greedy and foolish Chris upon observing this lucrative opportunity, wagged his tail and charged forward.

The murderous shoutings gradually vanished deeper into the ship, obviously Ammand also could not keep up with his incredible one man against a thousand show. Undisputedly, these pirates under his leadership, exhibited out their maximum potential and strength. Yet Sheyan remaining on the Bell and Mug deck, with both his hands folded on his chest received numerous looks of disdain from the surrounding pirates. He coldly gazed towards his front as the merchant ship side once again exposed a row of black barreled cannons. A strange feeling faintly gathered in his heart, that was a negative feeling that this pirate's assault was going too smoothly.

Presently, the huge groups of pirate ships had not arrived due to the lack in speed, which meant that a third of the assaulting force had entered the fray. The Spanish fleet demonstrated a clear advantage. There was something not adding up, if the Paragon fleet was so easily dealt with, then why would the British Royal navy request aid from the pirates? The only explanation was.... This was a planned trump card that the Spanish merchant Fernandez had set up!

As Sheyan standing at the bow of the ship, observing far, he noticed that one of the Paragon fleet ship that was currently locked in battle with the Black Pearl suddenly changed direction! Ferociously bombarding the Black Pearl, forcing it to retreat, following that he saw that 3 lifeboats were lowered down from the ship!

The great sea era had already established for a century, shipbuilding techniques had advanced to rather exquisite, even division of labour was considerably clear. Although the 3 boats lowered into the sea were only lifeboats, their capacity was nearing a hundred tons, their sail configuration was also pretty capable. Clearly seen atop the the boats were fully equipped Spanish

navy troops, braving the winds and billows as they paddled like an arrow towards the Bell and Mug!

Under normal circumstances, these 3 boats could be described as 'having a deathwish.' Based on the Bell and Mug's high speed, it could easily loose the and crushed them with their cannons! However, the current Bell and Mug was lodged into the merchant ship, and was even binded to it by the assaulting pirates. They had lost all mobility.

A grave problem was that at this moment captain Ammand had led his crew head Cuaron and a great batch of pirates to assault the merchant ship! Furthermore Chief Officer Scarface Harry was injured and unconscious. Under such a situation, the ones that were left were the old, the sickly, or those that were gravely injured and were nursing their wounds. Merely relying on these people, how were they supposed to go against these savage wolves and ferocious lions of these Spanish Paragon fleet?

At this moment, the pirates that stayed behind were all lost for thoughts, their only notion was "Captain! Hurry up and return!"

To Ammand, this was an unprecedented crisis throughout his entire pirate career!

After leading his crew into the merchant ship, he proceeded to clear the cabins and rooms one of its enemies one at a time. Ammand was extremely meticulous, because previously his father had missed an enemy member due to negligence during a raid. During the midnight partying, this enemy quietly crawled out and lit the entire pirate ship on fire while the pirates were drunk! Therefore, his father's entire 20 years of building up his crew had vanished in one night and was even burnt to death. That year, fortunately Ammand did not go aboard, if not it would have been hard for him to escape.

However, such meticulous searching has its flaws in terms of efficiency. As Ammand started to chip off his opponent's strength until he felt their resistive powers had expectedly weakened, he had already left a huge trail of scattered gold coins. These pirates were accustomed to unruly behavior, although they were brave and fierce in battle, their discipline was a total mess. Putting their self interest first, after affirming that their side had the upperhand, they

immediately begin to break into a wild looting frenzy. Some even started insulting each other in splitting up their bounties. If not for Ammand's threatening nature, they would have probably begun going at each other's throats.

They greedy and chaotic pirates followed the trail of gold coins into an exquisitely decorated dining hall. The one-eyed Cuaron took the lead in battles, yet during plundering he maintained the same position, in one glance he saw that the left passage had a pouch of Escudo gold coins (Spanish currency), with eyes radiating, he immediately pounced forward. However, at this moment, Ammand's expression sunk, because he had smelled an unexplainable bad odour coming their direction.

"Kacha!" the broken wooden board splintered in all directions! A black and heavy massive twin hatchet chopped onto the wooden partition of the ship's hold. The axe head was broad and heavy, at least the size of a round table. If one were to calculate its weight carefully, it would be at least 200 kg! Blood flowed down from the middle of Cuaron's eyes, as he forcefully raised his sabre with his left arm to fend off the attack. The sabre was blown away, as this horizontal huge axe flung him 5-6 metres away, as he crashed to the floor and rolled a few rounds before bouncing onto the pillar. He coughed out a mouthful of blood, looking at his state, he had probably broken a few bones!



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 18

## Chapter 18: Thousands cannot pass!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Once Cuaron forcefully regained his footing, the wielder of this giant twin axe stood out. The already tattered cabin wall shattered into fragments, he was a huge man with a black bandana on his head. Reaching at least 2.2 metres in height, both his hands were wearing black cortex gloves. A distinct stitched up scar distinctly hung onto his bare skin, and what was bizarre that 10 cm long blood stained metal spikes extended out from the periphery of his body. He looked as if a parasite was living in his body, causing these metal spikes to poke out of his skin!

This gigantic man let out a beastly roar, dragging his terrifying weapon as he charged towards the pirates. He looked like his body was the shield while these terrifying weapons were the real objects he was protecting. A bad odour emitted from his body, the kind of odour a boiled rotting corpse would produce, causing a nauseous reaction. An experienced and old pirate frighteningly shouted out:

“Decaying undead!!! It’s the voodoo cult decaying undead!”

Voodoo cult was the most infamous evil cult in the Pirates of the Caribbean. Blackbeard was proficient in such black witchcraft, in Pirates of the Caribbean 4, his core members were revived as undead. The decaying undead was another extremely sinister existence, it was created with the strongest organs and body parts of dead corpses, stitching together to form this monster. Once created, it would not live very long on this earth, however, while it lived it did not know pain nor fatigue. Under the control of a voodoo sorcerer utilizing various treacherous

magic to infuse into it, once it made its appearance, it would start on a campaign of blood and death.

Two other persons appeared behind the decaying undead, the first one was a black old man whose brush-cut hair and beard had turned white. A red cloth circled his waist like a belt, on his face were two coiled serpents drawn with white powder. His walking pattern was peculiar, moving forward while in a half squat position, he looked extremely strange and unstable. Beside him was sturdy young man wearing an ash-grey bandana, his face brimming with vitality. Breathing heavily, he held onto an eccentric curved blade, he is Captain Guatas of the main ship under Fernandez. Suddenly, from the other passageways, a huge amount of fully equipped seamen charged to them roaring out loud with weapons raised.

This was obviously a meticulously devised trap.

The merchant Fernandez had long ago predicted that pirates would engage them in close battle, because no greedy pirate would foolishly sink any ship without looting it first. Hence he had prepared a few venomous voodoo sect arch sorcerers to set up these snares on the merchant ship, laying down countermeasures against any aggressors! Instead, Ammand felt the danger but not at risk, because earlier on when fighting his way in, he had detailedly clear up all the enemies in his path. Thus, his retreating route was clear and he could easily turn around and return back to the Bell and Mug.

Besides Ammand was a future Pirate Lord, once back on his own deck and after ordering his men to cut off the binding ropes, Ammand would be able to command the flexible Bell and Mug to swiftly sail away with his incomparably decisive captain skills. This semi-wrecked heavy merchant ship would have no chance of chasing them. When that had happened, separated by the vast sea, no matter how strong the decaying undead was and how elite the mercenaries were, they would be rendered powerless and be toyed to death!

“Retreat!” Ammand decisively ordered. As the proverb goes, defeated troops are like a landslide, although the pirates were fairly experienced in escaping, some were still heavily injured put the price they paid was still acceptable. When Ammand stepped out onto the deck, he immediately noticed 3 lifeboats were leaning against the Bell and Mug, and the Spanish Paragon fleet soldiers were

like ants swarming up! He felt an icy chill enveloping over his body, the enemy's pitfall held such ruthlessness, planning beforehand to cut off his escape route!

"Not good! I need to immediately return to the Bell and Mug, once the Spanish captures our deck, this will be our graves!" After experiencing a hundred battles, the grim Ammand made this resolution.

He signalled to the injured crew head Cuaron. Cuaron snapped out of his daze, both eyes turning red he roared out crazily turning around without second thoughts, leading a group of loyal elite pirates to block up the door to the ship's hold. Trying their best to prevent the deadly decaying undead from rushing out. Bluntly speaking, they were sacrificing themselves, buying a few precious minutes for their captain.

With a sunken expression, Ammand marched towards his own pirate ship. From the merchant ship's edge window, a vigorous figure leapt out without hesitation, that was the captain Guatas! Following, a few more mercenaries holding onto their blades with their mouths, leapt out to block Ammand's retreating route! Pressing his left hand on his chest, Guatas gave a humble slight bow like an elegant gentleman, however, his right hand remained steadily near his waist on the hilt of his sword. There was a gap of 12 metres between them, and this gap in that moment was like a dreadful moat to Ammand.

"What an elaborate trap....." Sheyan leaned on the main mast, tilting his head in deep thought towards the opposing merchant ship.

"Utilizing the lifeboats to deal a fatal blow, this sort of attacking tactic could definitely be ranked at the top of all tactics in the past 4 centuries. Thinking from this perspective, there should probably be contestants that have infiltrated the ranks of the Spanish Paragon fleet. Furthermore, his status and reputation should be pretty high, and thus was able to materialize his battle plans into reality. Ammand, ah Ammand, in terms of combat style yours seem to consist of great skill and strategy in addition to your graceful demeanor, yet the greedy nature of a pirate has already lodged deep into your bones. That was why others could successfully predict your move."

"They have more men than us." Sheyan gently squinted his eyes, focusing his gaze 7-8 metres away onto the Spanish Paragon fleet soldiers that were

prepared to assault. Then he shifted it to the ashen-faced, clueless pirates on deck.

“Their weapons are better than ours.” Sheyan once again glanced at the fine swords hanging against the soldier’s waist, and then towards the trembling hand of an old pirate. He was holding onto a deficiently short kitchen knife, as his hand trembled with fear.

“Their morale is overwhelming.” This could be easily deduced from the soldier’s enthusiastic shoutings.

“But....”

“But they are not carrying any long range weapons!”

“Under this story’s weather, crashing waves would easily tower over and flood the hold of the lifeboats. Therefore, the drenched muskets were rendered useless! Furthermore, the height that they had to climb up to the Bell and Mug was close to 3 metres! Hence they had to use climbing ropes with hooks to successfully scale the ship!”

In a flash, the first spanish lifeboat had contacted the hull of the Bell and Mug. In a short span, a few strands of rope hooks were tossed up firmly hooking onto the rails of the ship. Several huge soldiers were starting to climb up the ship.

At this moment, Sheyan had already walked to the edge of the ship where the spanish soldiers were scaling, grinning evilly. His cool and composed look was a stark contrast to the horrified pirates. Sheyan lifted up a heavy hatchet, this dual-handed hatchet had chopped deeply onto the floor board during the previous combat, he then tied a hawser\* around the tail of the hatchet. This was at least close to a 100 kg, but Sheyan’s mighty 11 points of strength was barely enough to lift it with one hand and rested it on his shoulder. Although it could not be compared with the freakish decaying undead, it was enough to successfully command the attention of those pirates on board this deck.

(\*Hawser is a thick rope used for boats)

Two spanish soldiers had just managed to climb aboard using the climbing ropes! Sheyan suddenly spinning in his position, roaring loudly as he let loose the 100 kg dual hatchet. The hatchet surged forward horizontally with an oppressive whistling! The two soldiers had just stumbled aboard and were still trying to get

a foothold, all of a sudden they were faced with an attack of such ferocity. They did not even have time to scream as they were swept away with great force, finally letting out their miserable groans as they crashed into the sea! Looking at their comrades flying, this sign pointed to disaster!

Following that several other spanish troops had managed to climb aboard and charged forward, swinging their sabres viciously, flesh rolling as blood splashed everywhere. Simultaneously, 5-6 red long wounds appeared on Sheyan's body! Blood gushed out, dyeing half of his body in a blink of an eye. Yet the dual-handed hatchet once again flew forward horizontally generating huge winds around it. Any planks of obstacles in its path were reduced to dust and fragments, as the few soldiers were once again swept out of the ship's railings. Frantically waving their limbs in mid air, they crashed into the water as their miserable wails died out!

One facing the multitude, nevertheless a total victory!

Such grandeur, such was the craziness of the moment! If one man holds the pass, ten thousand cannot pass!

Yet Sheyan did not retreat, not even by half a step!

The wind was raging in full force, as huge waves soared, crashing down into a million fragments behind him! Sheyan remained stable by the side of the ship, ignoring the 7-6 lines of wounds, he tore off his tattered shirt. Clenching tightly onto that semi-cracked hatchet with one hand, raising it to the heavens and he let loose a crazy, thunderous roar!

"Come on, you morons!!"

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 19**

## **Chapter 19: Vying for power! Chop Off**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

In this moment, the entire battle zone was plunged into a deathly silence, intimidated by Sheyan's showing of force. Following that, the other pirates picked up their blades and frenziedly shouted out. Under normal circumstances in this sort of side to side hand combat battle, the attackers would prepare a layer of gunmen to suppress the enemies. Judging from Sheyan's rash behavior, he should have been shot into a sieve long ago. However, the waves were raging and the lifeboats were small, even if they brought their muskets it would be worthless. Thus, the lack of any long range firearms became the spanish's fatal flaw!

Right now, the situation had changed as the Bell and Mug was no longer lacking in manpower. They only lacked courageous warriors who dared to form the first line of defence. Once Sheyan boldly came forth, several richly experienced pirates who were already injured became enlightened to the enemy's flaw. Hastily wrapping their wounds, they similarly picked up their weapons and charged forward. Their actions were savage and intelligent, chopping away at the climbing ropes instead of their enemies. As long as the spanish troops had no ability to scale this towering ship, that was enough!

Sometimes, a small solution could turn the course of the battle and change its eventual outcome. A few people's exemplary actions could instigate a soar in morale, as the initially hopeless pirates suddenly felt that their enemies were not so scary after all. Confidence and bravery were restored to them. Meanwhile,

the other two spanish lifeboats had reached the Bell and Mug and were starting their side assault. Instead, they found that the resistive force from above had grown fiercer. Several spanish soldiers attempted to scale the ship with their bare hands as the climbings ropes were constantly being chopped off. However their actions only resulted in a tragic conclusion, as their fingers were being sliced off when they ascended.

Presently, there was no more need for Sheyan to act, his gaze fell towards the distant spanish ship that was engaged with the Black Pearl.

“If this time’s attack was really the product of a contestant... then he would never stop at this point, there is definitely a plan B! Usually on a pirate ship, the core characters are the captain and the chief officer, under normal circumstances, the captain would lead the hand-to-hand fighting while the chief officer kept guard. Therefore, you’ll definitely have a plan that would confidently defeat the chief officer and the rest of the pirates on guard!”

Suddenly, a pirate screamed out, covering his face with his hands as he staggered backward. Blood was gushing out from the webbing between his fingers, as he collapsed to the floor and rolled around in agony. Sheyan then witnessed a spanish soldier starting to climb up. Taking a step forward, once again that heavy hatchet swished down onto the poor soldier hacking him into two as his mutilated body fell disgustingly back to the lifeboat. To his surprise, he realized the enemy’s lifeboat seemed to have grown taller. Beforehand it was said that the Bell and Mug towered over them by 3 metres, however now the gap could not even reach 2 metres! In such a short distance, the Spanish soldiers could reach the pirates easily and began assaulting them with their weapons. Although, the slight gap lowered their potential, it was not as hopeless as their previous self where they could only remain passive.

Sheyan’s thoughts momentarily flashed by, his wealth of overseas experience was immeasurable, instantly realizing the enemy’s sinister plan! That was the ballast material!

A ship is most afraid of an empty cabin, once its own weight was inadequate, its core will become unsteady. In such a raging storm and churning sea, especially in the case of using a lifeboat in combat, when it’s drawing in the water is inadequate, it will easily capsize. Hence when the 3 lifeboats started

their attack, they had placed large amounts of ballast materials to press down the draft\* of the ship causing it to stabilize the hull of the ship. Thus during side-to-side battle, the lifeboat had already stuck itself beside the Bell and Mug, there was no longer need for such precautions! Therefore the spanish soldiers had started tossing out the ballast materials, the lifeboats became light as it drew lesser water and the hull started to float up.

(\*Draft is the distance between the waterline and the lowest point of the ship's keel)

In such a time, Sheyan rotated to the side, he saw that the spanish soldier's ballast materials comprised of 1 metre wide wooden crates which had stones stored within it. Tossing the stones in the sea, they transported the crates to the side closer to their enemy's ship and started piling them up! This ultimately gave the close combat soldiers a bonus foothold! Finally, these spanish soldiers when standing up, their heads were already taller than the Bell and Mug's deck. In this case, their attacks became more savage, and battling became more comfortable. Once there was an opening, they could easily leap up onto the deck without climbing ropes!

"Interesting." Sheyan leaked out a cold laughter. He began to advance, swinging his hand to smack a nearby pirate on his head as he was running around aimlessly. "Where ya running to, go and help out over there!"

No man loved being smacked on head, much less these malicious pirates. However, once that brat raised his head and saw Sheyan, he was startled and respectfully replied: "Yes boss." He then compliantly headed to where Sheyan was pointing to.

Presently, Sheyan's reputation had risen to a high level amongst the pirates who stayed back. His words were the absolute orders, most of them obediently acted.

Sheyan was like a tireless firefighter, any problems that arise he would rush to there. These pirates, after regaining their senses, understood that this was a matter of life and death, an absolute blood bath without any regards to casualties! The Spanish Paragon fleet soldiers were stubbornly bold, however, the pirates had the favourable position of towering over them. Furthermore,



they could use their muskets, as the two sides fought to a stalemate. Under such a situation, Sheyan displayed his frightening battle capabilities, as well as his managing abilities. His ability to command caused people to be in awe!

One must never forget, before entering the nightmare realm, Sheyan was an established second in command of his trading ship. He had accumulated vast experiences abroad, his methods in managing and administration was akin to leading in this world for a millennium! These guarding crippled, aging and sickly soldiers exhibited a dying courage under such circumstances, similarly under his constant shoutings of command, they swiftly formed a line of iron defense! After that, Sheyan then gathered a dozen gunners, directing them on where to aim. Once a wave of spanish troops charged forward, they immediately fired off! Even elite marine soldiers would be forced to retreat!

The spectating Ammand on the merchant ship's deck heaved a sigh of relief.

After being surrounded, his heart was thrown into despair. No one was clearer of the horrific consequences than him. Furthermore, Guatas was a formidable and sly opponent, although his strength could not compare to Ammand, he was slippery and could drag his opponent around. Initially Ammand was anxious and impulsive, but he had to compose himself to deal with him, or else without mentioning the Bell and Mug, even his own life would be wasted here!

Ammand was also distracted by the happenings on his own ship. Glancing at Sheyan stepping up to beat back the ferocious aggressors one step at a time, he couldn't stop his heart from raging with excitement. The silver sword in his hand flashed with brilliance, piercing mercilessly into one of the guards in front of Guatas. The slender pointed tip shimmered with a gleaming silvery brilliance as though not a single drop of blood had landed on it.

Currently, that decaying undead had ruthlessly slaughtered Cuaron's gang, yet the one-eyed Cuaron in his dying moments, exploded in anger as he drenched himself in oil. Lighting himself up, he pounced forward with both arms, tightly wrapping around this monstrous beast! The raging flames consumed Cuaron, and caused the decaying undead to burn and bellow repeatedly, frantically waving its arms knocking around aimlessly like a headless housefly. It had completely lost control.

Presently, the remaining pirate ships had finally arrived to battle, surrounding the other two merchant ships to begin their side-to-side skirmishes. The scenario had reached a climax, there was a visible stalemate, and yet the distant Spanish Paragon fleet had once again dispatched several lifeboats to aid these merchant ships. Although a few lifeboats were consumed by the billowing sea, crucially two more lifeboats had latched themselves onto the Bell and Mug. The spanish soldiers started flocking up, causing the situation to turn dire once again.

Fortunately, several elite fighting pirates had managed to escape from the merchant ship and returned to the Bell and Mug. They immediately joined in the deadlock pumping much needed confidence into the bitterly resisting pirates. Sheyan treated these people indifferently, commanding them at the top of his voice to the areas that needed the most support. Although these pirates were violent and not peaceful by nature, looking at Sheyan's earlier performance, they were sincerely convinced to obey his orders.

However, there is always an exception, just when the returning pirates had gone to reinforce the left side of the deck under Sheyan's orders, they were blocked by a male wearing a brown turban. This brat slanted his head and pressed onto the hilt of his sabre before he said:

"Where're your eyes? Lame Tommy's side obviously needs more help, it's gonna be breached anytime!"

"Sheyan swepted a look at him, coldly saying:

"Who are you?"

Brown turban raised his chest:

"Without the captain and with Scarface Harry unconscious, why should a newcomer like you be giving orders. It obviously should be me Venomous Erwin who should be in charged! Everyone follow me!"

His words were directed to the group of gunmen behind Sheyan, Sheyan grinned widely as he replied gently:

"You are correct."

Presently, in order to easily give commands, Sheyan had placed his heavy hatchet down and had traded it for a dead spanish soldier's sabre. His words

were not done, with a brush he sliced Erwin in the middle from head down!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 20

## Chapter 20: Ammand's Ploy

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Erwin hadn't expected that Sheyan would make such a bold move at this critical time, but his character was dauntless, with a cry he raised his right arm to receive this strike! Simultaneously, pulling out his blade to retaliate at Sheyan. Similarly Sheyan did not attempt to dodge, lifting his left hand to seize Erwin's incoming blade. Blood flowed out within his palms, yet Sheyan treated it like nothing as he swiftly slashed out again!

Erwin groaned out in pain, clutching his shoulder as he retreated. Sheyan did not give him any breathing space, stepping in and heavily kicking at his abdomen. This one kick contained such strength that it blew this unlucky guy overboard. Screaming miserably in mid air as he submerged into the sea with a splash.

Sheyan then turned around, as though nothing had happened, he flinged the hand that was bleeding. The few guys witnessing what happened to this Venomous Erwin was dumbstruck. Sheyan immediately called out:

"What was his position of this ship again?"

Before he acted as though he was still as a virgin, but when moving he was as agile as an escaping rabbit. This left a deep impression on people, and under his cutting and intent gaze, unable to bear this anymore, a skinny pirate retreated half a step and uttered:

"Its.... vice officer."

Sheyan once again asked:

“What is your name?”

That startled skinny pirate instantly replied:

“I’m Robben, they call me Long Legs Robben.”

“Now you are vice officer. If you do not wish to turn into the Caribbean sea shark’s dinner in the next few minutes, then hurry up and bring them to reinforce the left deck. Hurry!” Sheyan called out in a severe tone, his eyes shining with killing intent!

Robben has likely received a dizzy spell due to the sudden promotion from the heavens, tossing out his original notion of wanting to avenge Erwin. Reacting to Sheyan’s sudden command, he instantly drew his sabre and cried out, charging to the left side of the deck and forcing back the spanish soldiers who had already breached in. Ammand was spectating everything, he naturally understood that this brat Erwin had seized the chance to steal credit, yet he did not predict that Sheyan would exhibit such ruthlessness. Without a word, instantly killing off this obstacle!

Erwin being able to hold the vice officer position, naturally was one of Ammand’s earlier confidant. Already heavily injured, he received a slash and got kicked into the sea. Seeing this, Ammand felt his heart twitch with pain. However, Sheyan had pulled strongly against a crazy tide, his merits were as clear as daylight. Any ill feelings were useless, and he even had to reward and coax Sheyan.

Primarily, he had to display his impartiality in rewarding and punishing, secondly was because in this one battle, Ammand’s elite forces had suffered heavy losses. Crew head Cuaron had died, Scarface Harry had fainted from the heavy blow to his head, vice officer Erwin was thrown into the sea. If he had to add the few other elite pirates who gave their lives blocking that decaying undead, Ammand had lost at least 60 percent of his powerful faction in this battle.

Under such a situation if Ammand did not manage his rewards and punishments well, agitating the masses, then his crew would certainly become divided. Besides Sheyan’s fame had soared within the hearts of these pirates in this battle, if he wanted to get rid of him, Sheyan may in fact collude with Xiaer

to stab him in the back!

As the battle progressed, the British navy gradually gained the advantage. Besides, their forces had a full legendary squad in those 4 warships, each with legendary abilities not losing to one another. Although the Spanish Paragon fleet had an unyielding strength and immense firepower, coupled with their strict discipline, they still succumbed slowly to their enemies. They started to pull back in defense. The merchant Fernandez sensing something was amiss, began his abandoning ship tactics. Summoning a huge portion of his elite mercenaries to guard himself and his largest merchant ship, he tossed out the heavy goods and tried to make do with the lighter but more valuable items.

Under such circumstances, Guatas still blocking Ammand had no intentions of fighting on. Besides, Ammand was not in the mood to fight as well, both on the same page they took a step backwards at the same time, considered to have reached a mutual understanding. Once Ammand returned to his ship, Sheyan discreetly knelt down, using both hands to offer up the sabre he had stolen as he raised his voice in celebration:

“The great son of the Black sea, we welcome you back!”

Ammand’s gaze flickered, he then saw that the remaining lucky survivors of the Bell and Mug were currently gazing towards here. Especially that Robben with a sickening blazing look in his eyes. Because once Sheyan had received the acknowledgement of the captain, the position of vice officer bestowed by Sheyan would be half secured! Ammand judging this scene, he knew the general trend and what the masses yearned for. Huffing out a deep breath, he drew his silver sword upon his waist, pressing the sword on Sheyan’s shoulder. Using a solemn tone, he raised his voice:

“Well done! Seaman Yan from the East! From today onwards, you are the new crew head of the Bell and Mug!”

Sheyan’s eyes flickered brightly, yet he remained silent. Yet, most of the pirates previously guarding the Bell and Mug cheered out loud. This was clear in their hearts, without Sheyan they would have already been defeated by the Spanish soldiers earlier on. That conclusion had two consequences, one was to die by the blade or tossed into the sea and drown. Following that, Ammand

could only pinch his nose and acknowledge this Robben to be acting vice officer. Simultaneously, Sheyan received notifications from the nightmare imprint:

“You received from the Captain of the Bell and Mug: Boss rank storyline character Ammand’s appointment.”

“You have been appointed as crew head of the Bell and Mug”

“You have earned 1200 points of popularity amongst the pirates. From a cold 24/1000 points, raised to an amicable 224/3000.”

(TN: once the counter is met, its rating would be upgraded and the counter would restart from zero. Exceeding points would carry over. *E.g.* cold 24/1000 after reaching 1000, it would upgrade to the next rating to amicable 224/3000)

“You have acquired a hidden achievement: Pirate ringleader.”

“You have acquired a hidden title: Pirate ringleader.” (Equipping bonuses: Once you stay on the ship, strength +2, physique +2, in a radius of 30 metres, your ally acting capabilities will raise by 10%)

“You have acquired a hidden achievement, your meritorious deed level is 1.” (Every hidden achievement would raise your meritorious deed level)

Presently, Ammand was exhausted and his thoughts were numerous and disorderly. So many changes had happened all of a sudden within a short span of time. As expected of a commanding officer, he observed as his new crew head Sheyan faithfully assuming his new role and following his order to clean up the remaining enemies. In addition, to complete the job of looting the merchant ship. Most of the remainder pirates knew that Sheyan was ruthless, even cutting down and feeding to the sharks Erwin who had braved numerous life and death occasions with Ammand for 10 years. Thus, they obediently followed his instructions.

At this moment, Chris who had previously retired to the cabin surfaced, his face filled with smiles as he wanted to congratulate Sheyan. However, he saw an urgent Robben running in hastily with his sabre in his hand, urgently speaking:

“Crewhead! That demon from hell is blocking the cargo!”

Sheyan felt his heart stirred and replied:

“What demon?”

Robben urgently said:

“It’s that damnable spanish decaying undead. Half of that thing’s head has been burnt off, but once anyone goes near it, it will go crazy and start attacking! Nobody is able to get close!”

Pressing his hand on the hilt of his dagger he softly spoke:

“I’ll take a look.”

In the earlier battle, Sheyan had already fought bravely at the blood-soaked frontline. Yet with his new position as crew head, although there were certain perks, in reality his rewards were extremely limited. He only received 3 greyish keys, opening their respective tattered chests, it mostly contained a torn purse, inside were only 2-3 shillings and one was actually empty. His total earnings did not even reach one pound sterling. Presently, that crazy decaying undead no doubt would have a huge probability of dropping high grade items. How would it not let Sheyan look forward in anticipation?

Under Robben’s lead, Sheyan very quickly arrived at the second level of the merchant ship. After a series of intense battle, the entire ship was in ruins. Furthermore a huge hole was knocked in the right side at the start by the Bell and Mug. It was currently leaking water, and was starting to incline slowly, seem like it would capsize in half an hour. Naturally Ammand had accounted for this point, once Sheyan was unable to settle this mighty decaying undead in a short time, then it would delay the process of transporting the plundered goods.

What was the primary motive for a pirate to risk his head out at sea? Excluding Jack Sparrow, whose mind was only filled with risks and romance, over 90% of them were here for the generous profits. Once the new crew head Sheyan had messed up this issue, then this captain Ammand would be able to rightly and properly deduct from the divided booty and blame it on Sheyan’s blunder that he did not plunder enough treasures. The pirates would then direct their resentment towards Sheyan.

To Ammand, this was ultimately a win-win situation for him. He could personally misappropriate a huge portion of the loot, and successfully hurting Sheyan’s reputation. Once this sort of cases repeatedly happened, Ammand can



then strip off the position of crew head from Shean and give to another. Then the crowd's expectation would return and wouldn't find a fault in his new appointing.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 21

## Chapter 21: Sheyan's ploy

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Ammand's plan could be said to be quite bright, but he didn't know that Sheyan had been working on a ship since he was 14 years old. Based on knowledge and experience, to scheme and conspire against each other in this sort of dog eat dog situation, compared to those wily old foxes, Ammand was still years away. Although ahead was that horrifying decaying undead, Sheyan turn his head and casually chatted with Robben.

"There's a story that is passed down through generations from my hometown, you wanna listen?"

Robben wasn't stupid, he knew that without Sheyan's backing, he would never had climbed up to the rank of vice officer. Thus he knew that what he had to do now was to tightly clutch onto this huge foothold. Sheyan suddenly mentioning a story in such a critical time was beyond reasonable limits, unconstrained by circumstances. Instead the old fox Robbern eagerly replied.

"I am very interested."

Sheyan whispered:

"Roughly 300 years ago, my hometown was governed by a huge empire. The king was old and plagued by a terminal illness, but he had 3 sons. The first prince was mediocre but he had the right of inheritance, the 3rd prince was greedy, narrow-minded and despiseful while only the second prince was capable and virtuous. His prestige was great in the country but he did not have the favour of

the old king. Under such a situation, the first and third prince conspired against the second prince.”

“When that happened, the 2nd prince outrageously raised an army, swiftly killing off his brothers without listening, you guess what was the reaction of the old king?”

The stunned Robben replied:

“The old king did not like the second prince, furthermore he committed such atrocities like murdering his brothers. Wouldn’t the old king be furious and sentence the second prince to death?”

Sheyan coldly replied:

“No! In the end the old king chose to give up his position to the second prince.”

Robben was amazed, Sheyan then continued:

“The reason why the old king chose the second prince was because he got rid of all the stumbling blocks who could replace him. If the old king didn’t want his empire to decline, his only choice was to pretend nothing had happen and transfer the rights to the second prince!”

After saying this, Sheyan shut his mouth and looked intently into Robben’s eyes. A hint of maliciousness formed in Robben’s eyes, he suddenly understood why Sheyan chose such an unsuitable time to tell a story. Also he was not willing to give up the power that he had attained, for that he was willing to pay any price! He immediately shouted at his own trusted aide beside him.

“Go and call ‘Sea Wolf’ Shelly, ‘Hermit crab’ Zier, and Lemuer here!”

This was Sheyan’s superior thinking, he currently wasn’t informed of the insider happenings amongst the pirates, but Robben was his snitch. This old fox had ventured in the seas for decades, he even knew clearly Ammand’s background, what more the people on this pirate ship? Ammand wasn’t willing to use him because he was extremely mediocre, but after being repressed for decades, Robben would not view himself as ordinary. His heart was overwhelmed with grievance, and thus would do his utmost in protecting his position of power!

Although calling these 3 people seemed like there was no relation, once Ammand stripped him of his temporary vice officer position, that position would naturally be replaced by one of the 3! If those 3 fell into any mishap, then Ammand would be left with no one to use, never forget that the ship still had the ambitious Xiaer on board! If he forcefully dismissed Robben, then his popularity amongst the pirate would be slowly nibbled away by these pirates. Then Robben's position would really solidify and his temporary status would be revoked giving him a permanent one.

Presently, Scarface Harry was battling death, the new vice officer Robben temporarily took on his responsibilities, if not he would not be able to summon these 3 persons. However these 3 persons stood crooked from side to side, obviously not very happy. Especially 'Sea Wolf' Shelly, he stood crookedly and leaned against the wall, with a cold laughter and sarcastic tone he said.

"Temporary vice officer, what do you want from us?"

He purposely emphasised on the word 'temporary'.

Robben was naturally a narrow minded person, after listening to the 3 pirate's sharp and unkind tone, his prior hesitant feelings was immediately thrown into the caribbean sea. Laughing sharply he replied.

"Nothing much, just a lack of manpower here. Only that damned decaying undead on the merchant ship requires your help to get rid of."

The 3 guys felt a chill over them, taking a step back they held on to the hilt of their sabres. The 'Sea Wolf' Shelly and Zier had a close relationship, they glanced at each other then in unison pulled out their blades and charged against Robben. Previously following Ammand's onslaught, they knew the potency of his decaying undead, furthermore their condition now was like an arrow at the end of its flight. If they face off with that heinous creature, the chances of surviving is uncertain, they rather revolt!

Robben predicted such a scenario and earlier on placed a trap, the normally amicable pirates around them eyed covetously at them. Behind them also had the gunmen group that Sheyan had constructed at the last minute, therefore these low rank pirates had nowhere to run! After a series of gunshots and slashings, the two of them covered in wounds immediately died an unjust death,

collapsing to the ground.

Only Lemuer was willing to cooperate, standing in his place he laughed and looked at Robben.

“Robben, give me a way out? I just need a small boat, the Black Pearl’s old Jack still owes me a favour, I was thinking of going over already.”

Robben previously owed Lemuer a favour, their relationship wasn’t at all rigid, killing him off wasn’t a necessity, thus he gave Lemuer a small boat. Personally witnessing him get on board and started rowing to the Black Pearl. When Robben returned, he had noticed that Sheyan had already gone missing. Sheyan had ordered them not to follow as he carried the two blood dripping corpses into a deep cabin within the ship.

Currently, Sheyan had already met that horrendous decaying undead. Utilizing his insight ability, he instantly received a huge amount of details:

“Chewed ear” (Medium degree injury)

Species: Voodoo cult decaying undead

Lifespan: 7 days (Remaining 3 days 08 hours)

Height: 7 foot 2 inches, Weight: 203kg

Strength: 13 points

Agility: 4 points

Physique: 3 points

Perceptive sensing: 3 points

Charm: 0 points

Intelligence: 3 points

Spirit: 2 points

Remainder HP: 736 points

Basic close combat lvl 4

Basic close combat advance skill: Employing Heavy weapons lvl 3

Undead creature characteristic: Immune to fear, effects of ailments,

deformation, pain and bleeding.

Undead creature characteristics: Divine type abilities will deal twofold damages to it, fire type attacks will deal 1.5 times damage.

Decaying undead characteristic: Devil's strength, when dealing a close combat strike, 70% chance of causing a lower strength opponent to be blown away, 50% chance against opponents of the same strength and 10% chance against opponents of higher strength.

Decaying undead characteristic: Flesh heap, Decaying undead is a creature made up of body parts of different corpses, any deficiency of any part will not affect the overall combat capability.

Decaying undead characteristics: Tenacity lvl 4, Additional 1200 HP, when sustaining a physical attacking from this creature, there is a 10% of receiving additional 100 points of damage.

Decaying undead characteristic: Weak willpower, this sort of creature with no intelligence capability is easily enslaved – If your black magic is stronger than the host sorcerer.

Presently, the decaying undead had lost part its head, the innards of his head was leaking out. It did not have a human skull or brain, only a rotting black substance. Due to being engulfed by the flames previously, the leather clothes it was wearing was utterly burn out, leaking out a sinister appearance. Its body had distinct stitches tracing, the stitching thread could be seen to be made up of the hair of dead women and human skin. The metal spikes extended out of its body were drenched in blood red, like the blood had previously dried up on it.

Sheyan paused 20 metres away from this heinous creature, because it had begun to notice him as well. Looking here, its fat black nostrils kept flaring, very obvious this heavily injured creature was trying to smell out its prey. Sheyan laughed coldly, grabbing onto a dagger he was biting on, retreating a few steps back and sliced his own palm.

'Seawolf' and Zier these two unlucky brats after dying not too long ago, their blood naturally flowed out forming a thick pool of blood on the ground. Sheyan then dragged their corpses slowly round the sides. Naturally this would leave a clear trace of blood, following this thick aroma of blood in the air, that horrifying

decaying undead acted accordingly to Sheyan;s plan. Dragging that humongous hatchet as he slowly followed the trace of blood.

Ammand secretly laid a snare for Sheyan but instead surmounted to nothing as it was easily solved by Sheyan. The primary problem was that the decaying undead was blocking the ship's cargo, causing the pirates to be unable to move those valuable and heavy goods. Ammand got rashly caught up in the wrong notion that "It is necessary to kill the decaying undead before being able to clear the passageway for the goods." Yet he did not calculate that Sheyan would be able to lure this crazy and uncontrollable freak away! This was the best of both worlds. One, Robben could successfully lead the pirates in completing the transporting work, and secondly Sheyan had enough time to try and eliminate this heinous creature.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 22**

## **Chapter 22: Scheming Battle**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: Elkassar**

After luring the decaying undead to a cabin at the back of the ship, Sheyan then tossed away the drained corpses. Firmly holding his ground, he gave an icy chill stare towards this huge creature. That beast picked up one of the corpses, holding it by the head and leg, it raised the corpse up above its head. Then like drying a wet towel, it forcefully twisted the corpse, widening up its mouth to receive the dripping blood. The sound of bones crushing and flesh twisting was chilling to the bones and was bloody terrifying to behold.

These two corpses, had already been drained dry by Sheyan, the blood had long ago stopped flowing. After squeezing two bodies, the decaying undead still wasn't satisfied by the blood quantity, flinging away the body it roared out in frenzy. Spinning round, it faced Sheyan!

Sheyan was wielding an enormous shield he found by chance, coldly staring back at it.

The decaying undead took a step forward, raising the gigantic hatchet and started rotating, its action were like that of a shot put athlete! In this narrow cabin, a violent whizzing wind sound filled the air, this sort of feeling was like a sail released at maximum from a huge wind. Following that, that gigantic hatchet burst forward!

Sheyan went into a half squat stance, thrusting the bottom of the shield into the ground and pressing his shoulder heavily against it! Although this shield was inconveniently heavy, it was used to guard against the spear attacks of calvaries.



Its thickness was close to 30 centimeters. When the gigantic hatchet smashed against the shield, a booming loud pound followed by metal rattling sound could be heard. The sound echoed throughout the ship, filtering through the walls as it grew softer. The pirates who were moving goods 20 plus meters away turned pale and suffocating from the sound, as a buzzing sound remained in their ears. It was like they were punched in the chest and retreated 7-8 steps back!

Sheyan at the core of it was worse off, blood leaked out from the corner of his lips as he stumbled backwards by a few steps. A numb buzzing sound reverberated in his ears causing a sharp matchless pain! However his HP merely dropped by 30 points. He had already equipped the hidden title “Pirate ringleader”, and after this his strength and physique had increased by 2 each, his strength had reached 13 points, equal to this gruesome beast!

Of course, after causing such discomfort to Sheyan, the recoil from throwing that gigantic hatchet was equally tremendous. If that decaying undead was a living being, both his hands would have been shredded and covered in blood, instead it was a painless immune abomination. Its only reaction was raging even more! Roaring out loudly it started to spin round, stepping forward grabbing that gigantic hatchet as he cut down again! This time’s attack carried as much ferocity as the previous! Sheyan once again holding dearly onto his shield could clearly see a black dense liquid flowing out from the webbing of his filthy hands.

Right as the hatchet and shield was about to collide, Sheyan’s eyes blazed with a fanatical rage. He instantly loosened both hands, and leapt to the ground!

“Clank!!..... Chunk!” A loud crashing sound followed by another chopping sound. Against such immense force, this semi-cracked shield was blasted around the cabin as it crashed randomly against the walls. Behind Sheyan, the wooden wall was chopped thoroughly by the gigantic hatchet! The broken splinters shot out everywhere as some pieces even flew 10 metres out into the sea. From afar, it was like this merchant ship had suffered another violent bombardment. On the ship’s hull half a metre above the water, clearly seen was a two metre long and wide split. A gust of fresh sea breeze blew into the previously dark and gloomy cabin, even the stench coming out from the decaying undead was blown away.

With a groan, Sheyan used his strength to pluck out a metal shard broken off from the shield from his thigh, as blood gushed out. The battlefield was filled

with accidental variables, once the shield cracked open, a broken shard pierced deeply into Sheyan's thigh. This one accident resulted in a high 40 points of damage to Sheyan, and caused an additional 30 seconds loss of blood effect duration. Upon catching the scent of fresh blood, the decaying undead went wild, using both hands to support the gigantic hatchet, it raised it up like a golf club and crazily chopped down!

Faced with imminent peril, Sheyan drew out his sabre in the nick of time to block! The sabre immediately bent upon impact forming a 'U' shape, concurrently, Sheyan's left hand emitted a metalling brilliance as his vicious looking cobalt steel exoskeleton appeared. Even though he managed to fend off this insane blow, the cobalt steel exoskeleton was not a defensive equipment by nature, thus Sheyan still suffered heavy damages.

Flying back a total of 5-6 metres from the impact, he spat out a mouthful of blood in midair and he quickly wiped away the blood. However when Sheyan regained his footing, he again vomited a mouthful of blood, blood was even dripping out of his ears and nose. The blow flowed down like a mini red serpent, as the nightmare imprint emotionlessly notified:

"You suffered a vertical slash from the decaying undead, receiving a total of 97 – 25 points of damage. Your total damage received is 72 points!"

"You are currently in a state of excessive blood loss, draining 5 HP every 5 seconds, total duration of 30 seconds. Duration left: 13 seconds."

"Your HP is left with (45 / 180 points)!" (After battling with the spanish troops previously, although he had rested a little, when facing this decaying undead he was unable to restore his maximum potential)

"Your HP is in a critical status, please rapidly replenish your physique or flee the danger zone."

Sheyan eyes flickered with a perilous glow. Still his expression remained fully confident. If the decaying undead had intelligence and rationality, then this would be a complete disaster. Instead the sorcerer had already lost control of it, it was just a wild beast that followed its dense body rather than its head!

Once again the decaying undead braced its shoulders, tensing its muscles strongly. The strength it utilized was so great that the stitches joining its body

were distinctly stretched, as the pores of the stitches turned oval. A greenish black liquid flowed out. It gradually started spinning, in the next second it would once again step forward and swing out its gigantic hatchet. At this crucial moment, Sheyan darted forward like a leopard, charging forward in great speed for a few steps. Summoning strength from his entire body, with a flying kick he heavily stomping against the right condyles (Knee cap) that the decaying undead was heavily relying on.

That black axe head swung 2 inches above Sheyan's face, bringing in a wild raging wind as it cut against Sheyan's hair. Sheyan then felt from beneath the area that his legs were stepping on a distinct popping sound, as though something had broke and became misaligned. Afterwards a humongous figure flew backwards away from Sheyan, staggering a few steps and suddenly its immense leg could not support the weight! "Thump!" It crashed into the previously chopped open hole, breaking it further as it fell into the sea!

3 moves! Although Sheyan only exchanged 3 moves with this humongous beast, Sheyan had exhausted his brain and painstakingly crystallized his scheme! Sheyan's first move of resistance was just to test out the killing power of the beast, calculating it it was enough to perfectly execute the second part! Further agitating this beast, his second aim was to lure this beast into smashing up a hole at the side of the cabin. Furthermore, he willingly forced himself into a corner to set up a misinterpretation of that beast that "this prey has nowhere else to escape." Therefore when executing its third move it was already convinced of its imminent victory, utilizing its full power to fiercely attack. In the end it could only pathetically fall into the sea empty handedly.

Actually, the reason why Sheyan was willing to take such a risk was because he knew that this beast had a mere 4 points in agility and 3 points in perceptive sensing. Furthermore his personal agility had reached 8 points, twice the agility of this beast. Needless to say was his high perceptive sensing. If not, if the beast was faster, than Sheyan would definitely have had a tragic conclusion!

Of course , more importantly was that the master sorcerer that was controlling the decaying undead had already fled. If not these crafty sorcerers with many tricks up their sleeves in control of this decaying undead, even Ammand would be afraid to a certain degree. After losing its master, this brainless decaying

undead combat abilities had plunged by at least 50%!

The decaying undead was obviously not so easily eliminated.

Sheyan's objective of his layout was aimed with the gigantic hatchet in mind. This tireless and immune to pain freak coupled with such a terrifying gigantic weapon, its battle power could not be simply measure in numbers but in multiplication of a few folds! Once this gigantic hatchet was eradicated, this horrifying undead creature was like a tiger without its fangs, a archer without its bow, the threat was no longer that huge.

Sheyan had already calculated perfectly in his plot, the decaying undead's body was made up of different body parts stitched together into a corrupted pile. Even if it couldn't swim it would not drown to death as a decomposing corpse is lighter than water. In the present world, he learned that a dead corpse once thrown into the water after a period of time will eventually float up. However, if he added this gigantic heavy axe, then the body would naturally submerge.

Thus this was left with two conclusions:

One is the decaying undead was willing to submerge and refuse to let go of the hatchet, then it would no longer pose a threat.

Next is that the decaying undead released the hatchet, floating on the water and once again climbed on board for revenge. This was the consequence that Sheyan favoured. Once that beast had lost its precious weapon, and its right leg was broken beyond hope, although it couldn't feel pain, its movement would still be greatly impaired!

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 23**

## **Chapter 23: Black coloured mission!**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: Elkassar**

Seizing this hard earned break, Sheyan immediately used the hamburger he got previously, his HP very rapidly replenished to above 80 points. Suddenly, a splashing sound was heard through the hole in the cabin, a rotting green liquid covered palm extended out to cover the gap, as it climbed back up the broken wall!

This merchant ship was an open ocean ship, the wood material used was first grade which was specially reinforced. Although this was the case, from outside the wall a crunching sound could be heard as the decaying undead emerged from the water, smashing its hands into the wall of the ship and ascended it with brute force. He then reentered the ship with a large amount of seawater flowing off it. Unleashing a miserable and crazed shriek, “dong dong dong” it dragged its broken right leg and charged towards Sheyan.

After washing with seawater, the stench on this decaying undead had lessened a lot, furthermore its body undergone certain changes. The injured burnt portion of its head looked like a melted candle. While charging, its momentum caused the rotting green liquid covering its entire body to spurt out, looking extremely heinous, and brimming with immense threat.

Despite charging at a fast speed, the decaying undead did an apparent pre-charge action which allowed Sheyan to simply pinpoint its destination and evaded easily. After knocking consecutively for a few times, smashing fruitlessly around in this unlucky merchant ship, completely decimating the wooden walls

in the cabin.

When the decaying undead once again bent forward to charge, Sheyan fished out something he had already prepared from his waist. That was a string lasso that was commonly seen on a pirate ship. This noose was extremely durable and tough, the twin ends of the rope were tied together like a stone, giving of a shape that looked like a dumbbell. During a close combat battle, it was used to fling towards the enemy ship in order to latch onto anything sticking out in the enemy ship. Thus the pirates could use it as a passageway to get to the enemy ship.

Sheyan gently bent his waist, whirling this lasso in loops, he then threw it with strength. The lasso rapidly uncoiled in midair, in a flash it flew over and latched onto the bulky thighs of the decaying undead! The lasso spiralled then tightened, binding completely the thighs of the decaying undead! The decaying undead issued a vicious roar, as rope tightening sound could be heard from the binding lasso. This unfortunate beast could no longer take one step further, as its stupidly heavy body once again collapsed to the ground with a loud thud!

Presently this decaying undead was without its fearsome hatchet, in addition to his immobile right leg causing a great dip in speed, hence Sheyan was able to act in this manner. If it had the gigantic hatchet, its attack range and explosive power would be insanely boosted. If Sheyan had unleashed the lasso then, the first possibility was that the lasso could be easily parried away by the gigantic axe head. The second worse possibility was that the lasso would be easily sliced by the hatchet!

The decaying undead struggled frantically on the floorboard, without intelligence it did not know how to undo or loosen the lasso. He only aggressively struggled which only resulted in the lasso tightening further. Sheyan gently gazed at it, he then turned around and headed out to the deck. Very swiftly he returned carrying a barrel. The liquid within the barrel gave off a piercing odour, rippling with viscosity, it was kerosene that would be used to set ablaze enemy ships.

Sheyan placed the barrel to approximately 4 metres away from the decaying undead, proceeding to kick it over, as the viscous kerosene flowed towards it. The viscous kerosene started mixing against this crippled decaying undead, its

oily nature caused the undead's struggle to be further in vain. Sheyan then grabbed a flaming torch from a nearby pirate that came to help him, calmly he proclaimed:

"Amen."

He then spun round to ascend the flight of stairs leading to the deck, at the same time closing the cabin door. Before closing the door, that flaming torch was tossed over, rotating a few rounds in mid air and finally resting in front of the decaying undead's face.

A raging inferno surged upwards, swallowing everything in a matter of seconds.

Sheyan walked out drenched in blood, behind him smoke was billowing out. One pirate hurriedly rushed over opening his mouth to speak but when Sheyan glanced at him, he became intimidated by the fiery flare. After a while he finally muttered out softly.

"Crew... crew head, the captain and chief officer are inviting you over.

Sheyan slightly shaken, but calmly replied:

"Chief officer?"

This pirate could no longer conceal his joy and said:

"Yes, Chief officer Harry has regained consciousness, he doesn't look very bad. Navigator Xiaer has examined him, he should be fine after resting for a few days."

Sheyan gently nodded his head, softly replying.

"The goods on the merchant ship are almost done shifting, I will go over once I settle this trifling matter."

To Ammand, Scarface Harry turning out fine was like a cardiac stimulant. As long as this loyal and formidable viking remained, then Ammand would once again occupy superiority over his crew. He no longer needed to worry about Robben solidifying his vice officer position. The valiant Scarface Harry was a formidable chief officer, the mediocre Robben will definitely be marginalized by him easily thereby lowering his influence. Besides Sheyan had no plans (he could

not) to remain on the Bell and Mug forever, his earlier spectacle was only to gain more benefits, that's all.

The fire beneath gradually extinguished, Sheyan once again opened the door to enter. The cabin floor was thoroughly burnt, as the seawater gushed in through the holes, rapidly filling up the entire cabin. The decaying undead had been utterly set ablaze and only a heap of black ash remained, which very quickly dissolved into the seawater. Sheyan bent his waist, scooping up a glowing light blue key, he then received the nightmare imprint's notification:

You have killed the decaying undead "Chewed ear" (Medium degree injury)

Your reputation amongst the pirates is raised by 500 points

Your reputation is now amicable: 1777/3000

Sheyan observed the notification, his heart plagued with several regrets. Because this decaying undead had already suffered medium degree injuries before he eliminated it. That is why the dropped key reward was only light blue. Based on his previous report, the realm encouraged contestants teaming up to engage in battles. Therefore from this reasoning, if Sheyan had formed a party with him as the authority, then killing a perfect state decaying undead wasn't impossible. Receiving a deep blue key rather than a light blue key, which may even produce weapons that were similar to that terrifying gigantic hatchet. But more or less the victory rewards would be split out between 7-8 people.

More importantly, 7-8 people can already be considered a medium sized party. Under the previous scenario, Sheyan leading a small party of 2-3 people would have certain difficulties, how was he going to achieve the commanding privileges of a medium sized party. Therefore by temporarily going solo, his rewards would definitely be much richer!

Pondering, Sheyan formed a cold smile with his lips. He then summoned forth the chest and unlocked it, a series of notifications followed.

You have received an item: A beating heart.

:

A beating heart (Mission item) :

Item rarity: Black



This heart had indications of rotting, but it was still steadily beating! This was unfathomable miracle, whether it was the Flying Dutchman's vice officer old Bill, or Queen Anne's revenge captain Blackbeard, they all had interest in this object. Please decide for yourself who you want to exchange it with.

You received a dark blue ability scroll: Voodoo cult basic witchcraft lvl 3.

Voodoo cult basic witchcraft lvl3: learning this skill will require basic prayer lvl 4, basic meditation lvl 4, intelligence above 25 points.

Learning effects: Raise your voodoo cult basic witchcraft effectiveness by 10 (Inclusive of might and duration)

Learning effects: Enable you to further learn high grade voodoo cult witchcraft abilities.

Completion of the respective mission will enable you to grasp the dark curse ability: Consume sorcery material to cast a curse on an enemy within 5 metres, causing the enemy's spirit and physical body to suffer torment. Within 10 seconds, total of  $(20 + \text{spirit value}) \times 4$  damage. Ability may be further influenced by personal spirit points.

Pointer: If you place the curse on a target away from his scope of vision, you will not enter the battle state, and will not result in notifications from your nightmare imprint.

You received a light blue equipment: Rotten bone ring

Rotten bone ring

Equipment rarity: Light blue

Equipment effects: strength +1, physique +1

Equipment requirements: Strength 8 points, physique 10 points

Equipment position: Finger

Material: bone

Weight: 4 g

Description: This ring was made by using bits of rotting finger bones pieced together, it also emits a nauseatic odour. May God bless you will not be pestered

by the grieving spirits.

Equipment battle score: 7

This light blue ring actually produced out a dark blue characteristic scroll/ one black type mission object, this unexpected surprise no doubt caused Sheyan to be delighted. Furthermore, that rotten bone ring was somewhat an item that Sheyan had anticipated, similar in the strength nature of the decaying undead beast. Most of the time the loot or equipment would be related to the master. He suddenly recalled previously killing the patrol guard 'Dice' Coutts and receiving an unexamined brass ring. He had no clue what were the equipment's attributes.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 24

## Chapter 24: Number 1 on the battlefield!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan was feeling rather perplexed from receiving that 'beating heart' black rarity mission object, because it presented two mission options. Both options pointed to very important personnel on two legendary ships, the vice officer Old Bill or Captain Blackbeard. Once he exchanged this mission object with one, then the other option would be terminated. Going from a logical standpoint, although the Flying Dutchman's vice officer Old Bill had an important position, it could not be compared with the mighty and generous captain of Queen Anne's Revenge, Blackbeard. Therefore, his mission reward should be respectively better.

Yet, Sheyan recalled a plotline in Pirates of the Caribbean 4, from that part he could clearly see that this brute Blackbeard is a selfish and unfeeling bastard who would even use his daughter's life as a bargaining chip! If one only concentrated on his current generosity, then this would only produce an opposite result. Who knows, if the negotiating terms became unfavourable, he may even attempt to forcefully steal this mission object. Even the main lead, Jack Sparrow, had once been toyed by him through a voodoo doll, what more would he do to a merely new crew head?

The sea breeze billowed, from afar the black smoke continued to clear up causing the azure blue seawater to become more clear. The distant sunset painted the sky with a deep blood red, like an ember from a stove. Beneath it, a huge merchant ship was gradually submerging into the deep ocean as though signalling the conclusion of this naval battle. Sheyan took in a deep breath, and

returned to the Bell and Mug. He did a simple wrapping of his wounds, feeling his physique slowly regaining, he then firmly walked into the captain's quarters.

Currently a group was gathering inside the captain's quarters. Captain Ammand, the core navigator Xiaer, temporary Robben was also cowering at a corner, chief officer Scarface Harry with a white bandage covering his head. He remained his usual loud and cheery self, as though bandages could never conceal his open-mindedness. However, Sheyan observed from Scarface Harry's slight frown that he was probably enduring the pain silently, unsure if he was seeing things, Scarface Harry's body radiated a faint silver glow and then it dispersed. All these people in addition to crew head Sheyan, formed up the policy makers of the Bell and Mug.

Ammand first used a malicious stare to survey these circle of people, then softly spoke:

"Before we start, I want to appoint two people, Blind Matt!"

Following Ammand's speech, a covering cloth suddenly tore open and a person with extremely small eyes, like a crevice, that made him look blind walked out. This person had a flax colored messy hair covering his entire forehead. He was wearing an earthen yellow sleeveless jacket, and had a 'Damascus' curved knife on his waist. Occasionally leaking out a silky shimmer from certain angle, leaving one with a feeling of rebellion.

"From now on you will be the Bell and Mug's vice crew head."

Blind Matt humbly raised his head as though he wanted to use his glare to pierce at Sheyan, but Sheyan only looked down at his own toes, as though there was a pile of treasure on the floor. He looked like he had completely no interest in that appointment.

"Robben!" Ammand, as the name shouted out between his teeth, the tone carried an additional chill, as Robben reflexly shivered up unconsciously inclining towards Sheyan. Ammand then slowly announced.

"You have done quite an alright job as the vice officer, carry on doing so. Remember you must always consult Harry, or else once you make an error, nobody can save you!"

“As for Seaman Yan, I’m disappointed in you! You betrayed my confidence in you!” Ammand fumingly announced.

“What are you doing! Getting rid of a mere decaying undead yet you lost 3 elite fighters! ‘Seawolf’ Shelly, Hermit Crab Zier and Lemuer were fighters who followed me for years. Why did all of them suffer such cruelty and none of them survived, explain yourself!”

Sheyan bowed humbly, neither servile nor overbearing as he softly replied:

“Everyone, if I had not recalled wrongly, this “mere” decaying undead previously massacred an entire 17 elite fighters! The former even consists of my predecessor, the fearsome warrior, Cuaron. I’m very honored to have attained your trust, but I can only speak honestly. To finish off this damned vile creature and yet not lose anyone is simply an impossible way of thinking to me. It is outside of my range of capabilities. Especially when I also had to ensure that the valuable goods on the merchant ship could be shifted out.”

Sheyan exhibited such a humble attitude, but the meaning of his words were like a cutting blade, and even subtly pointing out that Ammand was setting him up in the first place. Currently, Ammand was extremely on guard against Sheyan, yet he couldn’t not acknowledge that this Seaman Yan from the east was a rare talent, his heart harbored thoughts of buying him in. Therefore, after challenging Sheyan with his words, although he knew that something was fishy about the 3 person’s death, he could only fold his hands against his chest and remain silent. Scarface Harry seeing the atmosphere, changed the subject to something relevant.

“Although we may have gained the upperhand, sinking an enemy ship and 2 huge merchant ships, but those damned spanish folks sent in more reinforcements, therefore, we can only give up on chasing. This huge naval war will soon conclude, the pirates would then gather for a meeting and share the victory loot. Within the pirates, we are the first that carried our overboard close combat, although our casualties are numerous, we will also gain massive credit. This would be an advantage as it will further propel the reputation of our Bell and Mug!

Until here, Scarface Harry burst out in a crazy fit of laughter, feelings mixed

with a certain regret as he missed out most of this battle and got a little frustrated. However, if he was around, Sheyan would not have the chance to exhibit his commanding talents, and the Bell and Mug may even have suffered a defeat.

“I have discussed with the captain, based on the spoils of this battle, our ship should hold four-tenths of it. This means that in the pirate meeting, even the 3 legendary pirate ships should show us face! We need to discuss a business solution which would allow the name of the ‘Son of the Black sea’ to resonate throughout the Caribbean sea!”

After the audience heard this plan, they were inspired. If the reputable name of Ammand as the captain of the Bell and Mug became more popular, then the status of its crew would equally be raised. This was like in the present world, an employee’s value would be higher if their company was included in the top 100 companies of the world. Although Sheyan was not inferior to anyone in terms of craftiness, he still was not familiar with the many regulations and customs of the pirates of the caribbean. If he recklessly spoke out he may become a laughing stock, thus, he bluntly shut his mouth as he stood by the side. Yet the impression he gave others was of one that knew when to retreat and when to act.

As the group was buzzing with discussions, a consecutive sound of 7 cannons firing boomed from farway. This sound was extremely organized, it was like a rhythmic beat of a bass drum, as the successive and similar cannon sounds exploded out. Very swiftly, the Bell and Mug replied with the same 7 shots of cannon, echoing through the vast and beautiful Caribbean sea. The captain and other crew then heaved a sigh of relief, Sheyan concurrently received notifications from his nightmare imprint. “Contestant no. 1018 participated in a historic storyline battle: Destruction of Paragon fleet (Preface) concluded.”

“Ships participated in battle: British Royal Navy (2 British ships, 13 pirate ships), Spanish Paragon fleet (7 Spanish Paragon fleet ships, 3 merchant ships), 3 of the Spanish ships came in as reinforcements.”

“Total of 8 parties, 39 contestants participated in this battle.”

“Opening battle statistics.”

“Calculating statistics...”

“You directly killed 3 Spanish Paragon fleet soldiers, and indirectly killed 84 Spanish Paragon fleet soldiers.”

“You caused 38 direct points of damage to the decaying undead “Chewed Ear”, 698 points of indirect damage.” (Using your own abilities as well as the equipments/ weapons on your body will only be counted as direct points of damage). If the fire that incinerated the decaying undead was brought about by Sheyan’s ability, then this would constitute as direct damage.

“Your battle contribution score: 1139 points.”

“You individual battle contribution ranking: Number 1.”

“Your overall battle contributions ranking: Number 6.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 25

## Chapter 25: I-shape Metal Dissolution Liquid Mixture

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Presently, Sheyan was a one man party, the other people all had multiple people party. Therefore, even Sheyan had placed first in terms of contribution score, his overall contribution score could not compare to the combined score of other parties. Furthermore, this historic storyline battle: Destruction of Paragon fleet (Preface), was started by contestants like Sheyan, it would similarly attract other high level contestants to participate.

Only these high level contestants had to, likewise face high level storyline characters, for example, Jack, Blackbeard *etc.* They had the same battlefield as the likes of low level contestants like Sheyan, but the nightmare realm would not arrange any form of interactions between the two groups. Once this historic battle had ended, these high level contestants would be transported out of this world, and could no longer stay in this world.

However, these high level contestants would never imagine that a beast like Sheyan would appear. His personal power wasn't considered valiant, but was skillfully adept in managing atop a ship, additionally he was extremely good at seizing opportunities. When the Spanish Paragon fleet soldiers had scaled the boat, Sheyan successfully restored hope in the pirates and proceeded to rally them together. It was like the entire Bell and Mug was under his command! This sort of performance contribution could not be matched by anyone else!

The nightmare realm had finally reached its last segment, beginning its rewards phase:



Your individual battle contributions ranking: Number 1.

Your reward: i-shape metal dissolution liquid mixture

‘i-shape metal dissolution liquid mixture’.

Item rarity: Black

Item usage effects: Smearing it would strengthen your equipment/weapon, 100% chance of raising to lvl4, 50% chance of raising to lvl 5, 10% chance of raising to lvl 7.

(TN: no idea why there’s no lvl 6)

Item usage requirements: This item will only be effective on silver grade storyline items or equipments.

Item characteristic: Item is binded to your spirit, cannot be traded with other contestants. Using this item will cause the target equipment/weapon to be binded to your spirit.

Description: This is an uncommon substance extracted from a comet, it can greatly enhance a material’s elasticity and durability. It is a valuable item even within the entire nightmare realm.

Your overall battle contribution ranking: Number 6.

You acquired 500 utility points.

From this series of notifications, acquiring 500 utility points helped Sheyan out of his desperate situation. It evened out the debt accumulated from the frequent usage of his insight ability. That black grade item: i-shape metal dissolution liquid mixture was out of his expectations. One thing could be confirmed was that this item’s value was certainly high, but because of the spirit binding condition it could not be traded. Also, it could only be used on an equipment/weapon that was a silver grade storyline object!

Based on this, it wasn’t that Sheyan did not have a method of obtaining a silver grade storyline object or even a high grade weapon/equipment. Citing a simple example, killing of this future pirate lord of the seven seas, Ammand, there was a 90% probability that he would drop a black grade or even stronger weapon/equipment. However, having a method was one thing, having the ability

to carry it out was another thing.

(TN the last sentence is some china story reference which I don't really understand but it doesn't really have much importance.

Sheyan had great knowledge of his own strengths, presently, his limit was only being able to accomplish a light blue level mission. If that was the case, he had to plot well in advance, when the time is right he would then exploit these 3 great factors. Attaining first place in terms of individual battle contributions, this was something that could not be easily replicated. If Sheyan always acted in a manner of competing for the standard of getting the number 1 position every time, this would surely cause a fast and terrible death such that even his bones would not remain! Thus, he could only shake his head and sigh, placing this reward into his personal interspatial space.

At this time, the conclusion cannon signals had finally stopped, the British navy would obviously not participate in sharing the loot. The glory of defeating the spanish fleet would also be snatched by them, the Queen's reward would be their greatest profits. Besides the side of the pirates had also paid a huge price, amongst the participating 13 pirate ships, every ship had casualties, 3 suffered heavy casualties and even 4 were sunk! After sending their signals, the pirates head for the west. There was a small island that was pretty good location, that island was called Herb Island. There was fresh water on the island, and due to a lack of shelter to form a natural harbor (Bay serving as a harbor), ships were unable to station there for long, however nobody had objections on staying for a short while.

After going out, Sheyan resumed his crew head responsibilities, he totally overruled anything ordered by Blind Matt, who was specially placed by Ammand to watch over him. Ignoring his ashen expression he used his own ways of allocating manpower. His prestige was already higher than the unknown Blind Matt, the way he utilized others was also simpler, obviously the subordinate pirates would listen to him. Finally, finding time to rest, he saw Chris as he walked over full of tears. He looked like an unlucky loser who had been thrown out of the casino, dismayed he say in front of Sheyan and started mumbling.

Actually, after following Sheyan up this ship, Chris had likewise participated in this region's historic storyline battle. To Sheyan's amazement, even hiding within

the cabin had its benefits! He had no clue what role this guy played in this battle, but he similarly attained bountiful rewards. He acquired two of something that Sheyan had previously acquired, the ancient gold pound sterling. This valuable item could be used to exchange for utility points, and even certain storyline characters loved this crucial object. A person with high charm would be able to maximize its advantages.

However, all these were in vain because of the cheapskate Chris. After receiving these two gold pound sterlings, momentarily he had no understanding of its worth, he then showed it to the nearby pirates to inquire. Yet he never considered the fact that these pirates were like wolves and tigers, if not for Sheyan's reputation to be cruel, restraining them, he would long ago be treated like trash and be beaten up profusely.

After seeing the 2 valuable items on Chris's hand, there were many greedy people attracted and they set up a gambling plot. Chris, this fella actually had an intelligence lower than a storyline character and was easily duped. Thus, he was cheated completely, losing those two gold pound sterlings cleanly. Not only that, he further accumulated some debts. These pirates teased and chased him away. If not for giving face to Sheyan, they would have drastically thrown Chris out into the sea.

Orally, Chris argued to the pirates that he was the cousin of their new crew head Sheyan, and he even saved his life once. But he knew in his heart that his relationship with Sheyan was purely a business agreement. From Chris's perspective, he had not yet accomplished his side of the deal in 'recommending Sheyan to enter their party', but he already enjoyed the privileges and protection of this pirate ship. Therefore, approaching Sheyan to complain, was only a personal grievance and he harboured no hopes of Sheyan consoling him.

Who knew that after hearing Chris's plea, Sheyan eyes flickered, and his expression rapidly sunk. That sort of look gave a hard to explain feeling of palpitation to Chris.

"Bring me there." Sheyan suddenly stood up and softly said. His face shadow seem to appear fuzzy, as though his expression was mysterious and hard to fathom. Chris suddenly felt suffocated, stammering with his words.

“To..... to where?”

Sheyan turned around, using an intent and penetrating glare towards him, Chris unconsciously stumbled a few steps back.

“After your long-winded talk, isn’t it to ask me to stand up for you?”

An unexplainable pleasant excitement then welled up in Chris’s heart, hastily replying.

“They are over there.....”

The cabin door of the Bell and Mug was constructed with Swedish Cedarwood, apart from its durability, it had properties in resisting pest from causing it to rot or damaging it. On this pirate ship the door is used to guard against theft, it had another huge purpose in isolating enemies during hand-to-hand combat. Therefore, its degree of thickness was several times better than houses on dry-land.

“Peng!” The west carpenter cabin door was smashed by just a kick. Huge wooden planks nailed together following the sound immediately broke apart into bits, as it scattered out in a 2-3 metres radius. “Piank!” A sound came from the sturdy tabletop, as the mess of shattered rum bottles and roasted chicken bits sprayed out in all directions! The noise from the laughing pirates was abruptly cut off.

One of the flaming torches from the hold of the ship casted two long shadows that were approaching towards the entrance. One shadowy figure looked narrow and frantic, the other shadow was strict, tough and filled with a grim independent feel. Sheyan marched into the cabin, surveying his surroundings. Although he was a newly appointed crew head, including the Spanish troops, he had at least directly taken a total of 7-8 lives. This sort of viciousness had left a deep impression in the pirates, thus the pressure he released towards these few pirates was unexplainable.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 26

## Chapter 26: Gamble

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Once he entered the cabin, Sheyan then pulled out Chris, who was hiding at the back. Saying one word at a time.

“Who gambled with you at the start.”

Chris pointed with his finger and said:

“Him, him, and that one-eyed.”

Concentrating his eyes, Sheyan softly announced:

“So it’s you guys who did this, hand over the item you played off him, then we will treat it as today’s events never happened.”

The 3 guys cast glances at each other, then the one-eyed took initiative and lazily spoke.

“Christ above! If you agree to bet you must accept losing, this has been a regulation for centuries. We did not openly rob Chris of his things, we also produced our own gold and silver as wager. If we had lost, then we would surely give up our items and not be like that, going back on our deal. This sort of logic is publicly known, if not we can find chief officer or navigator to reason. If they both nod their heads, then the things we won, we would personally return!”

Money moves the heart of man, these three knew Sheyan’s status but still dared to mess with his ‘cousin’, they definitely wouldn’t be brainless people. Amongst them was a tall and skinny guy named Rat Shande, he was ordinary

except that he was exceptional in reading the weather and making forecasts, thus he became navigator Xiaer's right hand man. He wasn't afraid to even talk with Ammand because once Xiaer was busy or something happened to him, he would replace him. Furthermore that one-eyed man was normally a swindler, committing all sorts of misdeeds, yet he was still able to mingle freely amongst the people he ill-treated. This was because his eye was blinded whilst saving Scarface Harry.

These two despicable people had two huge backings in Xiaer and Scarface Harry, in addition Ammand was still relatively suspicious of Sheyan. Thus, if Sheyan continued doing whatever he pleased, he was bound to hit a difficult hurdle in the future on the Bell and Mug, and his interests would take a huge blow. To Sheyan, he had already put in his best effort and hitting a stroke of luck, he managed to climb to his position, how could he risk any impulsive actions that would bring about a huge conflict? Thus, after gathering information about those 3 from the blockhead Ben Mugen, Chris's small emergence of hope had once again submerged.

However, life is full of surprises, faced with such a situation, Sheyan instead walked boldly to the 3 guys, staring intently he overbearingly uttered.

"Do you guys dare to loudly say that: You did not play any tricks on Chris's gambling cards?"

These 3 had obviously eyed and set Chris up, how would they not play any tricks? Sheyan contemptuously gazed at them. Rat Shande and the other guy hesitated and dared not speak, and yet the rude and unreasonable scoundrel, one-eyed, tipsily smack his hand onto the table and pointed his right finger to Sheyan's nose loudly scolding out.

"This damned yellow skinned monkey, I did not play any tricks, what do you want to do?"

Sheyan's eyes flashed an icy look, furiously grabbing the imprudent finger pointing at his nose, and then exerted strength upwards. His current strength had already reached a 14 points high, one-eyed groaned miserably as he reflexively stood up and his whole body trembled with shock. At this moment, a loud and clear shout came from outside:

“Hold it!”

That tone obviously belonged to Scarface Harry, his footsteps were wide and heavy causing one to think of the Alaskan enormous carnivores brown bear. Instead, Sheyan had already viciously exerted strength! “Krack!” One-eyed shrieked out in agony, his finger was already clearly bent beyond its limit, it was obviously already mercilessly broken.

Scarface Harry fumed, he was already tall and sturdy, and now he widened his bell shaped eyes showing his ferocious appearance. A faint silverish glow emitted from his body as he clenched his fist and charged in like a solid piece of wall. At this moment, one would suddenly realized that this tall and study outspoken man was actually a savage killing machine. Consecutively, Sheyan noticed the thick reddish veins in Scarface Harry’s eyes.

Sheyan swung out his hand. “Pam!” He blocked Scarface Harry’s fist, retreated several steps from the impact as the two got caught in a deadlock, starting fiercely at each other. It was as though sparks were forming in mid air between the gaze of their eyes! Sheyan’s eyes was blazing up, as he coldly enunciated word by word.

“Nobody can insult my skin colour! Nobody!”

He immediately penned this conflict on racism, Scarface Harry turned speechless as Xiaer had quickly rushed in here as well. He was currently eagerly anticipating Scarface Harry acting against Sheyan and was spectating by the side. Instead, Scarface Harry was extremely experienced, coldly snorting as he withdrew his fists causing Xiaer to be disappointed. Once Rat Shande saw his backing, he couldn’t resist the urge to fan the flames.

“Even if he misspoke, it shouldn’t warrant a broken finger right?”

Sheyan turned his head around, coldly saying:

“The how about I call you a black bastard, would you mind?”

Rat Shande’s expression turned ugly beyond comprehension, looking at his appearance he seemed to be about to pull out his sabre to attack but did not have the balls. Finally, Xiaer decided to step in, standing out as he smiled insincerely and said.

“Seaman Yan, your mouth is indeed ten times dirtier than Old Bloke’s toilet.”

Sheyan glanced from the side of his eyes, as he persistently replied.

“To these cheating instigators that belong on the hanging posts, there is no need for courtesies.”

Xiaer’s face turned red, he immediately drew out half of the sword on his waist, suddenly a silver sword flew in out of nowhere. “Thump!” it cut into the wall in between them, as it vibrated back and forth, the sword was covered with a dense aura of brilliance. This was undoubtedly Ammand’s merciless sword!

Following that, Ammand strided in as he surveyed the surroundings with his keen eyes, speaking out with a low tone.

“Who can tell me what’s going on?”

Nobody replied.

Ammand suddenly raged, punching the table in front of him as the table was broken and and blown away. He loudly boomed.

“WHAT’S GOING ON! TELL ME WHAT’S GOING ON! There’s still half an hour to Herb Island, but the Bell and Mug’s crew head, chief officer and navigator are starting an internal strife! Do you want to throw my face in front of the other pirates?”

Scarface Harry then stood out, skipping agonizing one-eyed, he scrimped through the other pirates interrogating them to reach a clarity on the current matter. He then whispered a few words to Ammand. The listening Ammand’s expression became clear, as he swung his cold gaze towards Sheyan and said.

“You really want to stand up for him?”

Upon hearing that, Chris’s whole body including his anus tensed up, even a blind man would know that Ammand harbored heavy suspicions towards Sheyan. Presently, he obviously wanted Sheyan to pay a huge price, yet without hesitating Sheyan replied.

“Our body flows with the same blood, and I owe him a life debt! Captain!”

Ammand snorted, then he composedly said.



“This matter is straightforward, you reckon that they schemed and cheated, but you have no proof right?”

Sheyan humbly replied.

“Yes.”

Ammand then coldly swept a look at Rat Shande and the other two, just like glancing through rubbish.

“Although I have heard before of these three’s conduct. How about this, we follow in accordance to the pirate’s convention, what you have lose is considered lost. Instead, I will give you an opportunity to win it back. You gamble another round with them, if you lose this matter is settled, if you win, then the item returns to the owner. No matter the outcome, this matter ends with that! What do you all think?”

This method fulfills the pirate’s customs, winning back what was lost. To Rat Shande and his crooks, they have full confidence in gambling, furthermore they did not dare to not give face to Ammand and agreed without objections. To Sheyan who had an entire 13 points in perceptive sensing, he also had no issues in terms of gambling. Going by logic, Ammand’s method was prejudiced towards Sheyan as Sheyan did not have to produce any form of betting chip. Even if he lost he would not be losing anything else.

Ammand’s action widely contradicted the public’s expectation. However, only Scarface Harry ,who had followed him, for years knew the underlying reason. Sheyan looked like he was offending everyone on the ship through his actions, but this meant that he had no hidden ambitions of forming his own faction. As a captain, Ammand’s worst fear was someone thriving with ambition, therefore his personal position would be under immense threat. Based on Ammand’s personality, no matter how magnanimous he would not go easy on him.

However, with the recent event, Ammand had personally seen Xiaer and a few other pirates who were enraged by Sheyan even want to draw the swords, thus his heart finally relaxed. There’s a phrase called your ass determines your brain\*, to the fully ambitious Ammand towards the seven seas, if his underlings were cruel, untamed, vicious in their actions and even excessively greedy, these were not important and could even be be considered good. If a soon to be pirate lord

did not have such open mindedness towards his underlings, then he should just pack up, buy himself a nobility and enjoy life. As long as that brat Yan did not run around purchasing people's loyalty, then such an outstanding talent no matter how unyielding will remain as one of his personal blades!

(\* means your position determines how you think)

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 27

## Chapter 27:Pirate Congregation

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Amongst the greedy and uncouth pirates, very few would understand Ammand's heart. This did not include Sheyan and Chris these 2 contestants. Chris had a faint inkling in his heart that if Sheyan wanted to display that he had no ambitions to Ammand, then there were better ways to do so, why would he be standing up for him? However, he no longer pondered further, Sheyan had already pulled him over, in the dimly lighted cabin he softly asked.

"What did you play with them?"

Under the violent and aggressive stares of the pirates, some even had furious stares while some looked to harbour malicious designs, Chris's heart was terrified. He could only stammer.

"Its, Its Blackjack."

There is nothing much to elaborate on the rules of Blackjack. You can play anything, the limit is 21 points. Exceeding 21 points would mean burst, only calculating the amount you burst. Rat Shande was crafty and sly, when shuffling he could use his own unique and distinct technique, easily causing Chris to pick 20 points while he would finish him off with 21 points. However, Sheyan had worked for a long time, he was clearly understood these tactics, he could even see through Hong Kong gambling games. Before gambling he suggested that he would be the one to shuffle the cards.

This sort of irregular request, Rat Shande and the rest obviously objected

fiercely, however after strong arguments with Sheyan, they could only take a step back and allow Scarface Harry to be the dealer! With this, nobody could blame anyone, at this moment Rat Shande and gang knew that they had been caught in Sheyan's passive aggressive trap. Once Scarface Harry shuffled, both parties could only gambles based on their individual skills, yet Sheyan's perceptive sensing held an immovable advantage. Without any suspense he easily won back those two antique gold pound sterlings. Rat Shande and gang looked at each other, but they knew that today's matter had already been concluded at that. If they had any further ill intentions, then they would simply suffer the same fate of that one-eye's broken finger.

Nightfall, a distant cannon urgently fired off. Far away in the sky, several flashes of blazing fire. The pirates were finally gathering at Herb Island to distribute their loot. After Ammand strictly delegated guarding appointments to his pirates, he retired into his own cabin. This was the first that he could finally stand on equal footing with the other 3 legendary pirate ships, if he wasn't feeling nervous, he would still be adjusting to this slightly. Sheyan brought Chris to stroll around the deck, after observing the waves surging back and forth, he finally coldly said.

"Are you curious why I would stand up for you?"

This was Chris's primary concern. However, his personal safety relied solely on Sheyan and would never personally voice out his concern. Sheyan was also not expecting an answer, he merely continued.

"Because they do not dare to deal with me, therefore, they can only attempt to win you over to investigate me."

Chris's heart stirred, he was about to speak up but Sheyan continued.

"Have you seen the scene of an alpha wolf being replaced in a wolfpack? Once a young high wolf wants to replace an old alpha wolf, it would try every possible means to provoke the old wolf. At the start they would not face off, but the young wolf will only try to pillage the old wolf's food, and even mate with the female wolves of the alpha wolf *etc.* Once the reaction of the alpha male becomes weaker, then the entire wolfpack will assault him!"

"That is why." Sheyan summarized, "Don't think too highly of yourself, I am just

helping myself. If you slander my reputation amongst the pirates, the first one I will chop down is you.”

Chris hastily nodded and laughed.

“How could that happen? Oh right.... My golden pound sterling....?”

Sheyan looked stunned and replied.

“Didn’t you lose your gold pound sterling to Rat Shande and gang?”

Chris’ expression froze, his smile looked uglier than crying itself.

”

“But.....”

But Sheyan had already turned around and begun walking down the deck....Chris’ facial muscles convulsed. After awhile he then shut his eyes and exhaled, consoling himself he said.

“At least I did not benefit that group of trash!”

Although the loss of those two valuable gold pound sterling were worse than physical pain, he at least found out the reason why Sheyan was willing to stand up for him. It was definitely the enticement of those two antique gold pound sterling! This completely resolved the earlier suspicions of Chris. Yet, Chris suddenly thought of something, if Sheyan really stood up for him because of those two gold pound sterling, then why would he bother explaining so much to him just now? Anyway in Sheyan’s eyes, Chris was just an insignificant contestant!

If it was said that the day time showcased the awe-inspiring turbulence of the Caribbean sea, then nightfall was a contrasting serenity, gentle waves rubbed against the hull of ships, as though the entire sea was a soft comfortable bed. Several pirate ships had anchored near Herb Island, brightly lit torches illuminated the way. The middle region of the island was lit up with 7-8 huge bonfires. Silhouettes of human figures could be seen dancing about, partying and drinking rum.

This was the life of a pirate. Going with the flow, life and death on the seas. Excluding all fear or sorrows, what was left was frantic partying and getting drunk on rum! The Bell and Mug swiftly glided through the sea waves as it

approached Herb Island, a group was already waiting on shore to welcome them. Ammand was clothed in new from head to toe, fully contented with himself he stood on the springboard that was nearer to the shore. Behind him stood Scarface Harry, navigator Xiaer and several others. Sheyan instead humbly mixed in with the pirates at the back, as though he had no intentions to show off. With regards to this 'Seaman Yan from the east', the pirates were filled with reverence and fear. Ammand was pleased with Sheyan's humble showing, faintly nodding his head as he took big strides towards the welcoming party on shore. Naturally he was going off to participate in the congregation of pirates higher authorities.

Once Ammand left, the other pirates dispersed like ants on a frying pot. It was impossible to have expectations that they would obediently wait for orders like the military. They scattered towards the 7-8 bonfires along the island. There was free rum, roasted meat, dice/playing cards and tobacco. This was the rewards paid by the different pirate captains, and were the irreplaceable crucial aspects of a pirate's life.

Sheyan gazed upon the empty deck, turning his head to Chris he said.

"Do you want to take a walk on the island?"

Chris was excited but painfully shook his head, because his bitter encounter on the Bell and Mug was still fresh in his mind. He had no powers to protect himself, and who knew he may even be assassinated silently under the night sky.

Sheyan casually waved his hands saying, "Up to you." He then jumped off the springboard and stepped onto the beach.

Herb Island's scenery was extraordinary, not the least bit inferior to those later generations first-rate tourism beaches. It even had infatuating spotlessly white sand. Sheyan had no intentions of appreciating the beautiful scenery, he walked towards several huge bonfires. Sheyan's aim was very simple, that was the mission object on hand gathered from the decaying undead, Chewed Ear. The drop loot, "still beating heart."

Although there were two mission options regarding this mission object, after careful deliberation, Sheyan chose the Flying Dutchman's vice officer Old Bill ahead of Blackbeard. To Sheyan, if he missed on today's mass gathering, then it would be hard to encounter this Old Bill.

While he was still about 200 metres away from the center bonfire, the clear chaotic banters and celebrations of pirates could be heard. These merciless and savage pirates were no different from a ground of drunkards. Sheyan noticed several familiar faces, they were the pirates of the Bell and Mug, he then went to sit amongst them. Cutting of a fat and juicy chunk of meat from the roasting stick, he then casually snatched several rum bottles from the sluggish pirates to drink. Sighing after that as though he was still unsatisfied.

Sitting beside Sheyan was a pirate that previously stayed and guarded the Bell and Mug during the attack. He personally witnessed the glory of Sheyan guarding the ship, and the impressive feat of taking on that decaying undead. Therefore, he had full admiration for him, seeing Sheyan looking unsatisfied, he immediately moved his ass to pour a huge pouch of rum for him.

Presently, the wine pouches were made with animal hide, and further enhanced with juice from a “Jidi grass” to prevent leakages. A filled pouch could contain about 1 – 1.5 lt. The way to drink from it was also unique, after removing the pouch cover, use both hands to raise the pouch in front of your face, straightening your arms and use your hands to squeeze it lightly. The rum would then squirt out like a water gun, after drinking enough, lower both hands and then the rum would stop flowing. If the user’s arms were not straighten fully, the rum would not accurately shoot out, often drenching the face as well as the clothes. Prior to this Sheyan had drank about half a pouch of rum, however he once again cleared out cleanly his new pouch of rum. This garnered the surprising gasps of the nearby pirates, whispering into each other’s ear to inquire who was this raw faced person.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 28

## Chapter 28: Chance Romantic Encounter

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Facing the sudden inquiries of the pirates, the Bell and Mug pirates felt prideful as they naturally started bragging out loud with saliva splashing everywhere. Saying “this is our ship’s new crew head, originating from the mysterious east, Seaman Yan. Vicious yet powerful, not only did he lead a bunch of sickly and aging pirates to chase away a few hundreds of Spanish pigs, he even challenged the voodoo cult’s decaying undead alone and slayed it. He was extremely impressive.”

The valiantness of the Spanish troops was witnessed by several pirates before, besides most of them had even killed several Spanish troops, thus, they felt that Sheyan’s leading and managing wasn’t that impressive. But what amazed them was the challenging the voodoo cult decaying undead alone, such bravery and might left their mouths and eyes wide in awe. There was a story about the three kingdoms – the Cao army had defeated Liu Bei so overwhelmingly that even his sons and wives were in danger, and Zhao Yun his general bravely rescued them. Everyone remembered that battle for Zhao Yun’s heroism instead of the Cao army’s impressive victory. This was exactly like that story. Everyone loved hearing of a single hero’s achievements, but nobody would put much attention on a team’s success.

Furthermore, Sheyan’s opponent was a decaying undead! A horrifying gruesome beast made by the Voodoo cult! In the hearts of these pirates, the voodoo cult was the number one mysterious and fearsome unknown. More



crucially, the spanish merchant Fernandez controlled not one but a whole 3 decaying undead! Apart from the 'Chewed Ear' Sheyan eliminated, there was still 'Chewed Finger' and 'Corrupted Nose' these other two decaying undead. These twin horrors had caused the pirates to suffer a great deal, naturally leaving a deep impression in their hearts.

The veteran pirates further noticed the Bell and Mug pirates using the same phrase without coordinating, "Solo challenge and slaying" and not "Solo challenge and defeat". This meant that they were not only bragging but speaking the truth. Because the word "defeat" could mean that the enemy could have escaped leaving nothing behind. However, the word "slaying" meant that there would be a corpse to proof of this battle. This meant that no matter how much overstatements the rumours from the Bell and Mug added, the remaining truth all tallied up.

Shortly, pirates brought their own wine pouches to give a toast to Sheyan. These pirates all came in respect as some of that had lost their friends or family to the decaying undead during the day's assault. According to the rumours from the Voodoo cult, a person's soul would be cursed and forever be in suffering if they died at the hands of a decaying undead. Only a brave warrior who has slayed a decaying undead can free them, thus they personally invited Sheyan to give blessings to their deceased friends.

This 'Seaman Yan from the east' was extremely forthright, drinking and chatting loudly totally not aligned with his rumours of being cruel. In actual fact, Sheyan had realized drinking with these pirates could raise his reputation score. The range of increase from each pirate could reach from 10 – 30 points. Even raising by 10 points was pretty good, regrettably the raising rate was also linked to the charm level, if not, Sheyan could have possibly raised a thousand points from this drinking session. Although that was the case, he raised a total of 300 points in reputation breaking through to 524/3000 points.

Apart from that, Sheyan received a surprise reward, that was from the wine pouches of those pirates, it contained various types of rum. Coincidentally some contained the kinds related to his milestone: Intoxicated man, the required Lambs potato rum and the Cockspum rum. He successfully upgrade the milestone: 'drunkard' to the milestone 'intoxicated man', its attributes

respectively increased. Consecutively the nightmare imprint transmitted notifications.

“You completed a advancement in milestone to intoxicated man.”

“You receive a title: Intoxicated man.”

“Intoxicated man: Once you drink an alcoholic drink, your HP will decrease by 2%, damage rate will increase by 6%, duration of 60 minutes.”

“At one time there can only be one title in effect, do you want to equip the title: Intoxicated man?”

“Initializing advanced milestone: Alcohol master.”

“Accomplishing requirements: Drinking the following kinds of alcohol.”

1.France “Sharke Cognac brandy”

2.Britain “Chivas – Royal Salute Whisky”

3.Russia “Bereginka Vodka”

4.France “Crystal Champagne”

5.Spain Barca “Cava sparkling wine”

6.China “Maotai 1950 pulp liquor”

Pointer: This milestone can be accomplished in any world.

Sheyan was speechless looking at the names of these six alcohol, based on his general knowledge, he vaguely remember Maotai liquor from advertisements, but the term 1950 pulp liquor was completely fuzzy. The other brands of alcohol, he had not even heard of them before. However, Sheyan could confirm one point, he would definitely have to spend a lot of money to purchase these various alcohols. More critically, even if had the money he may not be able to acquire it. He could only bitterly shake his head, tossing aside this list of requirements.

Presently, the alcohol brewing technology was lagging greatly, the rum hadn't gone through distillation and thus its purity wasn't high. Yet Sheyan drank at least 1.5 lt of rum, he could feel his bladder bursting and needed to pee. Currently the sky was pitch-black, Sheyan wobbled around the shore in search of

a remote place to release his pee. After answering nature's call he sighed in relief. He was now thirsty from the alcohol and thought of drinking fresh coconut juice, he then went out to search, walking nearly a whole kilometer before finding a cluster of coconut trees along the beach. Although a coconut tree was difficult to climb, Sheyan had 8 points in agility and succeeded in scaling this challenging tree. As he prepared to throw down the coconut, he suddenly heard constrained moans of breath from a distance.

Although Sheyan wasn't married, he was not a junior. Obviously the sounds he heard were soft moans produced from a woman not because she was in pain, directly putting she was crying out in ecstasy. This woman's moan was flirtatiously charming to the core, listening to it was like several formless threads wandering into a person's heart, attracting and binding the person. After hearing it, Sheyan naturally felt his internal heat building up.

Naturally, he reacted like an ordinary man, glancing down from the elevated angle of the coconut tree, he discovered a couple making love on the beach. The female had fluffy blond hair, her two wheat colored slender legs hanging on the male's waist. The groaning sound from her nose sounded mournful. Unable to resist the urge to focus his gaze on between the two longs, concurrently his mind couldn't help but think of the long flirtatious legs of the female lead in "Transformers 3". In the end he decided that this leg was the winner.

The two obviously reached a climatic period as Sheyan very quickly saw the male tremble violently for a while before the two finally calmed down. The female then washed her generous bare body in the sea, brushing her long hair but because of the darkness he could not see the definite details. Still he managed to view her alluring silhouette. The male casually wore his shirt and pulled his pants up confidently and easily, his actions were neat and tidy, giving one an impression of a lazy cheetah.

At this time, the male suddenly spun around, looking in his direction as he used a low warning tone to shout.

"Who?"

His tone was gloomy and full of magnetism, Sheyan shivered in his heart, taking a guarding stance. Instead the male did not look further but hurriedly

wore his clothes.

“Mr Sparrow, I’m very sorry to disturb you at this time, but your father has orders. If he doesn’t see you in 10 minutes time, then poor Joshamee will be hanged on the mast for the next 3 days.”

At this point, Sheyan felt a little suffocation, within the entire Caribbean sea world, there was only one person whose name was called Mr Sparrow! Below him, the male lazily replied.

“Don’t worry Joshamee, my father is an amiable and lenient old man, he’s only scaring you.”

Joshamee’s voice was filled with fear.

“Mr Sparrow I agree with your observation but I still have to say that the deadline he gave me is reaching. Please hurry up and return with me. The captain’s meeting is about to end. Even though Mr captain is kidding, but i know there’s some seriousness in his joke.

“Shut up Joshamee, at least let me kiss goodbye to my beloved Sally. Just thinking that her husband can enjoy such an honor every day, I’m turning mad with jealousy.”

Mr Sparrow’s words undoubtedly made this woman, Sally, extremely delighted, her voice was slightly hoarse but carried an enticing personality.

“Oh Jack, don’t bother about me, hurry up and return. There must be certain important matters your father has to consult with you.”

Sheyan’s squinted his eyes, his lips forming a curved smile.

“Never expected to encounter you under such a scenario, my main lead – Mr Jack Sparrow.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 29

## Chapter 29: Vile Heart of a Young Married Woman

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Faced with the pains of separation, the couple of this thrilling secret affair hugged each other in reluctance, kissing and gently caressing each other. Before they split, Jack Sparrow suddenly took out a necklace from his pants and hung it across Sally's neck.

"Beloved Sally, this was from my grandmother, it is one of my most valuable gift. I hope it can represent me being with you."

The woman was touched, from her finger she took out a pearl ring and offered it.

"Me too, Jack. I will live on thinking of you."

The couple kissed again and then separated. Jack finally saw the panicky Joshamee as though he was about to cry, using a hurtful tone saying.

"If nobody had disturbed us Sally, I'm willing to accompany you all the way till death."

Afterwards the future captain of the Black Pearl then left with Joshamee.

Sally seemed like she still wanted to enjoy the cooling sea breeze and the white beach, lazily leaning against the sand and rested. Suddenly her previous wanton self surfaced again as she fondled her body's curves. After a while she stroked her long hair as she whispered to herself.

"Out of the numerous amount of guys, Jack is still the most charming. That

damned Catika recently keeps pestering me, if he still doesn't know his own place, then it's time to send him to the seabed and keep Jovan company!"

Faraway at the top of the coconut tree, a chill went up Sheyan's spine after hearing it. He deeply inhales, using his ability: Insight on her. A series of details then appeared in his eyes.

Sally Hepburn

Lord Carterly Fokke's wife

Height: 5 foot 1 inch

Weight: 47 kg

Strength: 4 points

Agility: 4 points

Physique: 5 points

Perceptive sensing: 12 points

Charm: 22 points

Intelligence: 5 points

Spirit 10 points

Basic meditation lvl 3

C grade special ability: Divine

'Divine': This is a mysterious move originating from the gypsies, able to use playing cards or crystal ball to make related judgements on all sorts of situations. The divine conclusion will produce a relevant pointer. Spirit and intelligence attributes will influence the divine's effect in terms of detailedness and accuracy. Have to emphasize again, for most people, they will find it difficult to find the truth from those disorderly and cryptic sentences. Unless you invest great amounts of energy and money, or you possess an extraordinarily keen logical mind with great sense of deduction.

B grade special ability: Appraise lvl 4

Appraise: An extraordinary and outstanding battle ability. Able to evaluate

precious items that have not been identified yet and explore its attributes thoroughly. After learning this ability, there is a 33% of success rate.

“Lord Caterly Fokke’s wife!” Sheyan’s head rapidly spun upon seeing those few words. Of course, the people who were hailed as Mrs Fokke were plentiful. There were Madam Uli, Madam Zhang *etc.* However this missus had an additional lord in front, this should be the owner of Tortuga port – Lord Fokke’s wife!

A pirates essentials comprised of strong alcohol, women, golden louis (French currency) and the british pound sterlings. Those heavy and cumbersome commodities that were transported through sea were considered insignificant. Therefore, this resting port of Tortuga was a suitable stolen goods dumping ground. To Tortuga port, accepting stolen products was not a glamorous thing, thus they had to pull the wool over people’s eyes (chinese idiom meaning fooling others) and run out to sea to trade with the pirates. This logic was akin to a prostitute not working in her own hometown/ house. From the particulars of the Lord’s madam, this woman came to this island polluted by pirates for only one reason, that was to use her appraisal ability to negotiate and bargain, helping the Fokke family to earn more profits!

This Lord Caterly Fokke’s madam managing to successfully entice Jack Sparrow to a lovers’ rendezvous meant that she had already completed her official duty. Seizing the opportunity when the main personnel of Tortuga port was still discussing with the pirates to sneak out. Madam Fokke would obviously not participate in the pirate’s squabbles and losing her reputable and demure image. These victory loots were plundered from the big Spanish merchant, Fernandez, its value was bountiful, therefore, it was highly probable that the trade discussion would turn into a spat. Hence, this youthful and pretty Lord Fokke’s wife can enjoy the tenderness of a lover, and afford additional time to rest leisurely while appreciating the amazing night scenery of this island.

Sheyan’s eyes produced a unexplainable radiance, as though ignited by black flames, ascending with passion and filled with a strange wickedness. He once again surveyed his surroundings, and proceeded to leap down from the coconut tree, taking wide strides to the wife of Lord Caterly Fokke.

Lord Caterly Fokke’s wife was an extremely composed woman, although she felt a little frantic from this sudden happening, she displayed a confidently brave

calmness.

“You are blocking me mister! I’m afraid a pirate should still show basic respect to a woman.”

Sheyan softly replied.

“If a woman of such noble status can casually betray her husband’s trust, then she doesn’t deserve any respect!”

Her expression turned pale, her tone became stricter as she bit her lower lips and sternly chided.

“So what! You damned scumbag pirate, nobody will believe you. You had better get lost out of my sight, if not I will surely nail you the cross in Tortuga port’s courtyard, and let the sea breeze blow you dry!”

Sheyan’s eyes suddenly glimmered with ruthlessness, he suddenly threw a heavy fist at the chest of this lady of nobility! Such a powerful punch caused her tremendous pain and a nauseating feeling! That beautiful and haughty face cringed in pain, as her body lost control and collapsed to the ground, pressing onto the deep cleavage causing it to be more distinct. Sheyan then coldly tugged onto her hair! His actions carried such strength that even the hair roots stuck out.

“Such a sexy and beautiful body shivering and wailing in my hand.... This feeling is pretty good.” Sheyan’s expression wasn’t clear in the darkness, only his impressive body was distinct, exhibiting an evil aura. Giving one an impression of those European murals of demon’s silhouettes, massive, fiendish, mysterious and below them was a blazing altar displaying nude blond women!

Besides this Madam Lord Fokke’s self-esteem and reserved nature had been utterly destroyed from that one punch, like a delicate crispy porcelaine, appearing gorgeous but was actually brittle. She could only use a miserable soft tone to plead.

“I.... beg you, what do you want? Gold? Status? I can give it to you!”

Sheyan’s eyes flickered with brilliance, remembering the woman’s earlier conversation with herself, he coldly issued.



“Jovan requested me to send his respects.”

Madam Lord Fokke’s body shivered, suddenly shouting out loud in hysteria.

“You are that friend of Jovan? Right? I didn’t wish to kill him! But he kept on pestering me, i already told him that our earlier date was a one off mistake! But he ultimately did not listen, that is why I poisoned him. I was forced to do so!”

Sheyan remained emotionless and continued.

“Then Catika? Jack Sparrow? Slut! Don’t tell they were all a one off mistake! I think all these lies in your hunger for the new, and being sick of the old!”

Madam Lord Fokke remained speechless, her sexy lips pouted, her expression was extremely awkward. Sheyan loosen his grip, as she lifelessly slumped to the ground. He then fished out the not yet evaluated brass ring he acquired from “Dice” coutts, tossing it in front of her saying.

“Evaluate this item for me.”

Naturally, appraising this item did not take much time and effort from this woman, he very quickly obtained the real attributes for this ring.

Cursed brass ring

Equipment rarity: White

Equipment effect: Spirit + 3

Equipment effect: Physique – 4

(TN: i think it should be minus 4)

Equipment position: finger

Material: Brass

Weight: 3 g

Description; This ring was originally crafted by the famous Jeweller Calixier, although its materials are average, its craftsmanship is first-class. However its previous owner suffered a vicious death, and was cursed by a demon.

Equipment battle score: 3

The respected Madam Lord Fokke, sluggishly leaned against the coconut tree,

sobbing softly. Sheyan once again gripped her hair and pulled her face near to his. That beautiful and frightened face was pulled within an inch to Sheyan, her whole body naturally pressed onto Sheyan. Sheyan could smell the faint perfume from her, and the astonishing elasticity of her well developed physical body. This caused Sheyan to feel a burning passion rising from his lower abdomen. His mouth was dry, opening up his mouth, his gaze had a certain thirst as he remained silent, but his adam's apple squirmed as he swallowed his saliva.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 30

## Chapter 30: Cunning Framing

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

At this moment, Madam Lord Fokke's eyes shined with a malicious brilliance, bending her right knee, aiming at Sheyan's crotch and smashed upwards! This woman understood completely a man's weak point, if a stimulated male received a blow there, surely they would hold onto their balls and squat motionlessly as their face flushed with redness. They would need at least several minutes of recovery before regaining mobility, a physically weak male could even die from this!

"Thump!" The woman knee collided as Sheyan's face turned ashen. Beads of perspiration formed on his forehead but he continued to hold on tightly to her hand, and retaliated with one tight slap! This was obviously the immense advantage of Sheyan's innate ability, fundamentally protecting his lower half pretty well.

Sheyan placed his full strength in that one slap. Madam Lord Fokke's face appeared a swelling trace of a few fingers, she could feel half of her face turning numb, and a buzzing sound in her left ear. There was a tiny itch as well as she widened her mouth to cry out but discovered that her two white tooth had fallen out and was mixed with blood.

Sheyan then loosen his grip on her hand, but now Madam Lord Fokke no longer had the energy to escape. She could only sluggishly cover her left face, as tears trickled down her cheeks. Sheyan then circled round her back, pulling on her fluffy blond hair, bending his body forward using a dubious low tone to

Speak.

“This time you sneaked out to satisfy your affair, that is why you wouldn’t have told anyone your whereabouts, and this place you selected is definitely remote! So don’t expect anyone to come and save you in a short time, there won’t be any passersby. So, even if you died, your corpse will only be discovered later into the night. More crucially....I will place the ‘broken’ necklace given from Jack Sparrow in your hands. Furthermore, Jack Sparrow still possess your valuable pearl ring, therefore everyone will think that he murdered you after raping you. Nobody would even notice my existence!”

“You, you’re a lunatic! What do you really want, please don’t kill me, I can agree to any requests!” Madam Lord Fokke cried out loudly! Although she was cruel and scheming, she was still a woman, the prospect of death had already locked her in fear, even breathing became difficult!

Sheyan’s right hand had already viciously resided on her long and fair neck, coldly saying.

“Presently the pirates have been begun noticing the cracks in the Tortuga’s port mighty appearance. Yet they managed to acquire adequate rewards from the Spanish people, thus their greed had been temporarily satisfied, they will not start an uprising anytime soon. This does not coincide with my interests, thus your death will be a well-timed fuse – the son of the Black Pearl’s captain raping and murdering the wife of Tortuga port’s owner. The honourable Little Lord Fokke, although he is a person who shies from conflicts, will personally declare war!”

“Therefore, please..... die!” his tone was firm, as Sheyan exerted strength in his hand, twisting the head of this sexy and noble beauty an entire 180 degrees! Her back was originally facing Sheyan, but after a gruesome series of her neck bone snapping off, she faced hideously Sheyan. Her cry was still choked in her throat! Sheyan clearly observed, the pair of captivating eyes staring into him was filled with an unexplainable horror.

Sheyan loosen his hand. The body of Madam Lord Fokke slumped to the ground lifelessly. Concurrently an awful stench surged into his nose, he raised his brows as he discovered a yellow, murky, filthy and sticky liquid gently flowing out

from the buttocks of this sexually arousing gorgeous woman. Obviously she had lost control of her bladder at the face of death. Sheyan hurriedly arranged the body, setting up this crime scene, as he was about to turn around and leave he received notifications from his nightmare imprint.

“You killed an important storyline character (B – category): Lord Caterly Fokke’s wife.

“Your actions will influence the storyline of this world.”

“You received 1 achievement (Meritorious deed) point.”

“Your reputation is increased by 300 points, do you wish to make this public. Yes/ No”

“If you select yes, then every individual in this world who knows of this will cause an increase in 10 reputation points.”

Sheyan was momentarily stunned, he suddenly realized by selecting “yes”, the rewarding reputation will soar by leaps and bounds! He could imagine that every pirate or person in Tortuga port would be interested and enthusiastically discuss this matter. In this island alone, the pirates exceeded over a thousand people! Adding on the merchants and citizens of Tortuga port, at least there would be three thousand people! This would cause an entire thirty thousand increase in reputation.....

What is the worth of 30000 reputation? Sheyan could imagine that his position amongst the pirates would be equal to the likes of Ammand, he would immediately become a core character in this young generation of the Caribbean pirates! He could even easily recruit a great deal of followers from random bars, and even acquire deep-seater reports about this word! He may even gain privileges in purchasing all sorts of equipments/items from every port in the world!

However huge benefits meant huge risks, once this matter was made public, this would revoke Sheyan’s ability to walk safely in the streets of Tortuga. Furthermore, on his enemy list, would have an incomparably valiant main lead, Jack Sparrow. This would cause one of the three legendary pirate ships, the Black Pearl, to become hostile to him! Based on Sheyan’s current situation, the chances of dying was at least above 99 percent!

Sheyan gently sighed, shutting his eyes he selected “No”, receiving 300 points in reputation and concluding this matter. In actual fact, if not for this chance encounter whereby he witnessed the secret affair of Madam Lord Fokke, then the difficulty of killing of this woman would be great. Approximately the same as charging into Cyberdyne computer company in the Terminator world! Because this woman normally resided deep within Tortuga castle, beside her were large amounts of bodyguards. Killing her openly would be the same as assaulting Tortuga castle.

Probably because this woman’s intangible benefits were immeasurably great, the grade of her key loot wasn’t high. It only produced a necklace called Sally’s dream which was a white grade item that has no attributes. Its worth was 200 utility points. Without hesitation, Sheyan sold it off to the nightmare imprint. Holding onto this dead person’s item was a headache, once someone discovered it, he could easily blackmail Sheyan.

Although Sally’s dream seemed like a white grade item, it was infact an extremely crucial mission object. It was related to Chris’s party mission, if Sheyan knew of this, demanding ten thousand utility points will only cause them to grit their teeth and comply. Regrettably Sheyan was not informed of this news, even if he knew, he may have still chosen to sell it off. This was because the ability “divine” existed in this world, who can confirm that there will not be a second user of this ability in Tortuga castle? Even if there wasn’t a divine user, there was still the prevalent black witchcrafts. Once a divine or witchcraft user interacts with a dead person’s object as a medium, they could probably acquire hints or clues which may lead them to the dead person’s necklace which was with Sheyan. Hence, to avert sleepless worries, Sheyan would still tolerate the pain of selling of this item to eliminate evidence.

Sheyan very carefully set up the scene, he then hurriedly stripped off his clothes and retreated to the sea. After swimming along the shoreline for a while, he once again ascended to the shore. This eliminated chances of hunting dogs picking up his scent. After returning to the bonfire, most of the pirates after partying were pretty tipsy, why would they notice someone walking past them? Only after sitting for a short while beside the bonfire, the nearby Bell and Mug pirate then raised his wine pouches as he drunkenly spoke out.

“Crew~~Crew head, where did you run off to? After hearing you slayed the decaying undead, several guys are looking for you.”

Sheyan’s heart stirred.

“Which guys?”

That pirate drank a mouthful from his wine pouch, as he was about to speak, he suddenly sprawled out onto the ground, letting out a gentle snore. He had passed out from the alcohol.

At this moment, a pirate stranger beside him looked at him with a respected expression, and then he spoke out courteously.

“Greetings Mr Yan, one of the Flying Dutchman’s crew member, Pulaker, said that their vice officer Old Bill was very interested in your heroism. He wished to chat with you personally. Afterwards, Walker from Queen Anne’s Revenge brought over a message, saying that his captain, Blackbeard, invites you for a discussion.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 31

## Chapter 31: Old Beast Versus Cheapskate

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan nodded slightly, slicing off a huge chunk of roast meat from the stick, sprinkling spices on it and started chewing. After eating, he dusted off his hands and joined the tipsy pirates beside him in merry-making. Interlocking hands as they danced about and sung wantonly explicit songs. He looked as if he did not bother about what he heard before. After waiting for a long time, that pirate seized the opportunity when Sheyan sat down to rest as he couldn't help saying:

“Although this may seem pretty presumptuous, but Mr Yan, aren't there two major characters waiting for you?”

Sheyan turned his head, laughing out as he said:

“What is your name?”

“Saloon.”

“Mr Saloon, if they were really sincere in wishing to talk to me, then they would take the initiative to find me, and not leisurely ordering me around like a servant. The only person who has the authority to do that in the entire Caribbean sea is the stingy yet great captain Ammand! When I swore loyalty to him, I already gave this privilege to him.”

Sheyan sincerely spoke without hesitation. That pirate had no rebuttal, as he stared on Sheyan's back in a daze. Suddenly a deep yet stable voice emitted.

“Crew head, next time when you discuss about me in front of others, remember to discard the word stingy in front of great in the future.”



This voice.....it was Ammands'! Sheyan did not expected to encounter him here, stunned, he turned around. Ammand and even Scarface Harry were actually standing there, throwing a heavy object over. Sheyan caught it with one hand, instantly realizing that it was money pouch that wasn't light at all. "Shing... shing.." it rattled with a shake. Opening it up, golden rays shone forth, it contained flawlessly pure pound sterlings, at least a hundred coins. Regrettably, these coins were marked out as only usable as currency in this world. If not, trading it in the nightmare realm could reap at least thousands of utility points.

"Enjoy a little more." Ammand looked to be pleased with Sheyan's former answer. His spine was as straight as before, as he strolled towards the Bell and Mug. Sheyan felt a tightness in his heart, very obviously the pirate's stolen goods had already been disposed off. Also, they had probably settled their internal distribution, if not why would Ammand casually toss out so many gold coins at random? This undoubtedly meant that the merchants from Tortuga port were preparing to return after purchasing these stolen goods, foreshadowing the eventual discovery of the gorgeously sexy Madam Lord Fokke's disappearance.

He was confident that he carried out this matter with such carefulness that not one drop of water can leak out. Furthermore, there wasn't any form of forensics or later technological investigation methods. Still he felt a vague apprehension. Truthfully speaking, if the worst possible outcome happened, and there was some sort of mythical method in Tortuga port to uncover the truth. Then the news of him murdering Madam Lord Fokke would cause a huge uproar. However, the secret affair of Jack Sparrow and her would also be exposed!

Who knew which person would Lord Fokke placed his hatred on. Sheyan knew how people would be thinking. He reckoned that the repulsive adulterer was more abominable than killing his wife in hatred. But both were outcomes of life and death, mistakes were not allowed! Yet Sheyan could not turn back now, if one did not take risks in this realm, how would one receive generous reapings?

While Sheyan was pondering nervously in his mind, there was a sudden movement beside him. A tall and sturdy figure towered over him and then sat down. Sheyan turned to look and saw a middle age man with white hair, his face had mixed blood look between an indian and a white person. His nose stuck out like an eagle's beak, his warm gaze on the contrary contained a treacherous

aura. This middle age man held onto a wine pouch that had a dual headed eagle embroidery. Laughing as he looked at Sheyan, he raised his pouch and drank a mouthful.

Sheyan was already fairly familiar with this sort of scenario, he returned a smile and then raised his own wine pouch to drink a mouthful in return. The middle aged man's eyes brightened up, trying to probe more as he asked.

"Sheyan from the east? A brave man who battled the decaying undead alone and slayed it?"

Sheyan's heart raced, he realized the identity of this middle age man with white hair. Laughing he raised his own wine pouch again.

"Pleasure to meet you Mr Bill."

The vice officer of the Flying Dutchman, Old Bill, let out a roaring laughter.

"At first I still doubted that you managed to slay such a horrific creature, but now I see that the rumours are true."

Sheyan replied honestly.

"I must explain something that many chose to leave out: That decaying undead had a severe injury to his head previously, besides its owner wasn't around. If not, the dead person now would be me."

Old Bill nodded.

"This answers my second question. Very well, child, your honesty has won my respect. Boldly speaking, I am very interested in any sort of dubious objects dropped by this gruesome creature. If coincidentally you obtained something, then believe me that your reward will be generous."

Sheyan giggled, he was obviously not a small child that could be coaxed by these mere words. He raised his left hand, on the middle finger there was an extremely malicious looking bone ring. This object was obviously counted as one of the "dubious object" that Old Bill had mentioned. Therefore, Sheyan used it as a touchstone (Testing if something is genuine), probing how much he meant by relatively generous reward."

Old Bill grabbed Sheyan's left hand, raising his brows as he closely examined it.

After a while he clicked his tongue and said.

“This should be made with the bones from the decaying undead, although it doesn’t look much, but i will still offer you 3 pounds sterling. How about it? This price definitely have you a surprise right!”

After listening to his valuation, Sheyan instantly labelled him with the word “beast”. He also understood his earlier warmth was just a facade, regarding these essential items, the charm attribute was important in beginning negotiations. Sadly, Sheyan’s charm was a mere 8 points, and there was no way this vice officer would reach a level of generosity.

With regards to this light blue grade bone ring accessory which could raise the two important usable attributes in strength and physique, if it was the nightmare realm, it could be at least sold for a thousand utility points. Yet this Old Bill claimed to be generous but only offered 3 pound sterling, furthermore this coins could not be brought out of this world! The difference between the two were like two worlds apart, Old Bill’s personality was also clear to see, there was not much to elaborate.

Since he realized in front was a vehement iron chicken (Stingy person), Sheyan’s enthusiasm waned, without smiling one bit, he tossed out the coin purse that Scarface Harry had gave him.

“The respected Mr Bill, if you have a similar kind of ring, I’ll buy it with 4 pounds. How many do you have, I will buy it all! What do you think?”

Old Bill turned embarrassed, his expression turned awkward following Sheyan’s statement. However, his skin was naturally dark and thus could not see the red blushes. Sheyan had already discovered his character, and was too lazy to beat around the bush, he immediately retrieved the mission object ‘Still beating heart’ out. This mysterious and gruesome object caused the surrounding observing pirates to gasp in shock. Old Bill’s pupils contracted, swallowing his saliva loudly. Sheyan bluntly put forth:

“You are a experienced and knowledgeable man, the salt you ate is more than the rice I’ve seen (chinese idiom meaning my knowledge/experience is nothing compared to you), but of course I know how precious this object is..... Enough of all the bullshit, if you cannot produce something I want, then I believe there will

be someone else that wants this.”

Saying till here, Sheyan’s eyes twinkled as he continued:

“I forgot to mention, just now Walker from Queen Anne’s Revenge sent a message over saying that the great captain Blackbeard wishes to chat with me.”

Old Bill’s expression sunk.

“What exactly are you looking for?”

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders and replied.

“That depends on what you have to offer.”

Old Bill stared at Sheyan, coldly saying.

“Young man, aren’t you afraid of eating what you cannot digest?”

This sort of threatening tone made Sheyan a little unhappy, the disdain apparent with the curling of his lips, he then stood up and exclaimed:

“Very well, looks like I’ll pay a visit to the revered captain Blackbeard.”

Looking at Sheyan not responding to a hard approach, and he even stood up and walked towards the Queen Anne’s Revenge, Old Bill became a little anxious. Flustered, he jumped up and replied impulsively:

“You fool! Blackbeard will surely swallow you up and not even spare your bones!”

Yet Sheyan casually shrugged his shoulders:

“Then he would have to face the explosive wrath of the Son of the Black sea, Ammand. I am a pretty qualified crew head, finding someone else to replace me is not an easy thing.”

Faced against this Sheyan, Old Bill could only sigh. Standing up he called out:

“Okay alright, you win. Let’s go over to one side to discuss.”

Sheyan casually replied:

“No problem, but I must warn you, a person’s patience has its limits. You previously already succeeded in using 3 pound sterlings to challenge my weak tolerance and intelligence, I hope it will not happen again. If not, trust me, you

can say goodbye to this heart forever.”

Old Bill’s face twitched, as though a portion of his face was carved out. Sheyan already understood his character, besides this vice officer was now clear with the character of this damned Seaman Yan from the east. The most difficult and demanding kind. Old Bill sighed, placing his hand inside his bosom, his hand emerged with a something that looked like an ancient flat tiny box, which stored a wine cup.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 32

## Chapter 32: Soul Equipment

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

This was a wine cup made of metal. Its surface had already turned mouldy through centuries, it had an engraving of King David from the bible. It was layered with a hairy fur cover, giving it a primitively bleak smell, and a look of simple elegance. Sheyan had seen this sort of wine cup in the present world before, normally it was used by the russians to contain their spirited vodka. They reckoned that in the icy cold weather, beside the satisfying shore, on the balcony beneath the enshrouding twilight of the setting sun, enjoying a cup of refined by age alcohol was a sort of blissfulness. Even though it could be an ordinary kind of alcohol, pouring it into the small wine cup gave it an enhanced and flavourful taste. Maybe, this sort of flavour contained life's boredom, pleasure, refined and warmth factor. It also added a grand feeling of unyielding chill.

"Oh?" After his hand came into contact with this silverish white wine cup, he realized the texture felt like metal but its back was slightly bumpy. Flipping it over to see, he saw a red imprint of the five visible planets\*. Above the printing were the words from the 'Soviet Union, Stalingrad victory commemoration phrase'. His heart brimmed with suspicions, this was obviously the Caribbean world, why would there be a World War 2: Battle of Stalingrad engraving? Following that, the nightmare imprint transmitted a series of notifications.

(\*Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn)

"You are currently examining a soul equipment: Endless Vodka."

"When a contestant dies in the nightmare world, there is a probability (roughly

10%) that the equipment/ items would be obtained by the characters in that world. These equipments/items that the storyline characters obtained would retain the thoughts of the dead contestant before their death. After a period of time, it will transform into soul equipment.”

“Special points of a soul equipment: Under normal circumstances, it will still be unable to function after obtaining the soul equipment. The user will receive a mission, that mission can normally be completed in the present world. It is the dying wish of the item’s owner.”

“Soul equipments can be brought out of the nightmare realm, and be used in the present world.”

“Since a soul equipment has become a vessel of memory, its form will remain constant and will not be transformed by any external factors.”

After viewing this description, his heart had been considerably stirred emotionally, blankly staring into space. Because this soul equipment had the same meaning as his name, bearing the weight of the dying wish of a deceased. At this moment, the strong willed Sheyan, faced with such an object felt a faint feeling of melancholy. A mournful notion unknowingly sprung into his mind:

That was, “When I die, which equipment would I leave behind?”

Sheyan’s momentarily despondent self was caught by Old Bill, this guy felt a surge of delight, but remained silent. The longer Sheyan observed, the more the importance of this object. This meant that Old Bill would easily seek for the largest profits. Scanning further with the nightmare imprint, the attributes of this soul equipment surfaced.

Endless Vodka (not activated)

Origin: Soviet Union, Stalingrad second hardware manufacturing factory

Equipment rarity: Deep blue

Equipment effects: Excite (active), upon activation it will increase your individual running/walking speed by 25%, duration lasts for 24 hours.

Pointer: Once you suffer any damage, the effect will cease. 5 minutes cool down duration.

Pointer: Effects will not overlap with other additional movement speed effects.  
(Excluding the movement speed effects from basic footwork)

Equipment requirement: Nil

Equipment position: Bag (carrying it will allow its activation)

Material: Stainless steel and silver mix

Weight: 34 g

Item category additional effects: After drinking a mouthful of vodka from it, one can regain 20 HP instantly. HP regeneration speed will temporarily increase by 20%.

Pointer: Individually drinking less than 100 ml of vodka will not cause the bonus effects to happen.

Pointer: Drinking the vodka would consume 3 seconds of time. Once being attacked in that time, the endless vodka would combust and cause the regeneration effects to cease and deduct an additional 40 HP of the user.

Item category additional effects: At intervals of 24 hours, the vodka will automatically replenish itself fully.

Description: Don't view this object as small, the vodka can allow you to drink 3 mouthfuls.

Equipment battle score:15

Upon using this soul equipment, you will receive a mission. You must accomplish this mission before obtaining the benefits of this equipment.

Sheyan had to admit, this piece of soul equipment was the strongest object he has witnessed up till now. No doubt, it complimented his personal title 'Intoxicated man' greatly, it was also the first ever equipment that an ability that could instantly replenish his HP. Sheyan further noticed that this soul equipment could be brought back to the present world. Besides, in the present world, there was a high chance that Sheyan had to face the evil and vicious underlings of Huashan Fei. Therefore, without questions, this object carried tremendous implications to him.

Sheyan tossed the 'endless vodka' in his hand a few times, then he glanced at



Old Bill. Somewhat astonished he spoke.

“What else?”

Old Bill was like a rabbit that got shot, raising his voice saying.

“What what else?”

Sheyan looked shock and replied:

“You couldn’t have possibly had the childish thought that this broken wine cup could be exchanged for the heart of the decaying undead?”

Old Bill’s facial muscles twitched, he clenched his fist, throwing a frightening glare and replied:

“Don’t go overboard.”

Sheyan replied:

“Maybe I should listen to Blackbeard’s offer.”

Old Bill snorted and said:

“Alright , alright, alright, then go! I’ll wait right here for your sorry ass to be thrown overboard!”

Sheyan refused to speak further, tossing back the ‘endless vodka’ back to him as he marched towards the Queen Anne’s Revenge. However, his heart felt somewhat nervous, because the way he lost himself when looked at the soul equipment was observed clearly by Old Bill. If he did not bring down his threatening demeanor, then he may very well be taken for a run. Hence, Sheyan’s actions was like gambling with Old Bill’s patience, it was obvious in such a scenario, the first person that speaks will place the other in the driver’s seat.

One step, two step, 10 steps, 20 steps! Sheyan’s wrinkles surfaced, in his heart he feared that he had misjudged the worth of that heart to Old Bill. Was he unable to force out this guy’s trump card? At the moment where he could not bear and wanted to turn around, Old Bill suddenly chased up. Panting he said:

“Alright, you win.”

Saying he pulled Sheyan to a corner, apart from the ‘endless vodka’, he fished out a mini cross. This cross looked plain and simple, it’s musty feel was like it had

been used for years. Sheyan was secretly feeling happy, yet he acted impatient as he furrowed his eyebrows.

“What is this?”

Old Bill looked with a solemn expression.

“Within Tortuga port, there is an alchemist master who lives in seclusion. He can enhance your weapons to be sharper, your armour to be harder. From what I know, your captain Ammand’s silver sword was refined by him. However, it is extremely hard to obtain the services of this alchemist master, only a person whom he invites can enter into his residence.”

“Woah.” Sheyan exclaimed as he continued.

“Is this cross his proof of invitation?”

Old Bill nodded and replied.

“That’s right.”

Sheyan pondered for a moment, suddenly saying:

“Bringing this object would gain his reception? Isn’t this a chance to remold it? Going by another way, I still need to pay up to remold this right?”

Old Bill was temporarily speechless, but he remained forceful.

“Do you know how hard it was to obtain this opportunity? To obtain this I paid a huge price. It can be said to be born from huge risks and dangers of life and death!”

Sheyan became angry saying:

“Hold on, Hold on, your words seem quite believable. Fine, hand over the wine cup and the cross, adding on another 100 pound sterling, then this precious decaying undead’s heart will be yours.”

“Scum! Your entire worth is not even 100 pound sterlings!”

“Aiya aiya, an old man can turn nasty very quickly... no it’s getting a stroke. Since that’s the case, then add on 99 pound sterling then.”

“This damned swindler you are the worst in the entire Caribbean sea! Do you believe that I would foolishly accede to such an unreasonable deal? I tell you, the

value of that cross is not what you think it is, if you do not add on others, I will definitely not exchange these two objects with you.”

Sheyan looked at the raging Old Bill, his face was filled with redness as though even his acne was about to explode. He knew that he had forced him overboard.

After a war of words, Sheyan finally produced his ‘exquisite 7.62mm bullet’, the ‘still beating heart’, the ‘yet to be evaluated, cursed brass ring’ and one ‘ancient gold pound’ as his price. In exchange for that soul equipment ‘endless vodka’ and that cross which was an invitation item. Because Sheyan had tugged at Old Bill’s boundaries, the impression Old Bill had of him dipped immeasurably. Walking away once they completed the deal, not even willing to offer a single word.

After receiving this soul equipment ‘endless vodka’, Sheyan tried to activate its mission. However he was informed that he could only activate it when he returned to the present world. Sheyan sighed, looks like the owner’s dying wish should be fairly simple, most of the time it should be to take care of his relatives in the present world. His greatest worry was that this person had died by the hands of Blackbeard or Davy Jones, these main leads, and his final wish was that someone help to exert revenge....oh my god. Sheyan was a person that understood his personal strengths, he would then abandon this mission without hesitation and immediately sell it off in the nightmare realm.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter**

## **33**

### **Chapter 33:Whimpers of a Departed Spirit**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

“Oh?” Sheyan relaxed himself as he raised his head to admire the vast dark sky, a warm breeze gently blew across his cheeks. Sheyan couldn’t help but sigh, he felt that the seabreeze contained a tinge of moist and wildness. This feeling was familiar to Sheyan who had worked on board a ship for over 7-8 years, this was an indication of an incoming hurricane. Yet this Herb Island’s surroundings contained no such ports to shelter from it!

Naturally, Sheyan was not the only one who could sensed this inevitable hurricane. In a matter of seconds, the anchored pirate ships all sounded off their unique horns, a deep resounding mournful shrills carrying the urgent message for the pirates on shore to hurry and return. Following Sheyan’s experience, there was still roughly half an hour before the hurricane reaches here. There would be no problem in utilizing the huge winds now to push off the sails and get the ships back to the first-rate sheltering Tortuga port. However, if one were to delay here for over ten minutes, it would be extremely easy for the hurricane to chase up and decimate and massacre the entire ship.

Sheyan exhaled a huge long breath. The traders sent from Tortuga port should have already discovered that Madam Lord Fokke was missing, but they probably had not found her corpse yet. If not they wouldn’t be so peaceful now, they would surely raised their blood flags, sounding off their cannons in search for the culprit. Instead, this extremely coincidental hurricane left them with no choice but to cut short their search and return back to Tortuga port! If they didn’t do

so, the goods they purchased would certainly be lost to the sea. To the Fokke family, whose position was currently shaky, this would pose a problem to the family's foundation, thus no one would dare to bear this responsibility.

If so, then the search party for Madam Lord Fokke could only be temporarily suspended, until the hurricane dies down and the winds turn clam before they can resume it. This was a matter that would be delayed for 2-3 days. This was extremely splendid and favourable news to Sheyan, he believed that whatever missed out traces he left would be wiped clean by the insane Caribbean sea hurricane. Furthermore, the necklace given by Jack Sparrow would not vanish suddenly in just a short time span, this itself was enough.

When a person was merry, his mind would be absent. When Sheyan hurried back to the Bell and Mug, the drunken pirates were like headless flies on the ship, aimlessly knocking wherever they go. Because on board, the core members like Scarface Harry, Xiaer and even Ammand had probably drank much in celebration during the pirates high authorities meet, hence they were dead drunk and had knocked out in their cabins. Snoring so loudly that even if the heavens shook they wouldn't be able to hear it. Although vice officer Robben was sober, he was a mediocre man and did not have much prestige, shouting loudly in vain as his voice turned hoarse, the more he helped the worst it got. A group of drunk pirates even circled him and started dancing.

Upon witnessing this unfold, Sheyan's expression sunk as he took large strides across the deck. Anyone who dared to block him or wildly drunk individuals were all lifted up and thrown or kicked into the sea. Of course water was a pirate's dry land, and thus they would not drown, still they had to choked on a few mouthful of seawater and troubled themselves greatly to return to the ship. A few grumpy pirates even cursed out loud whilst in the water, loudly shouting profanities and threatening to toy with the person's (the one that threw them overboard) female family members private parts or rape them. However when they realized the person they were scolding was Sheyan, they immediately awkwardly shut their mouths in obedience. Even those pirates who weren't on good terms with Sheyan could only mumbled to themselves and cursed silently.

Very quickly, the order of the ship was restored. Sheyan paced around on deck, shouting and ordering these merciless pirates as he delegated their work.

Occasionally he would even help out in areas that required manpower, occasionally shouting out encouragements to people managing the sails, and occasionally he would nudge or kick a few pirates and cursed at them. What was strange was, those pirates that were kicked overboard although they had a belly of bad air, they still consented to Sheyan's action. The effectiveness and efficiency of their work soared, and after not even 10 minutes, the Bell and Mug was the first to raise its sails.

Presently, the imminent hurricane was widely showing its signs. Thunderous booming traversed from the distance. If it was day time, then surely a pressuring image of massive black clouds would fill the sky. After the sails of the main mast were raised and joined the rest, the sails of the Bell and Mug looked gravely swollen from the raging winds. Generating adequate force, this skinny and long sailboard took off with frightening speed, it was like a graceful flying fish elegantly gliding towards Tortuga port. Such nimble speed, even the king of speed within the Caribbean sea, Black Pearl, had to acknowledge it.

"When did Ammand find such a good navigator?" Several pirate captains gazed upon the sailing figure of the Bell and Mug and exclaimed.

Not even half an hour later, the outline of a majestic cliff that looked like a giant arm appeared in a distance from Tortuga port facing the front. The guiding rays of the lighthouse was too dim, like a candle about to be extinguished by the wind. Within the turbulent sea, one could clearly see and feel that the entire Caribbean sea was like a giant ripple, brimming with an irresistible dignity. In the absence of a guiding navigator, Sheyan skillfully shouted and scolded at his crew to hold the rudder and successfully anchor into the safety of the port. No doubt, this once again raised the admiration of these pirates and they felt that Sheyan was truly mysterious.

Regarding these savage pirates, being able to navigate and steer the ship to successfully enter and anchor in the darkness was a secret passed on privately to navigators. Yet they had no clue that in Sheyan's present world, this sort of fundamentals of piloting a ship could be easily learned and grasped. To the ambitious vice captain of his previous ship he worked on, this was essentially a required course that Sheyan had to go through.

Following the subsequent pirate ships consecutively entering the port, the

hurricane had started to brew in, raising towering waves as tall as 7-8 meters thrusting fear into the watchful spectators. Although the ships were resting inside the safe haven of this port, in addition to the anchors set at the bow and tail of the ship, they could still feel the furious storm as though it was about to envelop the entire Tortuga port. At this moment, a Beihai 3-mast huge ship unwillingly sailed shakingly into the port, it was the ship that Tortuga port sent out for purchasing dirty goods. However, its condition was not spared, its main mast had been chopped down by the billowing winds, the nearby sails on the other two mast had been ripped apart, wildly flapping in mid air. Looking at such a miserable state, it looked as if it would sink at any second.

Sheyan stood at the bow of the ship, signalling to Robben with his hands.

“Prepare a sampan (Small boat), I want to go ashore.”

The shocked Robben replied:

“Crew head, the bars are probably closed ah.”

Sheyan gently replied.

“Can’t I force open the door? Also, I do not fancy staying and sleeping on this ship amidst this storm.”

Robben shrugged his shoulders.

“Your command will be immediately carried out.”

Sheyan nodded, returning to his cabin to grab a few things. After several minutes, he was standing on the pier of Tortuga port. Even though the hurricane was billowing causing huge chaos, following the pirate’s return, a few bars had decided to open their doors to welcome them in. The yellowish pale lights struggled out within the cracks of the door entrance. Seyan was not in a rush to enter a bar, he glanced at the time and made his way to the seashore.

The sea was rolling aggressively, the massive dark blue waves crashed heavily against the thick breakwaters and then bursting into thousands of water droplets. Even the ashen colored bricks beneath his feet was distinctly vibrating. This sort of scenario would cause a dryland native to tremble in fear, but this was a common occurrence to Sheyan. He folded his arms against his chest, peacefully waiting atop the breakwater.

Before leaving the port, Sheyan had previously acquired a hidden mission from Chris, this mission's follow-up was obtained from Mole Waller from the grocery store. Although Sheyan was fiercely taken advantage of by that old man, he still gained the benefits of a few mugs of golden rum. At the end, that old man gave him a crystal ball fragment, upon placing it in the water he received the following pointer:

“When the midnight bell sounds, whimpers of the departed spirits would be restored into truth, history's dust would be wiped away, the truth will finally be revealed.”

Currently the seashore Sheyan had stopped over was coincidentally the same place where he previously placed the crystal ball fragment in the water during the day time. Following midnight, the surface of the water was sparkling with bits of silverish brilliance, as though the bright moon was illuminating the area. However, that brilliance gave one a serene yet ice-cold feeling, it was like sucking out the breath of a living person. The areas that were sparkling with this silver brilliance were strangely tranquil, only rippling slightly. Moreover the raging sea seemed to be suppressed by an invisible layer, unable to churn up any billowing waves.



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 34

## Chapter 34: Concealed trap

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Witnessing such an extraordinary sight, Sheyan held his breath. He had prepared earlier, an apple, fried bacon, two loaves of rye bread according to Chris's instructions and threw them into the water. A peculiar sound rung softly, a soft sound of a Greece Harp. From beneath the water surface, a shadow darting back and forth. This shadow was strangely fast, like a black belt darting around rapidly. Sheyan observed this shadow, he felt a queer dangerous sensation welling up in his heart, as though he would get polluted and suffer dire consequences. He knew this was his high perceptive sensing warning him, reflexly taking a step back in precaution so that he could dive behind the nearby rock to take cover.

The shadow seemed as though it had no intention to surface, after consuming the food Sheyan threw in, it dispersed. The silverish glow on the water surface gradually dimmed, at this moment he could see a message in a bottle, covered in moss and algae, floating in at a fast pace. Sheyan picked up this bottle, the silverish glow dissipated regaining its earlier turbulent condition.

Sheyan was also not willing to continue staying by the seashore, because his lone figure was extremely prominent in the darkness of the night. After entering a bar, he tossed out 2 pounds, requesting a room from the bartender. Presently, the bars were like a supermarket, hotel and even a brothel. Thus, the bartender was not surprised at all, bringing Sheyan to the back as they rounded a corner, and entered into a room.

Most probably because their receiving customers were mostly pirates or seamen, this room was renovated to look like a ship's cabin. Atop the wall, hung a decorative rudder, it had small oval-shaped windows, and beside it was the popular darts game set at the time. On top of a bench at the side were several distinct burn marks, it seemed like an inconsiderate customer had previously pressed their cigarette bud there. Its only praiseworthy aspect was an old fashioned greyish striped linen made bedsheet that was relatively clean. It even gave off a clean and fresh fragrance as though it had previously been in the sun.

Sheyan sat down on the bed, he started to carefully inspect the bottle. This was a dark brown, thin neck circular body type bottle, there was a thick layer of wax sealing on it. This maintained the cork of the bottle to be clean and dry. The surface of this bottle was no longer glossy, several vine and algae had attached itself to it, which produced a deliberate rough feeling. What surprised Sheyan was that the bottle was icy-cold to touch, as though it was just taken out from a freezer. Holding it eliminated any trace of warmth from the hand all the way to the bone marrow.

According to Chris, if he opened this bottle, this mission would abruptly cease and cause an evil spirit to emerge. This evil spirit was an illusionary being, no amounts of attack could harm it, instead it would carry out curses on people and the user that opened it would have a 100 HP reduction within 5 minutes. Then it would vanish. Previously, an unfortunate member impulsively opened it, and was subsequently cursed by that evil spirit.

Before entering the nightmare realm, that unfortunate member was a pick-pocket. He was known as a sly and slick expert who could pinch out over 10 coins secretly from others without harming them. His agility had painstakingly been raised above 20 points, however, his physique was only on par with an average person. In the end after suffering from that curse, even after racking his brains to think of a solution, he could only watch in silence as he stepped into death's doors after five minutes....before dying his crumbling feelings must have been unfathomable.

After witnessing such a scene, the rest would obviously not dare to open up their bottles. After a series of investigations, Chris's party managed to discover an old person named Palesius who resided inside Tortuga castle, who expressed

great interest in this object. That old man's status wasn't low in the castle, he was probably a butler who had earned the trust of his masters. Every day at 9 in the morning he would go out to purchase groceries. Once one passed the bottle to him, one will obtain a hefty reward of 20 pounds sterling , and can even obtain his friendship. From then, one can use the excuse of visiting Palesius to freely enter the outer area of Tortuga castle. This was obviously not without any benefits, based on Chris, using a piece of whetstone in there could enhance your weapon's attack powers permanently by 11, and even had a certain percentage of receiving the remaining deep level mission.

However, Sheyan had no intentions of following the action sequence that Chris took.

Firstly, that Chris brat was not any good kind of person, earlier he had exploited the agreement contract, and purposely omitted the essential clue of having to build a good relationship with Mole Waller. This caused huge frustration to Sheyan. According to psychologists, a person would let his guard down the most when he was nearing success. Therefore, if Sheyan continued to follow this action sequence, he may encounter another trap that Chris had craftily set up.

Crucially speaking, the rewards from this did not attract Sheyan much. After Ammand's generous division of loots, Sheyan's personal pound sterling exceeded 3 figures. A mere 20 pounds sterling was not important. Regarding the ability to be able to freely enter the outer courts of Tortuga castle, it looked like it provides many benefits, but to the killer of the Madam of the castle and a Bell and Mug pirate member, frequently entering that place was not a good idea. If something went wrong, it would do more harm than good.

Therefore, Sheyan chose to attempt the other pathway of this side mission – that was opening the bottle which Chris's party avoided!

The spirit's curse seemed extremely dreadful, but unfortunately this sort of abnormal conditions (loss of blood etc) did not threaten Sheyan at all. Once he equipped the title of 'pirate ringleader', his maximum life points would reach as high as 190 points, even now his life points were worth 170 points. Draining 100 HP within 5 minutes to him was just a slight strain..... It did not carry any life threatening or capability impairing injuries at all.

After carefully weighing out the pros and cons, Sheyan steadily picked up the bottle, willfully absorbing the icy chill into his body temperature. He retrieved the candlestick beside him, using his hand to touch the flames for a moment as though he was testing the heat of the flames. He then placed the tip of the bottle against the candle. Slowly the thick and reliable wax starts melting from the roasting heat.

Following the heat from the flames, the wax at the tip started dripping one drop at a time onto the table top. A faint fragrance emitted into the air. Sheyan looked at this image, he suddenly recalled a time when he was young where Uncle Dasi told him a 'haunted house' story. It roughly talked about Uncle Dasi's father. When he was young he travelled with his friends for business. In a mountainous area when the sky had turned dark, they found a small house. There was nobody in the house, a sinister looking headless idol was displayed in the center of the house, but the rice bags, firewood and bed were fairly organized. Although everything felt very eerie, their stomachs were rumbling with hunger from walking the whole day in the mountains, in addition to the pouring rain, they decided to rest there for the night.

Naturally, the few businessmen decided to start a fire to cook their meal, after eating they slept early. In the end, the house had no chimney, the vapour from cooking the meal extended everywhere. Not long after, when their meal had not yet finished cooking, they realized dozens of horrifying evil spirits had appeared and frantically charged at them. Astounded, they fled for their lives, two of their counterparts fell off an overhanging cliff because of the slippery roads. Afterwards an experienced and intelligent colleague mentioned that the house was a trap set up by bandits, the crux was the firewood that they used to cook their rice.

This firewood was probably layered with a poisonous mushroom extract from Ailao town, interpreting it would simply mean a layer of hallucinogen. After it burnt up, it would produce a smoke which would cause the inhaling persons to hallucinate. Adding up the surrounding eerie environment, the sinister headless idol, of course a terrifying image would be formed.

Yet when Sheyan saw the burning candle wax, and after smelling the faint fragrance, his heart unconsciously formed an anxious and ominous premonition.

Because following this present generation, to open up this message in a bottle, the most common method was undoubtedly to melt off the wax. Thus, it was hard to explain if there was any booby traps that was devised with it. Hence, he immediately moved away the bottle from the candle flames, and opened the window to take in a few breaths of fresh air. He did not know if he was paranoid or what, but Sheyan felt that his head had cleared up a little.

Although there was no notifications of damage from the nightmare imprint, he still had a strange paranoid feeling. He swiftly checked on his personal attributes, and instantly he obtained the origin of his paranoia! Because on the side of his attributes showed a prominent notification:

“When attacking an enemy, you have a 14% chance of the attack being ineffective.”

Very naturally this cruel effect faded rapidly, because Sheyan immediately carefully examined himself again after reading those words. He realized this damned debuff (negative sustaining effects) had not much difference in nature. That effect of probability in rendering an attack ineffective had dropped to 13. It looks like within a minute, this debuff would gradually fade away, and will not alarm anyone.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 35

## Chapter 35: Apparition!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

“So that’s the case.” Sheyan roughly figured out the tragedy that Chris’s party experienced. If not for Sheyan’s outstanding perceptive sensing and his quick thinking, he would have been caught up in that vicious cycle of believing that invincible spirit. After waiting for the damned debuff lowering effects to wear off, Sheyan leaked out a cold grin, holding onto the bottleneck of the bottle. He decided to use an efficient and swift approach to open up this conspiracy filled, supernaturally tough bottle.

“Piank!” This durable glass bottle was smashed hard onto the opposite wall. Although the algae and moss that lodged onto the external of the glass provided some sort of cushioning, yet Sheyan utilized his entire bodily strength! Under the high pressure of 12 points of strength, this rum bottle exploded into fragments scattering everywhere. During the moment where it shattered, a strange serene radiance glowed from inside, that radiance swelled up like a mist, rapidly spiralling into the air, it then metamorphosed into a blurry light blue transparent apparition. Its face consisted of high cheekbones, protruding lightbulb like eyes which enhanced its already terrifying appearance. (Its model was akin to the ghost army in the Lord of the Rings)

Sheyan instantly activated his ‘insight’ ability. Although a red stopping point appeared, due to Sheyan having already used the ability an entire 9 times, and because of his perilous economic situation, he had not paid up and it was no doubt showed him a red deficit letter. This ability had been extremely

advantageous for him, even though he was a contestant that had no anticipations/ foresights towards the future storyline, through this ability he was still able to obtain huge reliable amounts of information.

Following the activation of insight, the gentle rays enshrouded onto this apparition, causing it to make a threatening gesture. Sheyan instantaneously obtained first-hand information.

‘Contract Apparition’ (Loyal servant spirit, only a portion of its protective instincts remained)

Species: Dead spirit category

Life span: 24 hours (Remaining of 23 hours 57 minutes)

Height: 4 inches

Weight: nil

Strength: 8 points

Agility: 7 points

Physique: 5 points

Perceptive sensing: 11 points

Charm: 0 points

Intelligence: ? points

Spirit: ? points

Remaining life points: 50 points

Dead spirit category characteristic: Immune to fear, illness, deformation, pains, bleeding effects.

Dead spirit category characteristic: Divine type ability will deal twofolds damage, fire type will deal 1.5 folds damage.

Passive skill: Blur. 50% chance of an enemy’s attack rendered ineffective. Suppressed by divine type abilities, unable to prevent damage from any divine type.

Skill: ?

Skill: ?

Sheyan looked at the question marks in this report, he understood that his own intelligence and spirit could not match up greatly. Therefore, certain accurate information was unable to be displayed. Looking at the 'Blur' skill of that apparition, a portion of comprehension grew in his heart, looks like after the minerals mixed in with the wax were released, the highest negative buff that a person inhaling it would be "50% chance of rendering attacks ineffective". Based on that negative buff, in addition to its 'Blur' skill, it was no wonder that Chris's party could not cause any harm to it.

There was an underlying message, it was either the divine type ability was relatively rare, or it was considered a relatively high level ability. If not, Chris's party would have at least one contestant who could use that skill type category.

Observing this apparition whistling and spiralling in the room, Sheyan pinched with his left hand, that cobalt steel exoskeleton materialised on his arm. Although the apparition seemed pretty terrifying, Sheyan had previously faced off with such a horrifying creature, the decaying undead. That was considered a warm-up and he currently felt no hint of pressure. However, he could imagine that within Chris's party, those that inhaled that mysteriously vile poisonous fog, coupled with them having no preparation/expectation before hand, when encountering such a creature they thought to only exists in rumours, they would definitely have been frightened stiff!

Sheyan had no long range battle capabilities, naturally he arched his body down, aiming towards that apparition and charged at it viciously. Floating in mid air, the apparition suddenly shuddered hazily, it then raised its misty fuzzy arms directly at Sheyan. Simultaneously, a gigantic formless vortex formed at the front of its arm. The vortex was not absorbing air or water, but the surrounding heat! Sheyan couldn't help quivering and shivered violently, he felt a cold chilling part of his heart, concurrently receiving a notification.

"You have been cursed by the contract apparition."

"You will lose 100 HP within 5 minutes."

Everything was similar to what Chris estimated, the only difference was that the unlucky victim had a mere 50 HP at that time, and did not even last for 3



minutes. Instead, Sheyan felt vigorous and lively even after 3 minutes. After releasing its curse, that apparition had consumed quite a bit of energy, and remained floating on its original spot. Sheyan did not show any courtesy as he pounded across with his ferocious fist!

After his fist came into contact with the surface of the apparition, he felt the skin on his left hand suddenly immerse in frost as though he plunged his hand into ice water. A layer of ripple rippled across the surface of the apparition, causing Sheyan's attack to completely be negated as though hitting an empty space.

Passive skill: Blur success!

Yet Sheyan did not anticipate the mysterious skill of this apparition, after his fist failed to contact with anything, his whole body tumbled forward as his fist heavily smashed onto the opposite wall. The tough wooden board cracked under such ferocity, producing crackling sounds as wood pieces and dust puffed out.

The bartender below shouted out in frustration.

“Oi oi oi! The mister above, I remember you telling me you wanted to rest and not destroy the room. If you are unable to calm yourself, then I will be delighted to clear your head a little. Presently, I have to regrettably have to increase your bill for repair fees.”

Sheyan answered by tossing a bag of coins down.

He immediately turned around, staring at that apparition in front of him, he once again raised his fist.

The candle flames brightly reflected against the cobalt steel exoskeleton, flashing out a cold glimmer!

That apparition spat out a mouth of white vapor, it rapidly flew towards Sheyan. After it swept past the nearby table, the floating dull mist suddenly lifted up a knife on the table, as it sliced forward like lightning. Sheyan's fist once again failed to connect, because he had no time to react, that knife sliced open a long wound across his face. Blood trickled down the wound like a small red serpent, giving off a miserable look.

Instead, Sheyan, his heart was relaxed as though he just released a heavy load.

Because this apparition needed to borrow that weapon to conduct its attack, therefore, it meant that it did not have further stronger killing abilities.

Furthermore Sheyan had his innate ability “Endurance”, such injury was nothing to him. Thus, Sheyan’s only worry was if this apparition would suddenly release another of its ‘curse’! No matter how high his life points were, he would still be unable to withstand another blow.

Sheyan once again bent forward, leaning his centre of gravity forward as he once again charged forward aggressively. In that moment, Sheyan had already braced his entire body, like a long bow that was extended fully. He was extremely clear in his heart, he had consecutively missed two entire strikes! Following the probability of 50%, the chances of a consecutive three strikes to hit was a lowly 80%! Sheyan inhaled deeply, his eyes ignited with a blazing fury!

The pair of eyes were not blazing with hatred, nor anger, from top to bottom it was pure insanity! They were like a devout extreme religious believer, nothing could replace the faith in his heart!

This time, the shimmering white cobalt steel exoskeleton whizzed in mid air, splitting apart the air with its pressing strength as it heavily crashed against the body of the apparition. This time Sheyan felt something different from the previous two rounds, he was completely unable to restrain himself. He felt that his fist had immersed into the interior of an extremely viscous substance, inside was boiling with a dense eeriness! Instead the latent insanity within the fist exploded out like a one-off destructive torrent!

Under the immense agony, this apparition suddenly faced upwards, its mouth extending out issuing out a extremely sorrowful and piercing shrill. It seemed as though something was exploding forth with unparalleled maliciousness within it. This shrill was so abrupt, it was like sound echoed around the entire room before entering the brain and the rest of the body. Such an internal attack caused Sheyan who was bearing the intensity of it to be overwhelmed in dizziness, he was on the verge of collapse. This apparition seized the opportunity to fly out of the door, however as it flew, it left spots of facula from its back, resembling a comet that was gradually dissipating, obviously that strike from Sheyan was not light.

After roughly 3, 4 seconds, Sheyan then regained control of his body. His battle

with the apparition had not exceeded a minute, therefore the damage caused by the curse had not even reach 30 points. However, after receiving such an unprecedented sorrowful shrill, his life points dropped by 70 points. He had urgently accessed his battle statistics from the nightmare imprint, in the end he was gravely shocked!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 36

## Chapter 36: Witch's howl

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

"Your strike dealt 32 points of damage to the contract apparition."

"The contract apparition is left with 30 HP."

"The contract apparition gradually crumbled from the pain, releasing a 'Witch's Howl (Fake)', causing 90 points of damage to all surrounding enemies within a 4 meter radius. Additional 5 seconds of intimidation and dizziness effect."

"After reduction from your resistive physique capabilities, your actual damage sustained is  $(90 - 21 = 69)$  points

"You have entered a state of intimidation and dizziness."

"You have recovered from the state of intimidation and dizziness."

"The curse user has separated over a hundred metre from you, your curse from the contract apparition is dispelled."

"It was actually a Witch's Howl?" Sheyan was no stranger to this renowned skill, his heart quivered. Looking at things now, only a fake Witch's Howl was able to cause such a fearsome area of effect ability. After experiencing it firsthand, Sheyan discovered, based on logic and comparison to science of the present world, the Witch's Howl momentarily sound explosion should include a range of infrasonic wave attack.

Previously when he was a seaman, Sheyan would often listen to horrifying

tales. For example, in 1990 there was a large ship from Panama named 'Marco Polo' which, while enroute from New Zealand to the UK, suddenly lost signal within a storm. Three days later it was discovered that the entire crew was massacred, it was an unfathomable mystery. In 2003, At a cave entrance in Hungary, 3 tourists abruptly collapsed in unison, and stopped breathing....after investigations, the main culprit of these strange happenings was infrasonic waves.

A person's ear can only capture a frequency of 20Hz to 80Hz, anything below 20Hz (Hertz) are called infrasonic waves. Higher than 80Hz are called ultrasonic. The vibration frequency of infrasonic waves is closely similar to the brain rhythm. Easily causing resonance which would intensely provoke the brain, in less severe cases it would only cause fear. For violent, crazy and unstable severe cases, it may cause the victim to suddenly faint or lose bodily control and even lead to death.

Once the infrasonic waves resonates with the rhythm of a person's internal organs, and the person remains in a high frequency infrasonic waves environment, their five viscera and six bowels (Internal organs) would break out in a violent resonance. In an instant, the arteries would rupture causing death. The earlier massacre of the ship was the product of infrasonic waves travelling along the sea level within the storm. Under normal circumstances, a person would hear a whistling sound tearing away his soul, and his internal organs will tremble. Even when a tiger is hunting, its ferocious roar would contain infrasonic waves.

"Well done, you escaped quickly." Sheyan deeply inhaled, and proceeded to wipe away the blood leaking from his nostrils. He glanced towards the floor, within the shattered glass bottle, there was a roll of mouldy parchment. A string was tied at the middle, it looked like it was made centuries ago. It was covered with a white frost which was probably the reason it could be preserved for so long. That apparition that was sealed inside the bottle should also have been used as a refrigeration tool.

Sheyan picked up the parchment, his lips curling into a smile. So thats the case, the reason that unfortunate brat in Chris's party failed the mission was not because he opened the bottle, but because he did not pass the test from the

apparition!

This mission advancement diverted into several pathways, obviously one was to lead a contestant into Tortuga castle. The other path, was what Sheyan chose, that was this mouldy parchment!

The icy cold parchment was rolled open, placing it on the table, a layer of thick frosty stench soared out, causing one to sneeze. The parchment contained a decorative design, obviously the previous owner had a lofty status, it was probably a noble of high status. Locked into Sheyan's eyes were the following words:

"He humiliated me, hindering me thousands of times, mocking at my loss, jeering at my gains, despising my nationality, obstructing my dealings, ridiculing my friends, assisting my enemies; why? Because I'm a Jew...."

A huge portion of words in the middle were smudged and unclear, only the last phrase of sentence remained distinct.

"I swear on my soul and blood, collaborating together from tomorrow, even our offsprings will live in peace for many generations. Anyone violating this would have their blood vessels boil, breathing ceased, their flesh will decay under the scorching sun, and the breath of the earth will shackle their footsteps."

Inscription signed off two names: Bernard Fokke & Cooper Jones."

Sheyan closely examined the writings on the parchment, in a flash absorbing everything into his brain. Simultaneously, he obtained 500 utility points and 300 pirate reputation points. After several minutes, this parchment paper was like an ice cube placed in the sun, gradually dissolving on the table. After its last trace vanished, this mission concluded. Obviously, upon choosing this pathway, the mission would come to an end. Actually, the most important rewards from this mission was that piece of parchment, more precisely, it was the contents on the parchment!

Sheyan by selecting this mission pathway, it carried a difficulty higher than the option Chris's party chose. Following the logic of high difficulty reaps greater rewards, it meant that the contents of this parchment within the nightmare realm, would surely exceed the 20 pound sterlings, Palesius's friendship, and the

probability of other small missions.

Sheyan sat in his room, deep in thoughts. After a while, he then picked up a broom and meticulously swept and disposed of the glass bottle fragments. He then blew out the candle and rested.

The next morning, Sheyan returned to the Bell and Mug, fulfilling his responsibilities as the crew head first before standing at the bow of the ship. He noticed that although the might of the hurricane had halved, but the waves were still as turbulent as before.

According to Sheyan's estimation, the waves soared to about 5 metres high, from afar, it looked like layers of black mountains rushing forward, brimming with unparalleled strength. Under such situations, even a huge ship in the present world would not dare to sail out, what more were the pirate ships of the Caribbean world.

Looking at this, Sheyan confirmed that there would still be 2-3 days before the discovery of Madam Lord Fokke. He leisurely visited Chris, and reminded him that the patrolling had slacken within the port, it was the best opportunity to return to his party. Instead, Chris vehemently refused this suggestion. Sheyan quickly realized, he did not know when this brat colluded with Xiaer, after paying a certain price, he even managed to learn and upgrade his basic abilities through Xiaer.

Under the threatening frame of this crew head, Chris unwillingly leaked out information he obtained. This was linked to his charm, and after paying a certain price, he attempted to learn a basic ability from a storyline character that was stronger than him. Amongst that he also tapped on a hidden nature of 'compatibility'.

This compatibility level could only be viewed by a contestant who had an adequate amount of charm, plainly, it meant if both parties could hit it off. For example, a fiendish and queer tempered person could have a close confidante, and a handsome and capable person would equally make arch rivals.

Contestants with high charm would always prepare enslavery abilities, they would normally receive a skill to observe the complementary level. Those characters/creatures with high compatibility level with themselves, the enslaving

would be as natural as flowing water, utilizing half the effort to achieve the maximum results. For characters/creatures with low compatibility, they would rather die than submit against an enslavery skill.

Obviously, Chris and Xiaer had a high hidden compatibility with each other, therefore Xiaer would put in effort to teach him, but Sheyan did not believe that Chris had not been taken advantage of. Looking at this brat's pale expression just like that of a drug addict, he knew that Chris had paid a relatively painful price.

After obtaining this news from Chris, Sheyan attempted to try it out with his affiliated pirates, however, he did not dare to use the pricy 'insight' ability. Calculating till now, he should have roughly owed the nightmare realm a total of 900 utility points, and right now he only had 1340 utility points on hand. Thus, Sheyan could only inquire about the pirates individually, indirectly probing them to see if there was any probability.

Regrettably, Sheyan's charm wasn't high, in addition he was still in an early phase of learning, therefore, the chances of meeting one was small. Someone like Chris whose charm was much greater than Sheyans, he had known of this information for 3 whole worlds already. The amounts of storyline characters he had encountered and interacted exceeded a hundred. Still he only met one Xiaer who had high compatibility, and even had to pay a huge price. Such was the minute probability. If not for Sheyan being fairly infamous amongst the pirates, the pirates would definitely not care much about him, and work half-heartedly.

Fortunately, Sheyan's effort finally paid off in his assistant that Ammand allocated, Blind Matt. This person actually agreed to imparting certain footwork and evading techniques during a battle, but his prerequisites were that Sheyan needed to announce his training in the next morning. His aim was very simple, he wanted to borrow Sheyan's incapacibilities to showcase his personal might, raising his prestige and solidifying his position on the ship.



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 37

## Chapter 37: Alchemist

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

One has their schemes, but the other their stepping stones. Blind Matt was oblivious to Sheyan merely using his crew head position as a springboard, he had no intentions of retiring on this ship. Therefore, his suggestion clicked with Sheyan, after Sheyan paid a fee of 10 pounds, he earned 1 hour of basic footwork lessons every morning for the next 3 days. Every lesson would result in a 30% chance of raising his basic footwork level, however the highest advancement would not exceed Blind Matt's grasp of basic footwork lvl 3.

Blind Matt was very nervous, because he knew that he wasn't Sheyan's match in terms of fighting as well as managing, therefore, this practice of footwork was a rare opportunity to showcase his capabilities which exceeded Sheyan's. Although the number of pirates left guarding the ship wasn't a lot, he still requested Sheyan to train for an hour in the morning. Sheyan was also extremely proactive to his request, therefore, its conclusion was to everyone's delight and satisfaction. Sheyan succeeded in raising his basic footwork to lvl 2 from the first 30% training. On the other hand, Blind Matt succeeded in contrasting his nimble footwork against Sheyan's clumsy one, winning the envious gasps of the observing pirates.

After raising a level in basic footwork, finally Sheyan had made up for that particular shortcoming in his personal close combat capability. The 3 most crucial attributes regarding close combat are strength, agility and physique. Strength determined your might and suppressive abilities during combat, agility

determined reaction and speed, while physique determined how long one could last in battle. Based on the difficulty of this world, Sheyan's 12 points in strength (not inclusive of the title bonuses, due to limitations) was counted as above average. His impressive 170 HP could be hailed as extremely outstanding, the only flaw was his mere 8 points in agility.

There is a philosophical wooden pail theory in the present world which was: "the amount of water a pail can store is not dependant on the longest wooden plank but determined by the shortest one". Currently, Sheyan raised his basic footwork to lvl 2, it was equivalent to upgrading his total power by one bound. Furthermore, he still had two more training opportunities with Blind Matt, if he could grasp it and raised his basic footwork lvl again, this would no doubt be a great boost to Sheyan's future plans.

After settling these trifling issues, Sheyan once again went up to test-fire a musket in an attempt to see if he could nurture any sort of long range combat abilities. Unfortunately, it was obvious that he had no talents whatsoever in that aspect, any target beyond 5 metres would post a high probability of missing. It seemed like even if he wasted all the resources aboard the Bell and Mug completely, he would still not make half a level of improvement. Chris snuck up to his side wanting to sneakily test a few shots to satisfy his hand itchiness. Instead, the vice officer Robben immediately stood out, strictly opposing such wastage of resources behavior even though a minute ago he was the one who assisted Sheyan in loading up the musket.

To the pirates, this sort of stormy and gloomy weather was akin to them taking an annual paid leave during the new year. Most pirate captains would station their ships within the port, and allow their crew to indulge to their hearts content. Of course their activities included prostitution, drinking and gambling their entire fortune to the last penny. Therefore, once the weather clears up, these pathetic trash where some even sold off their pants would be complaining and once again give their all when plundering merchant ships.

Even the disciplined Ammand only enforced his subordinates to practice for about 1 hour in the morning before allowing them to rush in ecstasy to the bars and gambling dens. If not, these savages and uncouth bastards would never tolerate such regimes and flee to other ships. Furthermore to the pirates, they

were still experiencing a sort of 'recovering economic phase', therefore, every ship will actively recruit manpower which led veteran pirates who dared to fight would easily be welcomed to the other ships.

Staying on a deserted pirate ship alone had no meaning, Sheyan decided to patron a bar to test his luck, at the same time try to mingle with any pirates who had high compatibility with him and who knows he may even receive a hidden mission. Sadly after wasting an entire 2 hours, he realized that this sort of coincidental attempts had the same chance to winning a lottery ticket. Yet he suddenly recalled that worn out cross that he exchanged from Old Bill, remembering that item was an invitation by a certain alchemist. At the point he had a little scepticism towards this, because Old Bill that bastard was not an honest person, in addition, his unreasonable pressuring left a very bad impression of him. Therefore, Sheyan did not harbour any high hopes towards this so called alchemist, but since he had spare time now, Sheyan could afford to spend it on this as a way to pass time.

Under directions from a pirate, Sheyan followed the motley flagstones as he walked towards the east end of the port. Due to the low visibility from the storm, the pleasant and flat flagstone pathway had turned into a rocky and dense swamp. If he was not careful, stepping on a loose flagstone would cause a splash of muddy water to spurt up from the yellowish puddles, splashing uncaringly onto the entire pants, it was even worse when a carriage passed by.

From the profound cracks grinded out on the flagstones, one could tell that the main route of the port had not been maintained for at least the past 20 years. It was obvious that the owners of this free port, the Fokke family, placed no concerns on carrying out maintenance of the port. Therefore, it was evident that the decline of their power within Tortuga port was not by random, it was a miracle that the foundations laid by the former generations could even last until now.

Although an alchemist gave an impression of only dealing with minerals and medicines, but actually their skills also comprised of purifying metals. Alchemy was created because people had a thirst of precious metals like the beautiful but rare gold. Therefore, every alchemist had the ultimate dream of researching how to make cheap metals like lead, iron and copper transform into gold. Gradually

on this path of alchemy, they established the modern time chemistry foundation.

Ahead of Sheyan lies a typical house that an alchemist would stay in. Its covered with dense windows which would allow the poisonous gas to rapidly disperse outside through it. The pointed roof which provided an enlarged attic which almost certainly where the materials were stored. The surrounding mottled and chaffed walls suggested that fire was common here, but it seemed that the fire was extinguished as fast as starting it up.

Sheyan knocked on the sliding, rugged and thick wooden door. No reply, except for a burst of fluttering wing sound. Then the door opened silently, it produced no such creaking sound that Sheyan was expecting, welcoming him was an owl inside a beech wooden birdcage hung in front of the door. It tilted its head, using a pair of emerald pupils to stare at Sheyan. Sheyan noticed that the interior was spacious, the nearby table supported various used crystal beakers, test tubes, other olden distilling apparatus, a half-filled cup of coffee and even a remnant of suspiciously dried up tray with meat sauce....luckily there wasn't any flies buzzing around or he had to pay respect to this staunch appetite landlord.

An old man wearing a pointed black hat was sitting 5 metres away on a experiment platform at the back. Hearing the sound he raised his head, he looked through the filthy test tubes which contained dark green sediments, assisted by the combusting spirit lamp, he glanced at Sheyan's face. Naturally Sheyan's pathetic charm did more harm than good as this wrinkled face old man harshly scolded out.

"Get out! This place doesn't welcome any crude or foolish brats!"

Sheyan quickly flashed out that worn out cross, swaying it with his hand. This old man dazed out, reaching out his hand, he seemed like he wanted to examine the authenticity of this cross. After a moment, he impatiently said.

"Looks like Old Bill owed you a favour..... However he did not tell you, he still owes the grand alchemist, Mr Peigan, 10 pound sterlings right?"

The astounded Sheyan replied.

"What has that got to do with me?"

Peigan coldly issued.

“Since Old Bill has gifted this cross to you, that means that he will not frequent my business anymore, that debt is considered a dead debt and thus it falls on you to repay it.”

Sheyan wanted to argue but he very swiftly realized it would be useless, this strange old man provided two options. One was to turn around and leave, the other was to obediently hand him 10 pounds. If he continued arguing, even the opportunity from this 10 pounds may be destroyed. After forking out a payment, Sheyan finally received the rights to enjoy this alchemist's services.

Under Peigan's instructions, Sheyan sat on a stool at the side. A weird painting was nailed onto the wall beside him. The mural had a sun with an outstanding beard smiling wickedly, on the lower right angle was a crescent moon with a small bell hanging on at the bottom. In an alchemist world, the sun was like gold, and moon represented silver. The underlying meaning of that painting referred to an alchemist's two ultimate goals. As the bored Sheyan wasted his time daydreaming on the stool, a black fog emerged from the terrible looking table as though something combusted, it then scorched out characters one by one on the table top.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 38

## Chapter 38: Bait and Fishermen

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

“Welcome to the laboratory of the grand alchemist Mr Peigan, every equipment enhancement effect can only exist on one item, incapable of coexisting with other alchemy effect of additional enchantment (Magic) effect. You have the privilege to obtain the following alchemist services:

“Enhancing 11 equipment damage. Payment of 100 pound sterlings or 1000 utility points”

“Defense enhancement of absorbing additional 1 damage ability. (Payment of 100 pound sterlings or 1000 utility points.”

“Enhancing 20 points of movement speed for your footwear. Payment of 500 pound sterlings or 5000 utility points” (This services is not applicable, because you do not have any foot equipment) (further explanations: Sheyan’s current highest movement speed based on his agility is roughly 220 points)

“Enhance firearm class equipments an additional round chamber. Payment of 1000 pound sterlings or 10000 utility points) (This service is not applicable because you are not wielding any firearms class equipment) (This enhancement nature to submachine gun class firearms is worthless, however in this world of manual muskets, it is definitely an essential upgrade)

“Presently you can only acquire services up to here.”

Sheyan’s jaw dropped in astonishment from looking at the list of notifications, after receiving the loot bonus from captain Ammand, he had a mindset that it

was already a huge amount of money. Instead, this pound sterling that could not be brought out of this world, and could not be used to exchange for utility points, but looks like it has other critical uses in certain areas. Sheyan fished out his already starting to shrivel up coin purse, there was still the sound of coins clinking against each other, but Sheyan already started regretting his flamboyant ways when he was loaded.

After paying two hundred pounds, Sheyan enhanced his cobalt steel exoskeleton by 11 damage, that FBI special windbreaker by 1 ability to absorb damage. However he was only left with roughly 2 pound sterling on hand, returning to the poverty state he had entered with into this world. Alchemist Peigan after receiving payment, his attitude towards Sheyan became more courteous, reluctantly answering Sheyan's inquiries.

"What? You asked me how to initiate higher level services? Oh, Lord, why did I hear such a stupid question. Kid, alchemy is a very very very wealth consuming divine task. Therefore, high level services would be at the expense of even costlier materials, investing alarming expenditure therefore, requesting for high level services would first require proof of having adequate financial capabilities. Once you attained a degree of reliability through your payments, then you will receive my acknowledgement."

"Alright alright." After Sheyan left, his mind was wrecking with thoughts of earning money. However, he reckoned the only way to earn cash was to gamble at a bar. Only those pirates were relatively shrewd, even though Sheyan could rely on his high perceptive sensing to win much and lose little, and sneakily devised traps disguised as losses on purpose, but the pirates all carried a personal limitation. That was once they lost 2 – 3 pounds they would stop playing. Hence, after labouring for an entire afternoon, he only earned 10 pounds, this sort of speed was in no way adequate to satisfy the appetite of the greedy Mr Peigan.

During the evening, Sheyan returned to his personal cabin and prepared to rest. He had a training session with Blind Matt early the next morning, if he maintained his optimum status, then he had a better chance of raising a level for his basic footwork skill. However, at this moment Chris drifted into the cabin, seeing his fake smile and clasped hands, Sheyan instinctively held his coin purse tightly and spoke out.

“What do you want?”

Sheyan cheerily replied.

“Heard you receive a huge loot bonus? I’m referring to the pound sterlings of this world.”

Sheyan softly brushed off.

“I didn’t.”

Chris was like a chicken whose neck was choked, he suddenly burst out in exasperation.

“How can that be? Xiaer clearly mentioned that Ammand divided several hundred pounds to you.”

“Then that’s my problem right?” Sheyan replied bluntly.

Chris unfolded his hands, helplessly saying.

“Oi, don’t be like that brother, I won’t leech of you. How about i use utility points to buy your pound sterlings? 500 utility points for 500 pounds!”

If Sheyan had not gone to the alchemist today, he may have really done the deal. However, now that he understood that the valuation from this Chris brat was extremely unreasonable, enduring his anger he replied softly:

“What do you want so much money for?”

Chris was obviously well-prepared, saliva splashing around as he spoke:

“Hey, buddy, I’m currently engage in a mission, this mission requires a huge amount of pound sterlings to satisfy that greedy storyline character, afterwards it will unlock an alchemist’s laboratory. We will be able to enhance all sorts of mysterious attributes for our equipments, it is all ours! Don’t hesitate, hand over your cash.”

Sheyan coldly replied:

“Your so called alchemist is called Peigan right?”

Chris was stunned for 3 seconds then he exclaimed.

“Oh shit! How did you know?”



Sheyan retrieved a heavy coin purse, within it the coins produced a mesmerizing clinking rhythm. Chris's eyes leaked out a blazing hope.

"Listen, the things I know far outweighs yours. You truthfully tell me what do you want to do with that 500 pound sterling, then I will hand over this coin purse to you."

"You promise? Do you dare to use the nightmare imprint to initiate a contract?"

"No problem."

"Alright, you win. That greedy old crook has reached an astounding degree in being able to squeeze out money, if you are able to pay double the alchemist's price, then you will be able to acquire an alchemy scroll of a certain enhancement service which can be brought out of the nightmare realm! Certain excellent quality, best selling alchemy scroll can even be sold for relatively high profits, give the coin purse to me!"

Sheyan nodded his head, tossing over the heavy coin purse. He then chased Chris out of the cabin and locked the door, finally he was able to lie on his wooden bed, folding his hands behind his head. Very quickly he heard a mournful cry from the outside, that voice came from Chris. His cry was due to realizing that the jam-packed coin purse was filled with pennies (Britain currency, fraction unit measurement. 1 pound sterling was worth 240 pennies, 1 shilling is worth 12 pennies, 1 pound sterling is worth 20 shillings)

Brimming with anticipation Chris opened up the bursting coin purse, the immense dip in expectations leading to disappointment was unimaginable. That coin purse belonged to a crafty gambler who used it to disguise as a wealthy man, of course he ended up being beaten to a pulp by pirates and thrown out to the streets. His only bit of wealth was collected by Sheyan as a betting compensation. After obtaining this information, Sheyan instantly understood why that damned Old Bill would inflate the value of the cross by so much. The facts were that if someone was able to bring that cross coupled with his adequate charm and money, then he would at least earned 100% of the profits back!

Chris naturally did not have the guts to return and argue with Sheyan.

Following logic, during his dealings with Sheyan the way he was cheated was not in any way inferior to what he previously did, Sheyan doing this only regained his dignity slightly. Yet, Sheyan did not shut his eyes to sleep, a piercing smile leaked out from his lips as though he had been waiting for this a long time. Not long later, a short knocking sound transmitted from the outside. Sheyan's eyes flickered as he asked.

“Who's that?”

“It's me, Mr crew head.” The person speaking was obviously vice officer Robben.

This man had hurriedly ran here and said.

“I have no choice but to report to you, your cousin is going around borrowing cash with your name. On one hand he repeatedly announces your close relationship with him, on the other hand, he uses a very high interest way to borrow money. If he does not return the money as well as the interests before the deadline, then i'm afraid he will face a huge problem, and may even implicate you.”

Obviously, this was the cunning Chris's retaliation. Previously, Sheyan proclaimed their close relationship to fulfill his agreement, therefore, now Chris was publicizing this news, leveraging on Sheyan's reputation to borrow money! After thinking for a moment, Sheyan immediately swung open his cabin door to find Chris. However, he underestimate Chris's contingency planning. Once he stepped out onto the deck, Chris was already on a sampan, reaching the shore in a few metres. In his hands was an extremely overloaded with noisy coin purse, more importantly, its interior consist fully of pound sterlings!

Looking at Shayn standing on deck, Chris laughed out in delight, loudly shouting:

“Beloved cousin, don't worry, my loan deadline is 7 days later.”

Very obviously, after 7 days the two contestants would have already returned to the present world. But, who was to say Chris would not return here in the future? Even if he returned it may not be with Sheyan. But from here on, Chris would no longer need to go near the Bell and Mug. As for Sheyan, he would not easily give up the crew head position that required so much effort to obtain!

Therefore, this meant that the debt Chris owed would be counted on Sheyan, if Sheyan defaulted on this debt, his reputation would surely plunge frantically. Sheyan naturally realized this point, losing himself he bellowed furiously:

“F\*\* you don’t think of returning to the ship, just wait for the Tortuga patrol guards to capture and kill you!”

Chris regrettably shrugged his shoulders, giggling as he said:

“I’ll return after settling my affairs, don’t be angry my beloved cousin. Mr Xiaer and me get along pretty well, even if you don’t allow me up the ship, he would still receive me.”

Sheyan could only watch helplessly as the sampan blended into the darkness. His expression looked helpless and furious, but only going nearer could one notice a slight cold grin forming on his lips. It was as though he was a hunter watching his prey falling into a pitfall!

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter**

## **39**

### **Chapter 39: Decaying grieve**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

On the third morning, the weather finally cleared up. The glaring sun rays, spotless white beach, emerald-green coconut trees and azure blue sky. This was the most beautiful scenery of the Caribbean sea. However, within Tortuga castle, everyone was trembling with fear and trepidation under the thunderous rage of Little Lord Fokke, they had no desire to appreciate such a scenery. The only thing on their mind was that Madam Lord Fokke had been missing for 3 whole days, furthermore, she may very well be suffering on Herb island. Therefore, Tortuga castle had dispatched their fastest ship out earlier.

As usual Sheyan continued his practice of basic footwork with Blind Matt the next morning, sadly this morning's hard work ultimately did not raise a level of basic footwork. Still he did not place much thoughts on that matter. When it was close to noon, that ship that was dispatched out sailed back swiftly into the port, however at the masthead there was a black flag.

That flag was called a mourning flag, it meant that an important person had passed away. The pirates were already extremely used to news of death, regarding an important character it was pretty clear-cut. Chief officer, or the captain, even crew head or navigator was a possibility! Accidents occurred daily out at sea, a black flag was a common sight, therefore nobody linked that mourning flag to the death of the noble Madam Lord Fokke.

At this point in time, Tortuga castle was brimming with an extremely nervous atmosphere. It was as though all the servants had committed an error. Ever

since Madam Lord Fokke did not return to the ship, the originally cool and reclusive Lord Fokke became greatly agitated, once in awhile he would vent his anger on his servants. Within the past 3 days, there were already over 10 corpses that had been carried out of the castle, all of whom were flogged to death. All of them suffered such a tragic fate because they had caused a tiny blunder in the form of bad food or even accidentally knocking over a plate. Therefore, nobody dared to go within a proximity of 10 metres to Lord Fokke. These miserable servants could only carry out their necessary duties in trembling fear, and once they completed their task they would instantly leave.

After the ship belonging to Tortuga castle neared the shores, someone went ahead to report to Lord Fokke, afterwards a linen-wrapped corpse was lowered from the ship. On the thick shroud, there was a clear drenched trace, it was obvious that under the warmth of the caribbean sea, this rotting corpse had begun effusing out bodily fluid. Therefore those carrying the body had a heavy and cringing look, as though they would vomit at any second.

The corpse was quickly carried to a broad hall on the third floor of the castle, this was also Lord Fokke's personal area. Under normal circumstance, if a servant had wandered in here by mistake they would equally suffer a miserable fate. Two seamen placed the body down and immediately hurried out. Looking at them covering their mouths, it was obvious that their vomit had already rose into their throats, using great effort to suppress themselves from spraying it everywhere.

A total silence.

Leaving one the impression of a tomb.

A housefly was attracted by the rotting stench, buzzing in from outside the window. Its life goal was to first indulge in a sumptuous meal and then laying hundreds of eggs before happily flying off. However, upon approaching the corpse, its wings that could flap for over 300 times per minute suddenly halted. The rich moisture in the air assembled from all over the port, forming into a piece of sparkling and pure ice-cube freezing the housefly within midair, as it crashed to the ground instantly.

This tiny piece of ice was like brittle glass shattering into fragments upon

impact, of course the frozen housefly was not spared.

At this moment, a hand wearing a black glove pushed open the door, Lord Fokke with an unkempt beard strolled in. His appearance was dejected and depressed, if not for his wealthy outfit, he would have looked similar to a random hooligan on the streets of Tortuga port. Inside his eyes was a dangerous and crazy glow, this was definitely not a good omen.

“Except for me, nobody has the rights touch her.” Little Lord Fokke pressed his left hand on his chest, unable to skip his lordly gracefulness, humbly bowing at the place that the housefly had fell.

“Not even a housefly.”

This Lord then knelt by the dead body, extending his hands to slowly open up the linen cloth. A rich rotting stench surged in. But looking at Little Lord Fokke’s expression, it was as though he did not even notice it. His actions were extremely gentle and precise, just like how a groom unveiled his wife with such warmth and affection. This action lasted throughout, opening the bag to reveal a soaked and bloated, decaying Sally Hepburn.

“Beloved Sally, welcome home.” Little Lord Fokke warmly embraced this drenched corpse, as though she was still deep asleep and he could wake her up. His eyes carried a dense sweetness akin to honey. “I’ll bring you to see your gardens, yesterday a merchant ship delivered the black tulips you loved. Just based on this, don’t you owe me a kiss?”

Little Lord Fokke lovingly gazed at his wife, that swelling face and sulk had already dissipated from his face. This guy tightly embraced the corpse, passionately kissing the lips that were flowing with yellow liquid from the ulcerate swelling!

After a brief moment, the entire Tortuga castle could hear a agonizing wailing coming from the third floor! Upon hearing that sound, it gave one a heart wrenching and suffocating sensation, just like a wolf, giving up a hysterical howl in a world of ice and snow! This irresistible sound reverberated throughout the castle for close to 15 minutes, and finally stopped.

Not long after, Lord Fokke drenched in the pungent stench reappeared to the audience, there was no way of telling any difference in him. Instead the sun rays

beating down on his body gradually darken. The ruler of Tortuga port declared his first command in 3 days:

“Invite the great alchemy Mr Peigan, pay him as much as he demands! Most importantly, I want to see him in person within the hour! Hurry up! Now!”

One had to admit that in the face of such a lucrative prospect, Mr Peigan became extremely efficient and fast. After a mere 10 minutes, Little Lord Fokke’s order was satisfied. After an hour, the old and decrepit Mr Peigan was already brought to the prison beneath the castle.

It was clear that this place had been tidied up, any offender no matter the crime would be imprisoned here. Yet there was a moist stale air inside this place. People with sinusitis would definitely sneeze profusely over here. After entering the second basement of the prison, the floor beneath the feet actually produced waves of cold air, rising up to the heart as though a person’s bone marrow would likewise be frozen. Mr Peigan mumbled a few words to himself, following that he mysteriously retrieved a circular neck glass bottle from a box on his hand. He drained the glass of light blue liquid in one gulp, simultaneously looking very revitalized from it.

After Little Lord Fokke observed Peigan’s actions, his pupils slightly shrank but continue to lead the way. He only stopped when he reached an extremely spacious underground room. This underground room was overwhelming cold, in the middle stationed a sparkling and translucent broad icy platform, its height was as tall as a person’s waist. Above the icy platform was placed a female corpse that had been fermented by the Caribbean rain for 3 days. Of course, due to the lower temperature of the ice, the stench it emitted had already reached an approachable level.

“Hmm....although saying like this is unmannerly, I still need to ask, what area can i assist you with.” Mr Peigan had endured watching the Little Lord Fokke gazing at the female corpse for 10 minutes and finally decided to say something.

Little Lord Fokke suddenly turned his head, his eyes was blazing with a raging insanity, obviously he did not appreciate someone interrupting his train of thoughts. However, that intense mood was like a dragonfly touching the water, leaving as quickly as it came. The ruler of Tortuga port spoke out with a hoarse

voice:

“My apologies Mr Peigan, I have not been sleeping well these days, and am feeling frustrated. Please examine this body for me, find the cause of death, of course it will be better if you could deduce the assassinator. If you can I will double the payment fees and materials.”

Alchemy Peigan raised his brows as he observed the body, his phrased with words with relative eloquence:

“Respected Lord sir, old Peigan is merely an alchemy practitioner, this skill is not my domain.... Furthermore this female corpse has already decayed severely.....my God, will you grant me a miracle today?”

Unknowingly, the stern like an iceberg Little Lord Fokke was already holding onto an ash brown colored pouch. This pouch looked similar to any ordinary pouch, however its appearance radiated a layer of glow, as though a clear river covered it! This was a model high grade alchemy material. The old senile looking Peigan nimbly thought of a legend upon seeing that pouch, and linked it with an extremely high level item. His lips began to tremble violently.

“This... isn’t this the.... Endless gold pouch?”



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 40

## Chapter 40: The Truth and Poaching

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

From the legends, this was the first valuable and most precious object amongst Cortes's treasure: 'Endless Gold Pouch'. Furthermore, within Cortes's treasure the other legendary object was the 'Fountain of Youth' that was rumored to grant immortality. The 'Treasure Island' that was filled with danger and riches was hailed as the third legendary object! Rumour has it that the endless gold pouch would generate a fixed quantity of gold daily, this undoubtedly was the pinnacle of alchemy! Not one alchemist was able to reject such an enticement, not one alchemist would not tremble with ecstasy upon seeing this legendary treasure!

"Fulfill my wish, then your wish will also be fulfilled!"

Little Lord Fokke's voice echoed within the entire room, it carried a grimly deep and imposing tone. Yet, Alchemist Peigan no longer cared about all these, frenziedly opening up his case. What was astonishing was that the space within this case seemed to be infinite, as he hastily assembled together a wide experimenting platform. Above it was an ignited spirit lamp, disarrayed test tubes and a clutter of books. He hurriedly allocated and mixed different chemical compounds, following that Peigan increased the intensity of the spirit lamp, finally he poured a colourless liquid from the test tube onto the lower belly of the corpse. He then leaned forward to examine it closely, after confirmations, he adopted a professional tone as he offered his first deduction.

"Before dying, she was raped by someone."

After saying this sentence, an echo resounded in the room, the echo sounded similar to a layer of ice being cracked open. Peigan spun round in surprise, he could feel that the cold air of the room had intensified a little, sweeping slightly with his suspicious eyes, he once again focused onto the dead body. At the point, Little Lord Fokke seemed to be resisting something as he struggled to speak.

“You sure?”

Just like any great master when their professional skills were being questioned, Peigan indignantly raised his voice.

“Lord! I just used a reagent produced from mixing Rier grass extract and cuttlefish ink, not only does this reagent provide great benefits for the male prostate, it has another unknown property. That is when the liquid comes into contact with a male’s semen, it will turn scarlet, just look at that part of her!”

Little Lord Fokke slanted his head, after a while he softly said.

“The cause of death?”

Peigan raised his brows as he observed, he then bluntly put on his gloves and examined the corpse, giving out his answer.

“There is no obvious wounds, it should be choking. Oh, look at her neck bone! When a normal person dies, it is impossible to demonstrate such a posture, she should have been choked to death. Either that or the murderer strongly snapped her neck!”

“Oh, wait.” Peigan continued to rummage through the body, prying apart her hand. An incomplete necklace dropped to the floor within her palm, giving out a sharp metal collision sound. “She should have been holding on to this before her death, it looks like an important item to this poor lady. Could it be a memento from her family?”

Little Lord Fokke marched forward with big steps, snatching the necklace and raising it to eye-level. His voice was like a thunderous echo resounding throughout an empty cave.

“Impossible! This is a shoddy brass necklace, her personal accessories would have been of better quality! Right, she should be wearing a gold pearl ring on her

finger! That is the only treasure of its kind in the Caribbean sea, did you discover it?”

“My apologies, I only discovered this necklace.” Peigan very composedly continued. “Looks like this matter is clear, this lady’s valuable accessory had attracted the covetous look of a greedy brat, after being brutally raped she was murdered. Before she died, she probably grabbed onto the murderer’s necklace while struggling and tightly held onto it.”

“Find him.” Little Lord Fokke hysterically howled in anger, his voice even caused the surround ice walls to vibrate. “Find him. Immediately!”

“Calm down, Calm down, Calm down!” Peigan hurriedly replied, he wasn’t afraid of him, it was just that Little Lord Fokke’s left hand was still tightly clutching onto that pouch. That ‘Endless Gold Pouch’ representing the ultimate treasure of an alchemist. He then adopted an assuring tone.

“I swear to you that I will surely find him. Just give me 10 minutes! First please let go of the ‘Endless Gold Pouch’, seeing you pressing it with great strength is causing my heart to twitch violently, this will affect my working efficiency.”

Little Lord Fokke snorted, inhaling in a few deep breaths, he finally managed to suppress his inner fury. Peigan fished out a crucible from his case, once again forming a stove on the ground. Following that he filled the crucible with a certain liquid, then placing it on the stove, he ignited the wood beneath setting up a bright yellowish flame as it cheerfully lick against the bottom of the crucible. The dry twigs crackled inside the makeshift bonfire, as the spiralling smoke from the combusting resin blended with the pungent chemical aroma. It gave off a strange sensation, and finally everything returned to quietness. Peigan gaze steadily at the crucible, even though the flames below were huge, the liquid looked like it solidified, making no movements. Little Lord Fokke paced about back and forth impatiently like a trapped beast, sinking into an endless wait.

.....

At this time, Sheyan had entered a bar that was closest to Tortuga castle. Because once that gap appeared in his previous scheme, staying on the ship would allow his pursuers to simply chase up and catch a turtle in a jar (Chinese idiom meaning set oneself as an easy target). Furthermore, Tortuga port on the

island was average sized, it did not have the complications due to certain regions being closed off, hiding someone in a short period of time is still roughly manageable.

Sheyan settled on a position adjacent to the street on the second floor of the bar. Because of this he once again paid an additional fee of 1 pound sterling, but over here he could casually observe the movements around Tortuga castle. Once he notices that the patrol guards started flocking out like ants that got stabbed, the first thing would be to flee deep into the island. Chris's party had proven a fact, that was that even though the Tortuga patrol guards were relatively valiant when congregated together, the contestants that fled to the depths of the island was beyond their reach, unable to do anything about it.

Just as he was engrossed in the exterior movements, the bartender suddenly came up, placing a glass of cocktail that was still blazing with flames. This drink was called 'fiery red lips', probably the bar's trademark cocktail. Its selling price was also relatively high. Sheyan suspiciously raised his head and said.

"Sorry, I think you got the wrong table."

The bartender shook his head in reply.

"This drink has already been paid for."

Sheyan was stumped for words, filtering his thoughts rapidly in his mind, yet he could not connect a person to this. However once he raised his head again, a red bandana met his eyes. A man with two tiny flinging and pretty beard started ascending the stairs, elegantly poised as he toasted to Sheyan with a smile. Sheyan's heart fired up, but he only took in a deep breath as he leaked out a smile and toasted back.

"Good morning, Captain Jack Sparrow."

Upon hearing that, Jack Sparrow expressed an amazed look, shrugging his shoulders as he laughed.

"Oh, I did not recall getting a promotion, but that should be an inevitable fact."

Due to having done such a shameful deed by using his lover to set up this main lead, Jack Sparrow, Sheyan felt guilty and thus momentarily forgot that Jack's

father was still healthy and had not retired. Thus, he committed the error of calling Jack a captain. Instead he very quickly composed himself, and started chatting up with Jack.

One had to admit, Jack Sparrow was a character with exceptional charm. His eloquence coupled with exaggerated hand gestures and expression, his smart words were like a string of pearl (Chinese idiom it means endless witty remarks), it gave one the cleansing feeling of a spring wind. Unconsciously getting intoxicated by him. After a short chat, they were both fairly agreeable, borrowing this fairly amicable atmosphere, Jack Sparrow told Sheyan his reason for visiting. It was obviously to poach Ammand's croner and invite Sheyan to join the Black Pearl.

Currently, Sheyan's reputation had reached an amicable 913/3000 amongst the pirates. He was definitely not an intricate nameless thug. Furthermore, facing the impending storm previously, Sheyan took over command and he actually managed to rally a group of drunkards with an astonishing success. Thus, enabling the Bell and Mug to take the lead in leaving. This capability was seen by everyone on board the Black Pearl, after a series of investigations they decided to carry their poaching action.

Of course Sheyan's qualifications were still pretty superficial, if he went over, he could only be a bottom class member at the Black Pearl. However Jack Sparrow sincerely promised, saying that the third officer was going to retire after one last voyage, he would then raise Sheyan's position. Following logic, encountering such a good opportunity Sheyan should have immediately agreed, but his scheme had just started to take effect. If he went to the Black Pearl now, he would be able to successfully complete his mission, however that would mean sacrificing too many things.

More importantly, Sheyan had already committed the crime of framing this handsome and charming Jack Sparrow behind his back. Although the chances of being exposed were low, there was still a relatively immense pressure on his heart. Even though there was no such lie detecting device, there was still alchemy, the voodoo cult and its witchcraft. Afraid that even a dead person may not keep a secret. Therefore, Sheyan tacitly replied that he needed time to consider, exposing a suspicious expression giving an appearance that his

thoughts and his expression were conflicting.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 41

## Chapter 41:Fury

Translated by:Chua

Edited by:I

Although Jack Sparrow was pretty bummed out by failing to recruit Sheyan, he still noticed Sheyan's deep desire through his hesitation. He then laughed as he diverged the discussion to women. This topic was obviously his forte, after Sheyan feigned several lines 'coincidentally' mentioning that he had a secret fetish for sophisticated women and even other people's wife, the future captain Jack's eyes glowed as if he found a kindred spirit. Thus they became more complementing in their chatting.

Through this style of conversation, Sheyan realized that Jack Sparrow was not considered a playboy, saying from a deeper perspective, he should be a emotional and passionately devoted person. If he had to use an example, that would be Duan Yu's dad in the film, Tian Long Ba Bu (Chinese show martial art show). This sort of person loved many women, but their feelings for each individual were real, therefore, they constantly felt harsh emotional pains as much as their tireless enjoyment. Furthermore, Jack Sparrow was not yet an unrestrained and frivolous man, from his speech one was able to vaguely pick up the great ambition of being a pirate lord.

Just when their conversation was in full swing, the short and honest Mr Joshamee trotted up the stairs. He flashed a glance at Sheyan and proceeded to speak a few words into Jack's ears. Presently, Jack Sparrow was intensely arguing about the most outstanding and mesmerizing female part, where it was the butt or chest. Once he heard Joshamee's words he could only shrug his shoulders,

and regrettably sigh.

“I have to admit Joshamee brought me a bad news. Something cropped up on the Black Pearl, I have to rush back, I’m afraid we have to save this merry conversation for another time.”

Sheyan smiled and toasted:

“Accidents always lingers around us, no matter the case it would not be as bad as the time I racked my brains out to hook up with a girl in Malacca while she was on her inconvenient days of the month.”

Jack Sparrow spaced out a moment, followed by an uncontrolled loud laughter. Raising his pirate hat a little before giving a humble bow, he then left the bar. Such an elegant demeanor even captivated a male like Sheyan, its mesmerizing powers towards women was unimaginable.

Looking at Jack’s departing figure, Sheyan could tolerate no longer, once again activating his ‘insight’ ability. Even though he was already in jeopardy economically wise, faced with this character that can be said to be the number 1 legend in the Caribbean sea, he could not resist this notion. Especially when the opposite party’s status had already changed from ‘stranger’ to ‘friendly’. The ability ‘insight’ should be able to search for deeper information right?

After activating his insight ability, Sheyan waited for quite some time before receiving notifications from the nightmare imprint.

Jack Sparrow

Legendary pirate ship, Black Pearl, Chief Officer

Height ?

Weight ?

Strength ? points

Agility ? points

Physique ? points

Perceptive sensing ? points

Charm 50 points (this value has reached the upper boundary of this world)



Intelligence ? points

Spirit ? points

Basic skill: unknown

Advanced skill: unknown

Combat ability: unknown

Rank 7 special passive ability: Authentic luck.

Summary: unknown

Although this was a long list, in reality there were only two credible points: the first being Jack Sparrow's exceptionally high charm of 50 points. Based on the pointer at the back, his charm may have been capped by the highest limit of the nightmare world, or it could have been higher. The second was that this main lead had a rank 7 special passive ability: Authentic luck!

After digesting this information and rapidly reflecting and analysing it, he finally established certain inference:

A: Under the boundaries of the world, there was a possibility that someone's (Inclusive of storyline characters or contestants) individual attributes could reach a maximum of 50 points. Unable to break through this limitation.

B: To a contestant, breaking through 50 points might be a dividing line.

C: Various abilities of contestants and storyline characters can be categorised into different ranks. Rank 1 should be the lowest, and his personal ability that he had.... Was probably too common, there was no chance of ranking it, or probably there was some other profound principles?

D: As the name implies, 'authentic luck' this ability should be an extremely rare and mighty ability. The main lead was able to constantly turn peril into safety, misfortunes into blessings he spared no delay in relying on it for a comeback in a moment of life or death. This skill had a position of rank 7, therefore one can attempt to estimate that the highest top-notch skill would be tough to exceed 9 ranks.

E: After personally inspecting Jack Sparrow and encountering so many unknown variables, it meant that his powers vastly outweighed his. Believe that

if not for Sheyan's prior conversation raising his friendship value, those two attributes would be similarly unknown. Therefore, not within a very very very long period of time, captain Jack Sparrow was definitely not a wise enemy to make.

At this moment the bartender came again and poured a glass of alcohol for Sheyan, thick foamy bubbles rolled within the golden colored alcohol, it looked like a hallucination of a thousand minute boiling world, mesmerizing people. Away from here directly 4km underground, Peigan's crucible liquid finally started boiling.

Looking at the boiling liquid in the crucible, Peigan then retrieved a brown glass bottle from his case. He handled the glass bottle in such a cautious manner for fear of infecting it, following that Peigan sprinkled fine powder into the pot, which caused the liquid to immediately combust, transforming into a violet black flame. In a flash the flames consumed the entire pot, engulfing its surrounding as it formed into a violet black bonfire.

This violet black flames disappeared as fast as it came, even the solid ground surface started to melt, leaving a deep hole half metre deep and 2 metres wide. What was strange was that from the center of the hole a chilling to the bone air shot out, surrounding the nearby atmosphere forming a round indistinct white mist! This could not be felt on the skin, but the chill leaked into the bone marrow, it was an extremely strange and mysterious abnormality.

Peigan exerted strength attempting to lift the female corpse on the ice bed into the hole, but he was harshly pushed aside by Little Lord Fokke. He personally carried his precious wife's corpse, and placed it steadily into the hole. Peigan fished out a dark green bottle, very carefully sprinkling a little onto the body, at the same time he chanted several profound words. Consecutively, the surface of the body started to emit a faint glow.

Looking at the intensity of the glow, Peigan raised his brows as he gritted his teeth and sprinkled more powder. However, the glow remained the same. This powder was purchased using a high price, it was the dried blood of a nine-headed beast, one small bottle was worth half of his fortune! Therefore, he felt heartache, furthermore what Peigan was doing currently was not fully alchemy, it was the spirit black magic that he had grasped, regrettably it looked to have

little effects.

Peigan glanced at the endless gold pouch that Little Lord Fokke was holding, he painfully bit his lips, pouring the entire bottle of powder out. Concurrently, the glow flourished, as a faint vapour float up from the female corpse, gathering in mid air and not dissipating, metamorphosing into an apparition like existence. This spirit looked exhausted, the glow on her body was stable as though it could be blown and scattered at any time.

“Sally! Beloved Sally!!” Little Lord Fokke charged to the front of the spirit and knelt, frenziedly calling out like an injured beast. Instead Peigan immediately obstructed his barbaric behaviour, furiously scolding out.

“Respected Lord sir! I have not attain control of spirit, this is only a fraction of her memory before she died. Because the decomposed rate of the body was already advanced, this fragments of memories are pretty disorganized and scattered. If you continue being rash, then all my efforts would have been for nothing!”

Little Lord Fokke dejectedly shifted to the side, while Peigan retrieved a wooden basin filled with fresh water. He then started chanting a spell along with a set of complicated hand gestures, the white vapour in the air gradually floated towards the wooden basin. Also, the water inside started to form several disorderly and messy images, it was the memories of the dead Madam Lord Fokke. In order to exact revenge, Little Lord Fokke absorbed himself into the images, he was determined not to miss out on any detail.

Very quickly, Little Lord Fokke’s expression changed from a pale white to a reddish fury and finally into ashen! It must be acknowledged that Peigan’s black magic was quite proficient, the images formed started to turn supremely clear, as clear as the 1080p resolution of the Pirate of the Caribbean movie in theatres.

“Catika! Jovan! Jack Sparrow!”

After viewing the entire memory log, Little Lord Fokke stood up as he seemed to be at a loss, waves of cold air was blowing out from his body. The feeling it gave to others could only be described as:

“Zombie!”

His voice was struggling to break forth within his empty chest, giving one a feeling that the entire world has turned grey. In his heart, two targets were added onto his slaughter list, that was the living Catika and Jack Sparrow!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 42

## Chapter 42:Confusion

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:I

Evidently, as long as Catika and Jack Sparrow lived for another day, then the green hat on Little Lord Fokke would never fade away. To him, his prior deep emotions were like a huge laughing stock, such an insult could only be cleanse with the blood of his enemies!

Of course, to Sheyan this doesn't mean that Little Lord Fokke would spare him or even be treated with this notion of "Brother, thanks for getting rid of the slut for me." He was similarly included into the blacklist of Little Lord Fokke. As the proverb goes, Revenge against my father's killer, hatred for stealing my wife. Sheyan had gloriously occupied one of the two greatest hatreds. Except from a hatred perspective, these two handsome and cunning: guard Catika, and the graceful Jack Sparrow occupied the the top spot. Before finishing those two, if Sheyan did not offer himself foolishly to Lord Fokke, then this green hat mister would not take initiative to find trouble for him.

Peigan had also witnessed and understood the memories of Madam Fokke, therefore, he could comprehend what the noble Lord Fokke was feeling. Although he had not obtained that coveted 'endless gold pouch', he remained silently beside him. Instead, Little Lord Fokke turned his head over, staring at him with an emotionless pair of eyes, softly saying.

"Take it, this is your reward."

After saying he tossed the 'endless gold pouch' over. Peigan elatedly reached out his hand to receive it. Who knew that at the moment when he was about to

receive the pouch, Little Lord Fokke suddenly drew out his mythical icy blue sword across his waist, stabbing in with a deadly viciousness! This old man Peigan's pupils contracted, a clump black glow appeared in his left hand. "Pom!" It flew towards the opposite little Fokke.

Little Lord Fokke did not dodge or run, allowing that frightening corrosive ball of magic to strike his right chest. His flesh and clothes immediately crackled out with light yellow fumes, yet his sword had already emotionless penetrated that precious 'endless gold pouch', and pierced into the right hand of the old man Peigan. A layer of frosty ice formed instantly on his right hand and rapidly fissured!

Old man Peigan cried out in agony, not sure if his pain was because his right arm had been crippled or because the 'endless gold pouch' was ruined. At this moment, an owl-like shrill sounded out from Peigan's case, it suddenly turned red and hot, followed by an explosion releasing a dense smoke. Old Peigan seized the opportunity and used his remaining left hand to cover his mouth and nose and flee. Just when he reached the entrance of the prison, he felt a slight shudder on the ground. Following that blue smoke spiralled up into the air, a huge horse raised its hoof and charged forward, driving its head heavily onto old Peigan. It was the huge demonic horse Momore!

Upon impact, old Peigan was knocked back by 5-6 metres! He landed on a solid flight of stairs, rolling onto hardly on the protruding concrete, looking like he broke at least 7-8 of his bones. His frozen right arm had already been shattered into oblivion like ice to his shoulders, leaving a wound at the end which had a distorted purplish colour as though his bones, flesh and blood vessels coagulated together. Blood leaking from his mouth had already dyed his chest red.

He only held concurrent post as an alchemist and black magician, his physique was far from a warrior's composition.

At this point, Little Lord Fokke's figure emerged from within the floating dust, his hair had already turned white. Glancing at the huge corroded injury atop his chest, old Peigan's dying expression flashed with sudden realization.

"Ke, ke, ke ke (coughing).....so, you actually gave it up....."

Little Lord Fokke's eyes were icy cold, he was completely devoid of emotions.

“Regrettably I have to end your life here, but the Fokke Family has always been True to their words, the ‘endless gold pouch’ will be buried together with you.”

After listening to his, old Peigan’s eyes flashed with a comforting light, and it swiftly faded out, dead. Little lord Fokke mounted his demon horse, Momore. His white long hair swayed against the wind, depositing mottled hoarfrost everywhere. His voice sounded like windless as though his chest had been knocked for a thousand times, covering the entire castle in an unparalleled manner.

“Catika~~ where are you?”

.....

Looking at the lazy patrol guards strolling about on the streets, Sheyan felt flabbergasted. Following logic, Lady Lord Fokke’s body had already been escorted into the castle for nearly 6 hours, this period of time was enough to bring about an action. Yet, Tortuga castle was as peaceful as any other day, following the reasonable thinking of this world, it should be because they couldn’t deduce the culprit. However, after Madam Lord Fokke’s death, there should at least be procedures like wearing black armbands or firing the cannon in salute and grief.

“Unless.....” a sudden notion jolted like electricity in his heart. The extended period of silence signified that something frightful was about to break out, this delayed reaction should represent to deductions. One was that the entire Tortuga castle completely treated this event lightly, but the other deduction was that the castle’s owner was buried deep in his grief. In addition he was unable to find the culprit and sunk into complete despair. This model of thinking meant that the eventual consequences would be insanity and may even start a wide scale destruction.

If that’s the case, Sheyan immediately thought that staying here would not be a wise decision. If things developed exactly like he guessed, then Tortuga castle was now a ticking time bomb! The closer he was, the more he would be affected. If he wanted to completely hide from the storm, then following his initial plan to make haste to the inner district of the island is definitely the best decision. However, this chaotic situation would imply more opportunities to fish in

troubled water(chinese idiom to take advantage of a crisis for personal gain)! If Sheyan wanted to fish out great credits in a fire, then immediately returning to the Bell and Mug would be the best choice!

The sky gradually darkened, the bustling Tortuga port became brightly lit as usual, the aroma of rum and roasted meat filled the atmosphere. Sheyan stood at the bow of the Bell and Mug as he gazed into the distance, in his heart was an unclear and perplexed feeling. He could sense an impending massive crisis within this port, but when was this crisis going to happen, he was unable to predict. This sort of waiting suspense was really a torture, besides Sheyan had no choice but to wait, he had to wait!

A line of fire lit up the darkness! It looked like the upwards gush of blood when a person's neck got slashed. Following, the glow of fire spread out like a turbulent announcement, the rate of dispersion was like a flood leaving one speechless. In a flash it engulfed all the houses, it was obvious that the culprit had already made meticulous plans and arrangement.

The blaze charged towards the heaven, producing an oppressive sound from far. It was like the horizon had two gigantic hands, clapping with great force.

There was an unexplainable pressure in the air, rising up slowly like a river tide.

That majestic brilliance looked as though it wanted to swallow up the heavens and the earth!

The raging blaze reflected onto the initially permeated by darkness sails and also against the slender and majestically gorgeous gigantic hull. Above it was a chaotic battle scene.

The battling parties were actually the Tortuga patrol guards and the pirates!

The Black Pearl was under attack!

Sheyan's eyes suddenly blazed up with a fiery passion, he deeply inhaled trying to suppress his billowing emotions. Presently, most of the pirates were aware of this situation, swarming onto the deck like ants, as they frantically pointed towards the distant Black Pearl.

Under the leaping blaze, one could make up that the Black Pearl pirates were resisting with great resilience, but because of this abrupt conflict, their



casualties were heavy as they retreated little by little. At this crucial moment, a white haired rider rode in on a huge uncompelling horse, as it gently stepped onto a footboard and ascended the Black Pearl. Looking at his appearance, he seemed to be exuding a rather relaxed aura, as though he was just here to admire the scenery. But unknowingly, upon looking at this figure, everyone's heart beat with a plaintive wail.

An ominous neighing.

"Where is Jack Sparrow?" That white haired rider boomed with a steady tone. His voice carried a thick nasal sound, like his nose was clogged from a flu. Although he was far from the Bell and Mug by close to two kilometres, but for some unknown reason, the people here could also hear his voice! Yet the pirates on the Black Pearl held no joking intent, immediately releasing a glaring signal into the sky from the ship's bow, exploding with a sorrowful glow in the sky.

"It's the guarding signal flare!" A veteran old pirate cried out. "The Black Pearl requests aid!"

The guarding signal flare is a contract object by the British for arms and merchant ships. If any party that previously signed a guarding contract, they could use it to request for aid in an emergency. In view that the British Queen at the time had issued lots of license for personal plunder to many merchant ships, many armed merchant ships had pirates moonlighting. At a later period, even though the british ships had internal strifes on sea, once they encounter a dilemma they could request for aid. Therefore, these guarding signal flares were also passed on to navy fleets and pirate ships.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 43

## Chapter 43: Real intention is revealed in the end

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Currently, people still highly valued oaths and contracts. After seeing the signal flare, pirate ships immediately leaned over to aid. However, the legendary pirate ships, Queen Anne's Revenge and the Flying Dutchman unusually chose to take a neutral stance, raising their sails sailing away into the distance. Although many pirates flogged over to help, the Black Pearl's Captain Old Jack and chief officer Jack Sparrow did not surface. This caused the pirates to sink into an individual battle, a group without a head giving rise to a particularly chaotic situation.

Ammand had also stepped out to the deck, resting his hand on the hilt of his silver sword. He stared at the white haired rider on the Black Pearl as his eyes leaked out a murderous gaze, his ambitions on the verge of bursting forth! A few days ago when battling against the Paragon fleet, Ammand's reputation had rose to number 1 just beneath the other 3 legendary pirate ship captains. Ever since, he was like the head of the pack, if he could oppose the Tortuga's owner by himself and lead the masses to a victory, then his reputation would surely not be second to the likes of Blackbeard, and Davy Jones. Surpassing them in the future would definitely not be a difficult thing!

Just as Ammand had decided to give his orders, Sheyan took a deep breath and called out.

"Captain! If I didn't see wrongly, the one on top of the Black Pearl should be Little Lord Fokke right?"

Ammand tilted his head, his eyes glimmering as he replied.

“That’s right.”

Sheyan glanced at him without fear saying.

“Although we don’t know the reason for Little Lord Fokke’s fanatical attacks on the Black Pearl, but right now the whole Tortuga nest had come out, their guarding forces are extremely thin!”

Till here, Sheyan’s eyes exhibited a greedy flash, lowering his voice and schemingly asked.

“Why don’t we make a little fishing trip?”

Ammand’s heart was stirred, he swept the battlefield again with his eyes. Currently, there were at least 5-6 ships that responded to the call, completely sealing the waters around the Black Pearl. Fire sounds from the muskets boomed in multiple successions, smoke had engulfed the area and the hand-to-hand combat was at its climax. The spectacle was desperate and chaotic. If they rushed over, there would be difficulties for the Bell and Mug to close in, why not assault Tortuga castle, which was staying clear of the enemy’s main force and striking at its weak point! If they could force Little Lord Fokke to return, then no doubt the credit would be his to take. Even if Little Lord Fokke was stubborn and persisted on, they would still fish up bountiful loot!

In short, plundering was more pleasurable than rescuing.

Even though his heart had already acknowledged Sheyan’s suggestion, Ammand purposely paused for a moment. After deliberating through thoroughly, his hungry eyes emitted a verdant ray, using a greedy expression and declared.

“En, that is my exact sentiments.”

The pirates simultaneously cheered! They were ready to bleed and strive, but on one side after risking their lives in a wild slaughter they would only receive a word of thanks from their ally. On the other side, they could avoid the chaos, and carry their plundering. Even a fool would choose the better path.

Ammand’s wit was profound, just a light sentence was needed to steal Sheyan’s suggestion as his, he completely marginalized him.

“Xiaer, Matt.”

“This time you guys lead the way, bring a few young guys with you! But don’t bring too many to prevent other bastards from catching onto us, the quick-footed will climb up first.” After calling out these two names, his lips curled into a sinister grin!

“The peace has been established for far too long, they actually made the first move against the pirates! Let them have a taste of blood and steel!”

Electing Xiaer was not at all by chance, logically it should be the chief officer Harry that should lead, however his head injury from the Paragon fleet battle had not healed completely. Therefore, Xiaer was naturally the next in command, but for Blind Matt this vice crew head, his election seemed to be random but was actually considered. The Fokke family had governed Tortuga port for an entire 70 years, the riches it contained should probably pile up like mountains, once breaching through, the rewards would be immeasurable. If he did not have his trusted aide in Blind Matt to keep watch, how would Ammand let Xiaer go in peace?

Ammand as a ship’s commander had already elaborately considered, as a future pirate lord, Ammand was obviously not someone that would be easily blinded by riches. Although Tortuga castle’s hidden 70 years of wealth was simply alluring, tonight’s events were extremely strange. The Black Pearl was actually assaulted by Little Lord Fokke, according to logic, both like-minded legendary pirate ship actually chose to spectate. At least half of the pirate ships were also biding their time. Under such circumstances, risking danger and attacking is essential, but more critically they had to first locate a retreating route for the Bell and Mug! Furthermore Ammand’s perceptive sensing was outstanding, he could feel a faint feeling of extreme danger in his heart. Thus, he calculated that he should not step out of his own ship tonight.

From Ammand’s perspective, by staying guard on this ship, then when the pirates return from a rewarding journey, they would return to the Bell and Mug. Furthermore if there was an unforeseen hazard, Ammand could immediately raise his sails and flee. This ship was specialized in speed, if their pursuers were neither the Black Pearl nor the British Royal Navy flagship, they had nothing to fear and could easily escape! Therefore, keeping watch is Ammand’s

exceptionally shrewd behavior, it was a brilliant move that could easily attack or retreat.

Time rapidly sped by, very swiftly almost 2 hours had past. The battle atop the Black Pearl continued, Ammand's good pirate captain friends sent bits and pieces of reports overtime.

In the report it mentioned that during 5 in the afternoon, Tortuga castle had dispatched its butler to invite the captain of the Black Pearl and its chief officer Jack Sparrow to attend a banquet. Saying that they needed to negotiate about this year's sugar cane quota. However only Old Jack attended while chief officer Jack Sparrow did not.

Another report mentioned that someone spotted the chief officer Jack Sparrow at the west of the island.

The last piece of report mentioned that somehow Tortuga castle had obtained news of the pirates wanting to revolt against the port and ransack it. Therefore, they took the first strike.

All this information was extremely messy, truths and false could not be differentiated. This witty Ammand actually sunk into a period of deep thinking. Attempting to connect such a messy picture and seek for the truth now was simply an arduous and unrewarding journey. There was one crucial point: Sheyan may not be the only person that thought of Tortuga castle's slim defence at the moment. The reason why Sheyan's primary reaction amidst this social upheaval was because he already had some sort of mental preparation for this situation. Furthermore, triggering this atrocity of plundering Tortuga castle and even thousand of other scenarios were earlier swirling through Sheyan's mind previously. Therefore, he appeared calm and cool-head in the face of such an event.

Visibly, a few pirate ships had already begin to raise their skull flags, and started to send their subordinates to rush into the familiar streets of Tortuga, except this time they frantically brandished their sabres and held the identity of a pirate instead of a civilian. Instead the merchants or workers in the port were also not sitting ducks, thus in a brief moment, the entire bustling tortuga port was thrown into a smoky bloodbath.

Ammand towered at the tip of the Bell and Mug, his back was perfectly straight. He folded his hands and gazed at the distant and chaotic Tortuga port, his gaze had gradually intensified. Standing beside him, Sheyan was also breathing deeply in the faint traces of smoke brought about by the breeze of the Caribbean sea. It seemed like he was concerned, but deep within his heart was a cold grin.

“Things were actually going as planned....”

To the Sheyan who single-handedly constructed this storyline, he could clearly guess what Ammand was worrying about. It was obviously the small plundering task force that comprised of Blind Matt and Xiaer. Based on the time, if things went smoothly for the task force, they should have already sent back a report, any delays would undoubtedly mean two possibilities:

A possibility: After successfully infiltrating into the defenceless Tortuga castle, they looted an immense amount of treasure.

B possibility: The infiltration was not smooth, casualties were heavy.

If possibility A arises, then the pirates enroute back to the Bell and Mug had lost control due to the chaos happening on the streets of the port. After those red eyed greedy pirates had noticed Xiaer's group carrying the huge loot, even fools could guess what they would do! Xiaer's group would definitely be surrounded and suffered heavy casualties!

No matter what the outcome, this dispatched pirate task force would definitely suffer from the lack of manpower! This was definitely not what Ammand hoped to see, the Bell and Mug had already recently lost too many capable members. Once this dispatched task force met with any accidents, Ammand's personal powers could no longer be described as heavy injuries, it was like sliding down by 1 grade. This was not inclusive of the spoils of war that they successfully looted.

In a moment, the surrounding people all recognized Ammand's hesitation and hard-pressed predicament, but nobody said anything, nobody dared to say anything. This scenario had sunk into an embarrassingly silent situation, only the sound of waves and muffled fighting was clear to the ears. Ammand gazed at the blazing red Tortuga night sky, his right hand subconsciously pressing onto the

hilt of his sword, clutching it tightly and loosening his grip. Clutching again and loosening, it seemed like a decision was tough to make.

Suddenly Sheyan gasped.

In the gathering dusk, the sea humbly swayed.

Sheyan stood at the edge of the ship, his body apparently blending into the deep and boundless sea. It brought an unexplainable mysteriousness and peculiarity.

His gasp sounded like correlated with the ocean's tide, after awhile he finally said a sentence.

This sentence was directed while looking into Ammand's eyes. It was extremely sincere, coming from the bottom of the heart.

But only a well-informed person could decipher the degree of shamelessness carried in this phrase! This phrase had been planned for a long time, painstakingly with much effort. But this phrase completely struck the crux of this puzzle, thus completely revealing his real intentions of this set up at the end!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 44

## Chapter 44: Good Brother

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Tortuga port was buzzing with violence, there was still a concern for the small force that was dispatched out, sending out any reinforcement team would be Ammand's only reassuring choice. However, this ship still had an X factor, Sheyan! This was the greatest reason for Ammand's hesitation! To Ammand, Sheyan is extremely talented but someone that had not completely won over his trust. Unsure why, Ammand always had a queer feeling in his heart. Sheyan was like a double-edge sword, using it well would bring great destruction to his opponents, but if he managed it wrongly, then it would turn around and stab him!

The question posed to Ammand now was: Personally, he needed to stay on the Bell and Mug to maintain command of the ship, a ship without a captain is like a coat without its fur. If something crops up on the ship, it was like placing his own fate into someone else's hands. Currently his chief officer Harry was still injured, the only capable underling he had was Sheyan. However if he used Sheyan, and Sheyan turned disloyal at the sight of riches..... Blind Matt's prestige is lower than his, and Xiaer's combative ability is not stronger, this will land him in an extreme situation of dead loss, like a chicken flying into its coop only to find its eggs broken!

"Let me go! Captain, let me bring others to assist our brothers!"

Sheyan resolutely and decisively pleaded.

Seeing Ammand's emotionless expression, he continued sincerely pleading.



“Please believe in me, even if I lose this life, I will definitely bring my brothers back safely! But if..... If any mishaps were to happen, please take good care of my cousin!”

Sheyan’s reasoning was obvious: Ammand still had a ‘hostage’ aboard! Even if he didn’t trust Sheyan, there was still his cousin to factor in. But even after that he still rejected, then he would seem extremely obnoxious to the others for having such unreasonable suspicions.

If Chris was still here, he would have frantically run up and cried out to Ammand. Holding onto Ammand’s leg to beg him to do a DNA test, and persistently reject any form of relationship with Sheyan.

At the front of the Bell and Mug was like a relatively classified authorities meeting, don’t talk about participating, Chris would be immediately stopped by the cold blades of the pirates if he even went near!

After Sheyan finished speaking, the veins on Ammand’s forehead were pulsing like dragons. This ‘cousin’ of Sheyan was extremely renowned, his close relationship with Sheyan had been widely publicized by that big mouth of his. Even the rats and cockroaches on board could recite their entire relationship.

However, to this wily old fox Ammand, even though this news was widely publicized personally, he held a degree of disbelief. This was until someone reported that Chris used Sheyan’s name to borrow a lump of money, while Sheyan did not make a big fuss but was willing to lose a family fortune’s worth to be his guarantor. Only then did Ammand believe that there was something special about their relationship, something important that could easily prevail within the human heart. Loyalty was definitely placed ahead of money!

Several people who normally brag about righteousness and helping the needy for justice, but they would turn timid in the face of death. They were willing to share the riches but not willing to go through thick and thin with you. Some people were willing to risk their lives for you at a critical time, but still be unable to resist the temptation of money. They loved money more than their lives. Ammand had seen far too many people turned shameless when stuck between the choice of loyalty or money. Therefore, he secretly believed in the brotherhood between Sheyan and Chris who had gone through the test of

money.

Yet believing was one thing, and trusting was another. Ammand placed arms behind his back as he paced back and forth, his eyes radiating with glow of a risky gambler. His body was enveloped in a shade.

The truth was, ever since the uprising within the port started, Ammand's heart harboured a grave premonition of a critical crisis. Therefore, being forced to a point where he had no choice but to dispatch Sheyan, Ammand's expression was heavy and persisted in his silence.

At this moment, a creaking sound travelled from the hold of the ship. A huge and sturdy figure appeared, his shiny head was wrapped with a white bandage, it was Ammand's most trusted chief officer, Scarface Harry. Even though his expression looked quite dispirited, an overbearing aura of vitality could be felt from his body.

"I'll go with Seaman Yan! We can look after each other."

If Ammand's most trusted confidante, Scarface Harry, was willing to accompany Sheyan, then he would naturally be free of worries and hesitate no longer. But Ammand looked at the white bandage wrapped on Harry's head, the veins in his eyes intensified densely, he could not help hesitating as he said:

"But your wound....."

Scarface Harry seemed to look fine in front of any onlooker, but the fact was something that only he and Ammand knew. Actually, his wound hadn't recovered one bit. After receiving the damage to his head, his state was like a roller coaster, but inclined to a worsening trend. Away from the sight of others, Harry would frequently vomit and his headaches felt like someone was using a knife and scraping the innards of his brain. Comparing to the modern time diagnosis methods, it should be the severe cerebral concussions resulting in terrible repercussions.

Scarface Harry could see through Ammand's dilemma. The silver glow flickered on his body, trying very hard to concentrate as he offered a smile saying.

"This time's operation was obviously led by our crew head, I only impulsively spoke out due to my plentiful years of survival instincts."

Scarface Harry's words were extremely humble, but actually it was giving Ammand a reason to send him.

"Don't worry, I'm only there to observe the boy. He will be the one at work. If there is any suspicious movement, I can easily command others to eliminate him."

Ammand turned around to look at the rummaging flames within Tortuga port. He could more or less confirm that Xiaer had met with trouble, or else Blind Matt would have already sent someone back to report. He glanced at Scarface Harry, nodding as he made his decision.

"Alright! With you two working together, I need not worry."

After speaking, Ammand drew out that glowing silver sword of his, tossing over the sword accurately towards Scarface Harry.

"Catch! I am absolutely safe aboard, I have no need for it. But it will be a huge aid in a critical time."

Harry caught it single handedly as he bowed his head. The reason why Ammand transferred his sword was not to guard against Sheyan, but he was scared that Xiaer who was competing against Harry for prestige would make any moves on him. As a pirate captain of extremely high prestige, his personal sword would be extremely useful in a critical time. Especially in an extreme case to pressure into submission any pirates who had conspired and staged a mutiny. This may seem excessive to say, but it was akin to a nameless foot soldier being able to enter any area in the military camp, and even proclaim death to a high authority figures with an imperial edict.

Sheyan was spectating such a well crafted emotional performance by the side, his expression became a little grim unknowingly. Scarface Harry following him was obviously outside of his calculation. Speaking truthfully, this guy's outstanding 30 points in physique undoubtedly caused Sheyan to be fearful. Because 30 points in physique did not merely mean a vast life points, it also translated to an impregnable defence!

Besides, Scarface Harry had a known ability called big heart, which would award him an additional 1000 HP. In addition, the faint silverish light on his body was clear, seeming to result from strong equipment. Even worse, if Scarface had

other unknown titles to his name, he would definitely raise in strength. If Sheyan wanted to take advantage of this crisis in this battle, he needed to have a blitzkrieg strategy (One that would bring about a swift victory). But after adding this new variable, his plans had become more complicated.

His only consolation was that Scarface Harry's head was injured, and this injury did not look light.

The rescuing pirates were swiftly selected and dispatched. Based on the previous lesson, Ammand already held great confidence in Sheyan's managing and rallying capabilities. With this the entire Bell and Mug was united as a whole force. Only 20 men stayed with Ammand, these guys were mostly the sick and aged. Their only reason for staying was in order to quickly sail the Bell and Mug out in case.

Looking at the pirate group disembarking in a single file, with Scarface Harry and Sheyan leading the pack, Ammand's eyes flickered with chill. He gestured to the remaining vice officer Robben, whispering.

"Choose 4 men to watch over Chris. Once that bastard makes any suspicious move, immediately capture him and report to me. I want him alive, if he manages to escape, then you guys can forget about living."

Robben nodded his head repeatedly in fear and trepidation under Ammand's glare. Ammand continued.

"Remember, you are the vice officer of the Bell and Mug. Never forget your position."

Upon hearing that, Robben lowered himself even more, eventually kneeling to represent his loyalty. Ammand was obviously satisfied with the effects of his words, waving his hands at him to leave. Presently even though the manpower was inadequate on board, these few were Ammand's old goats, there was no cause for doubts towards their devotion. After Xiaer and company came on board, Ammand's control of the entire ship was roughly 70%, but currently it could be said to be 100%! Under such circumstances, Ammand personally believed that even if Sheyan stayed he could not stir up a ruckus, what more that weakling Chris?

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 45

## Chapter 45:Castle

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

The formerly busy districts had declined into crimson dyed streets, with raging flames reflecting cries and curses. The wild laughters of the pirates echoed throughout the once peaceful for 70 years port. After going ashore, the chosen pirates stood around disorganized, they had a fanatical expression, filled with an urge to move about. If not for the stress of Harry's authority and Sheyan's cruel methods, they would have immediately rushed in to join the fun and loot something for themselves.

After a series of profanities and commands, the pirates of the Bell and Mug swiftly made their way towards Tortuga castle. Their motivation behind this was obviously the rumoured 'mountains' of riches within the castle. During their journey, they stomped through numerous warm corpses. Still able to smell the remains of the fight from the smoke and blood, excitement surged inside of many senior pirates as they raised their weapons and roared.

Sheyan who had never experienced such a despondent scenario became a little distracted, but he immediately steadied his emotions, shouting loudly at the nearby pirates to quicken their pace. Ordering them to slaughter anyone obstructing without hesitation! Such barbaric behavior would normally stir up a huge calamity, however in this currently lawless and chaotic port, it undoubtedly raked in great effects.

"Look!" A pirate at the front cleverly picked up a small piece of cloth. "This is Old Buqi's, looks like they used the same route to the castle."

Sheyan received that piece of cloth, noticing that on its rough surfaces there were no blood stains. His eyes flickered, while his pupils contracted as he raised his voice loudly exclaiming.

“Let’s hurry up! Old Buqi was so excited that even his bandana was thrown aside. Our companions are still waiting for us to move the mountains of treasures!”

The blood boiled within the surrounding pirates as they raised their sabres and daggers in wild exasperation! Hastening their pace as they started running. Originally, Scarface Harry also wanted to take a look at that piece of cloth, but at this point in time, Sheyan was already leading a group of men and sprinting ahead. A bone shattering pain electrified within his head. He immediately grabbed a pouch of rum and gulp down mouthfuls to numb the pain, before enduring the pain and joining up with the rest.

Once this group of pirates reached the entrance, they realized this majestic and towering castle was unexpectedly entirely dark. It brimmed with a deathly stillness, as though it had been abandoned for centuries. The only thing left behind were ghastly shadows, cobwebs and its glamorous lights were like a exhausted fantasy. The castle main doors were widely opened, and within it was a pitch-black darkness as though a ferocious huge beast was waiting for its food inside the darkness. It was like the former advance force had completely evaporated into the thin air!

Faced with such a strange image, the pirates became quiet. Only the crackling sounds of their torches could be heard, as the pirates glanced at each other in hopelessness. Some faces even turned cowardly. Within their minds, they imagined it to be heavily-guarded or in a state of great confusion, this sort of strange picture was something they had never encountered before.

This was the time where Sheyan should make a decision. He trotted towards the side of Harry and lowered his voice saying.

“This is probably a bluff by the enemy.”

Scarface Harry dropped his tone and spoke.

“Why’d you say so?”

Sheyan calmly replied:

“Based on my prior understanding of the situation, Little Lord Fokke took the lead in acting against the Black Pearl. This meant that he would have ample time to plan and prepare of that assault. Presently, Little Lord Fokke’s main forces are aboard the Black Pearl, there are not many guarding the castle. Thus, he had to resort to this cheap tactics, once his enemies separated after entering the castle, he would wither their forces slowly. If not, wouldn’t it be better to shut the castle gates and repel any hostile aggressors?”

“Then how about Xiaer and the rest?” Harry replied.

Sheyan raised his voice in resolution.

“I reckon that they should have entered the castle and splitted up in search of the treasures. They should still be trapped within. If we immediately enter, we may still be in time to save them!”

Presently, Sheyan was the main person leading, Scarface Harry was only responsible in keeping watch. Even though he could smell something fishy, but after bearing with this unending torturing pain, he could no longer think of any reason to refute Sheyan. Furthermore, Sheyan went ahead and announced his deductions to the pirates. Based on his prior reputation, even if someone felt suspicious they could only keep in within their chest.

Following that, Sheyan divided the pirates into 6 groups, one group contained at least 20 pirates. Each group was distributed fairly in terms of combat abilities of short or far range, and nobody could be fussy about it. After that, he once again utilized the prospects of the treasures to rally the pirates, and finally led the charge into the darkness of the castle.

Since Sheyan adopted a ‘follow me’ approach instead of the “listen to me” one, Scarface Harry was also embarrassed to remain at the back as he led another group into the castle. Since their heads were willing to set the example, what could the other pirates say? In additional the infiltrating forces boosted their courage as they roared and charged in. Based on their initial arrangement, whenever a group would meet another crossroad, they would divulge into smaller groups to search. Very quickly, the massive Tortuga castle cut up the six groups and swallowed them in.

After splitting into small groups, Sheyan still led his group at the front. However, he seemed to be extremely relaxed, as though he had confirmed that his surroundings were adequately secured. It was not in the least on guard. Furthermore, Sheyan's prestige wasn't lower amongst the pirates, the pirates following him were naturally remained silent and occasionally uttered a sentence or two. Initially this absolute silence felt extremely grave.

The furnishings within the castle were relatively gorgeous, the shining torch brightened up the area as it revealed a velvet carpet beneath their stomping footsteps. Its delicate design was a given, its furry sensation felt extremely cozy giving these pirates a whole new experience. However, those valuable objects like gold plated candlesticks or cutleries were strangely missing, obviously already hidden by their owners which supported Sheyan's initial conclusion. Suddenly, one of the front pirate halted, pressing his hands on the hilt of his blade, he turned around and exclaimed urgently.

"Careful, I can smell blood!"

The others instantly gasped, and simultaneously discovered the faint blood smell in the air. To these merciless robbers, this was obviously an extremely familiar aroma. The atmosphere tensed up as a few pirates drew their weapons. Sheyan placed this torch nearer to the ground, as he discovered a faint brown bloodstain on the thick and spongy carpet. Following this blood trace, they came to a stop abruptly by a tough granite wall.

"It's a hidden passage!" An excited pirate said out with a shivering voice. This blood trace was broken off in front of the granite wall after making a bend, that injured person could not have suddenly evaporated right? The only explanation was he fled into the hidden passage! If it weren't for the guiding of the blood trace, who would have thought this durable and thick granite wall would have a hidden passage behind it?

After realizing this lead, the pirates scrambled about in search of a clue. These old foxes were naturally experts in such a field, they very quickly discovered a small lever beneath the carpet. Two pirates expanded their strengths to pull and drag the lever, and suddenly a heavy and dry mechanical sound creaked out from within the wall. Following that, the granite wall shook and gradually raised itself, exposing a secret and dim pathway.



Under the torch's illumination, the floor of the secret passage was filled with scattered and adorable looking twinkles. The breathing of the pirates turned heavy, gold coins sparkling, beautiful cutleries and glossy silk cloths scattered around the hidden passage. This looked to be the result of a hasty renovation. Undoubtedly, these pirates emitted a greedy croak from their throat as they pounced on the treasures. Only Sheyan stood still while still raising his torch, his expression was peculiar, it looked somewhat sympathetic and somewhat relieved.

Following that he threw down his torch, taking a deep breath, he exerted force in his right shoulder to heavily bang against a sliding window at the side! The rusty hinges of this window surrendered under the immense force, distorting and finally breaking apart. The colourful glass of the window shattered in a flash, as the fragments shot all from all angles. Yet Sheyan seized this opportunity to dive out of his castle, bending his knee and sucking in his stomach as he landed on the ground!

His sole landed first, followed by the arch of his foot. At the moment his foot came into contact with the ground, he shifted his centre of gravity forward as he directed the force forward. Sheyan could feel an immense pain transmitted from his feet to his elbows. But it was only a superficial pain as he rolled 5-6 times forward. Afterward he casually pushed himself up from the ground. Although he fell from the third floor of the castle, his execution was perfect as he only suffered light injuries. He did not lose even one-fifth of his life points. Presently he was not in a combat state, therefore after 5 minutes his HP would naturally regenerate fully.

Sheyan fished out that semi-torn bandana from before, humbly sighing.

"I'm sorry, I already knew this was a trap but I still brought you guys in."

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 46

## Chapter 46: Prison!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Although that small cloth seemed useless, with critical thinking, one would be able to find several suspicious points. What was a bandana used for? Obviously to wrap the head. For the exceptionally charming Jack Sparrow, it was used as an alluring aesthetic. Most pirates used it for warmth and to shield against the rain. There were no corpses near the spot where the bandana was discovered, that meant that this should have been placed down by the owner on purpose. Looking at the torn and jagged side of this cloth, it should have been ripped apart instead of being sliced off from a sharp weapon. Therefore, what would a pirate tear apart his bandana underneath a random tree be thinking? The bandana was a cloth that was the least likely to be dirtied, therefore, it was obvious that the most logical explanation was that it was used to wrap a wound!

If this deduction was true, Sheyan can then conclude several other points of this. If the owner of this bandana, Old Buqi, had wrapped his wounds well and fled to the Bell and Mug, then they should have met him long ago. This clearly points to the fact that Old Buqi obviously had no plans to head towards the ship. This will then lead to several other possibilities.

The most possible was that after Old Buqi reaped such a massive benefit, he was unwilling to share and fled off. Furthermore he knew this action would incur the wrath and pursue of the Bell and Mug, therefore, either this object's worth must have been richly blinding or that the threat of the Bell and Mug had declined to an acceptable level for him to commit such atrocities. Old Buqi's

capabilities were extremely mediocre, the chances of acquiring a precious and rare object was small, therefore, the second explanation is the most logical. That was Xiaer and Blind Matt's groups had suffered from a huge assault, the other pirates became hugely disorganized and thus it gave birth to such a despicable notion of running away after gaining some profits.

Of course another possibility was that Old Buqi had met with some terrifying mishap inside the castle, after the calamity he had lost all sense of rationality causing a nervous breakdown which eventually led him to flee in horror. However, it was contradicting that a person that has lost his senses would pause to wrap his wound, but still the odds of it happening was still relevant.

Whatever the case, Tortuga castle was like a lion's den, full of danger at every corner. Sheyan was willing to boldly charge in because he understood one thing. After laying down his trap, a good hunter would wait for all his prey to take the hook before raising the fishing net. He would not want to alert the horde when only one of his prey had entered the trap. Upon seeing that 'luckily' discovered hidden passageway, he immediately knew that it was a trap. The one behind this obviously capitalized on the pirate's greed and looting nature to trick them in. If not for those treasures not holding much worth towards a contestant like Sheyan, he may have also been blinded by such benefits.

Currently inside Tortuga castle, shoutings of curses, cries and even gunshots could be heard. Only these sounds were pretty muffled, as though it came out from enclosed rooms. Following that flashes of flames could be seen, as fuzzy silhouettes could be seen pacing back and forth around the corridors. In this sort of picture it was hard to fathom who had the upper hand. Looking at this, Sheyan's deduction was spot on, the current manpower of Tortuga castle was inadequate. However due to Sheyan's scheming measures, he distributed the pirates into 6 small teams in order to allow the guards to trapped them in, giving them a chance to annihilate the pirates.

Sheyan's painstaking planning, was actually to wither out the forces from both sides. Although the Tortuga castle guards were relatively powerful and held the a favourable location advantage, they had already clashed with the teams under Xiaer previously. Currently they were locked in battle with the valiant Bell and Mug pirates, even if they were victorious it would still be a tragic ending. The

pitfalls and booby traps within the castle would also have been wasted on the pirates.

If Sheyan seized the opportunity now and entered, the worst possible scenario would be to finish off the already heavily wounded guards, receive their key loots and retreat. The best scenario would be to acquire the mouth-watering and legit 70 years collection of wealth within Tortuga castle! Even though he would not be able to bring everything with him, he could still hand-pick several items. This would earn him immense profits, and also hugely raise his reputation. This sort of situation was exceedingly better as compared to being an always suspected crew head under Ammand.

Time sped by. After waiting for a while, Sheyan tidied up his appearance to look relatively worn out and even wiped on fresh blood on his face. Coupled with his staggering footsteps and dark expression, he looked like a person that was on the verge of fainting. He once again entered into the castle, tiptoeing quietly towards the sounds of fighting.

The eerie pitch-black feeling of his castle was as dense as before, and the stench of blood was piercing to the nose. Sheyan did not follow the stone steps and ascend the building this time, rather he followed the dark corridor on the right as he felt his way along. The reason he did this was simple, because rumour has it that most of the treasures were all hidden in a secret underground lair beneath the castle. Sheyan equipped his 'Intoxicated man' title and gulped down a mouth of rum, thus raising his explosive strength. Because there may be traps ahead, his every step was extremely steady, taking gentle steps one at a time.

A gentle flame could suddenly be seen in the darkness ahead. Following that were curses and pathetic wailing cries. This cry was very familiar, it was one of Scarface Harry's trusted aide. Normally emotionless even in the face of crisis, who knew what terrifying experience he had just went through. The cries gradually weaken, it was obvious that the victim was nearing the end of his life. Another trembling voice echoed.

"No, Don't come near! Freaks! Oh Lord, God, please open your eyes. If anyone can save me from this depth of hell, I am willing to give up my life and be his loyal servant!"

Sheyan had already felt the entrance of the door, he took a furtive glance inside. He could see a hidden passageway exposed within the castle room, the passage was flooded with dripping blood. Blood was splashed everywhere, as though someone had taken basins of blood and aggressively splashed away. Such was the tragic battle that had occurred. Flames could be seen at the end of the passageway, constructed there was a heavily enforced cell. Its surrounding walls were crafted with massive rocks piling up, looking similar to a firm city wall.

Within the cell were three men dressed in black tight fitting chain armour. The chain armour seemed to not only have excellent craftsmanship, it was made with superior quality materials. In this world, this equipment was similar to the special forces bullet proof vest in America. These three men had their backs against the door, silently standing. Their shadows were elongated by the blazing flame, their skin was abnormally pale, this caused the atmosphere here to be particularly sinister.

From Sheyan's angle he could see a pirate bounded to a stone chair on the right side. Although he could not see his face, he could tell this pirate was badly frightened, his entire body violently shivering. Through the gaps of the three clad in black armour men, a stone platform could be seen. On the platform should be a victim, tied up and tortured. The limbs of that person gave out a final twitch, and obviously submitted to his fate. His miserable ending also smashed the hopes of the other guy in captive.

Sheyan inhaled a deep breath of blood stench. He once again activated his 'insight' ability and started probing out the strength of these 3 guys. If he had to take a huge risk, then he would leave without hesitation! To him, saving the other guy was secondary, the most important was retaining his strength to acquire the treasures inside the castle.

After once again expending 100 utility points, a flow of information of these 3 guys streamed in and displayed itself in front of Sheyan.

Black guard.

Tortuga castle elite guard.

Status (Injured)

Description: They have been affected by witchcraft; decreased feeling of pain,

various attributes increased, but lifespan has been greatly shortened.

Height: 5 foot 4 inches

Weight: 80 kg

Strength: 10 points (Injured)

Agility: ? points

Physique: 8 points

Perceptive sensing: 6 points

Charm: 8 points

Intelligence: 7 points

Spirit: 7 points

Basic close combat lvl 3, basic endurance lvl 1

Elite guard category passive ability: Lethargy lvl 1, Blackguards speed of blood flow is affected by a chilling frost, flowing speed is greatly reduced, immunity to blood loss effect.

Elite guard category passive ability: Zombie lvl 1, A portion of the blackguard's soul has been offered to its owner, they would not be affected by fear or negative effects.

Elite guard category passive ability: Tenacity lvl 2. Additional bonus of 300 HP.

Lifepoint upper limit value: 177 points (Injured)

Looking at these 3 injured fellows, and after considering his interests, Sheyan made a decision in his heart. Shutting his eyes, he regulated his breathing as his muscles started to loosen up, and tense up, and then loosening again. He already made a decision, that was to get rid of these 3 guys and save the guy. At this time, a black guard suddenly shouted.

“If you refuse to talk, we will commence our punishment. You’ve already seen, once this sentence has been placed on you, even if you immediately divulge information, you will still die. Therefore, this is your last chance of survival.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 47

## Chapter 47: Sickening Torture

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and ELkassar

The tone of this guard was flat and the interval between each words were consistent. It was extremely precise, and held no trace of emotions. Thus, each word carried an intense confidence, giving the listening party a feeling of trust. This pirate captive trembled violently, and the clattering sound of his teeth could even be heard. He suddenly frenziedly shout out:

“Please just kill me with one blow!”

The black guard coldly replied:

“Commence!”

At this moment, Sheyan’s calf tensed up, exploding out with great power. His body seemed to slightly lean back and all of a sudden exploded forth with unbelievable speed. He extended out his limbs parallel to the ground, booming forward to the nearest black guard with his fist. Because his fist carried such speed, it created a faint but audible sound inside this enclosed cell.

The black guard’s reacted swiftly. After hearing movement, he immediately tilted his body and pressed his right hand against his waist, conveniently using the scabbard to block Sheyan’s fist. This movement could be said to carry both defensive and attacking nature. Once he blocked Sheyan’s fist with the scabbard, he would instantly draw out his blade and swing at Sheyan’s head.

Instead, Sheyan lips curled into a cold grin. At the instance where his fist connected with the scabbard, a terrifying metallic brilliance glowed on his left

arm! Following that, the malevolent looking cobalt steel exoskeleton emerged, covering his fist, forming into a metal fist. It wildly smashed onto the scabbard, causing a gloomy distorting sound on it, and was instantly blown away. This one fist carried the full force that Sheyan was slowly building up, an unstoppable force pounded against the waist of the black guard.

Even though this blackguard was equipped with superior chain armour, this sort of defence was only great against slashing, stabbing or any form of sharp weapon. It provided very little defence against attacks like punches, banging or any pressuring blunt weapon. Receiving such a blow directly from Sheyan, it obviously dealt tremendous damage! The formidable might of the 'intoxicated man' title was demonstrated evidently through a horrifying depression at the guard's waist. Naturally, the skeletal joints had also been shattered. A mix of blood and bits of organs shot out from his mouth, forcing down a gurgling sounds. The spurting blood dyed everything nearby, red!

Such a well-built, clad in excellent black chain armour, guard was actually blown away by Sheyan's punch. Flying in midair as he crashed against the person beside him, knocking him down. The chain armour scraped against the ground, producing a scratching sound, carving up a bitter mutilated scar against the limestone floor. What was weird and appalling was that he did not produce not even a slight groan, as though that awful strike was directed at someone else.

At this moment, the rightmost black guard darted forward in a flash. Using both hands to push off from the table in front, he somersaulted gracefully in midair, towering over and flying towards Sheyan in an awe-inspiring move. Within the dusty saturated air, there was a flash of cold radiance, same as the glowing white fangs of a ruthless wild beast! This guard was using a sword similar to Ammand's; it was nimble, swift and ruthless.

Currently, Sheyan had already exhausted his old force, and had not yet generated any new force. His eyes blazing with a fiery glow as he could only twist his hand around and pinch the incoming blade!

The sharp blade swiftly slashed against his palm, yet, the driving force did not lessen as the ferocious thrust produced a grinding finger bone sound. Still, it forcefully pushed through and stabbed into his lower rib!



“You received an enemy’s stab! Damage of 86 points. After activation of innate ability, total HP reduced by only 43 points!”

Concurrently, Sheyan bent his knee, furiously smashing it against the crotch of the black guard who presented himself in front of him. His knee carried such force that even his pain from his own injury was fully unleashed in this one strike. Bypassing the cloth of his pants, Sheyan could feel two oval shaped ball like object splitting open with a loud “thump!” These mysterious black guards were also human, they should similarly feel pain, or panic and confusion (although lessened). Upon seeing this close proximity guard’s expression twitching, a thread of elation swept through his heart. Suddenly, inhaling and exerting force, he raised his left fist, as the cobalt steel exoskeleton materialized into two steel fingers. Drenched in warm blood, he pierced deeply into his opponent’s throat, hooking then pulling.

Fresh blood outrageously spurted out. This black guard’s reddish throat was ripped out crazily! His eyes stuck out with rage, clutching onto his throat as he forced out a “Ke Ke” sound. Blood gushed out from the finger sized rift, his entire body stumbling backwards as he leaned against the wall and convulsed. Eventually, he unwillingly collapsed and rolled onto the floor in spasm.

At this point, the formerly knocked down blackguard finally steadied himself up from the ground. He slowly brandished the blade on his waist. Furthermore, the heavily injured by Sheyan’s fist black guard also struggled to get up, standing side by side with his comrade. The both of them understood that their opponent was not so simple. Sheyan’s hand injury looked relatively garish, and the wound beneath his rib was whirling mess of scarlet flesh. It was like a tiny mouth spilling out blood, soaking his clothes thoroughly.

Faced with a 1 vs 2 situation, Sheyan slightly tilted his body with both arms extending out. Although his broken bone could be seen vaguely from his rib injury, his threatening eyes were relentless. It gave an impression of a strangely reserved leopard, dangerously stationary as it gave one a feeling of palpitation and ruthlessness.

This brief visual confrontation lasted only for a few seconds. Suddenly, Sheyan pulled back his right leg, and releasing it on the ground like a relentless thunderbolt. He kicked the heavily wounded and unconscious black guard into

the air, as the blood sprayed across the other side. The two black guards were already prepared as they retreated a step back, wary of a sudden attack by Sheyan from this distraction. Instead, Sheyan only gave out a haughty laugh, as he darted to his right. Raising his equipped with the exoskeleton left hand, he smashed down on a nearby iron chain.

Obviously, the iron chain of this era could not compare with the tough and durable ones in the future. Sparks flew as a sharp and clear ring sounded from the chain, it then broke into two. The chains dropped to the floor like two dead snakes. The pirate in captive immediately frantically struggled. Initially being gripped by fear and terror, he suddenly saw a ray of hope. This came in the form of broken iron chain, this was such a pleasant turn of events.

As he struggled without thinking of the consequences, he quickly regained his freedom. Picking up the blade, he cried out in agony as he charged towards the heavily injured black guard. Also, Sheyan aptly kept up with the pace, confronting the other black guard. Most of his attributes held overwhelming pressure over this injured black guard, in a duel he could handle it skillfully with relative ease. However, this blackguard looked extremely serene in the face of such attacks, it was like he completely abandoned his brain mechanisms of fear, depression and frustrations. He seemed to have an aura of never committing mistakes, which caused others to be like a mouse trying to pull a turtle but had nowhere to get a hand grip (Chinese idiom – no clue where to start).

Sheyan still harbored great ambitions, how could he be content to drag time over here? He ferociously swung his body round using his right shoulder to received the enemy's blade, as his blood gushed out causing him to lose 50 HP. Yet, Sheyan seized the opportunity when the black guard swung to raise his left fist, and ruthlessly smashed down! The black guard's pupils contracted, he could only toss away the blade in his hand as he used both hands to block his face in resistance. However, his inferiority in strength attribute cost him dearly. As Sheyan's hand pounded down, the black guard groaned as he staggered backwards with blood leaking at the side of his mouth.

Seizing this chance, Sheyan defiantly stepped forward, once again pounding with his fists. That cobalt steel exoskeleton glistened with bits of glow, as blood on it drizzled around like rain. This black guard could not retreat in time, he could

only use his elbow in an attempt to resist.

This time the blackguard's hurried resistance surmounted to nothing as his elbow was easily brushed away. "Thump!" This murderous cobalt steel weapon once again struck his throat, causing him to be blown into the air with both legs off the ground. He fell to his death, rolling a few times on the ground, eyeballs and tongue sticking out and a trickle of filthy blood down his lips.

In another short 10 seconds, the remaining heavily injured black guard was easily slayed by Sheyan and the freed pirate. After the battle ended, that pirate bend over at the bloodied stone platform as he wept with grief.

"Steven! I've avenged you, please rest in peace!"

At this time, Sheyan was finally able to see clearly the punishment executed by the 3 black guards. Although his mentality was tough, in this moment he still felt nauseous.

That dead pirate, Steven, had all 4 limbs binded to the stone platform. His abdomen clothes had been ripped apart, his belly button was carved apart by something sharp. Following that, his connecting blood sausage like intestines were ripped out and tied to a spinning wheel torture equipment above the stone platform. Once the wheel was spun, the victim's intestines would be forcefully uncoiled and dragged out, the pain was simply unimaginable!

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Even in the uncivilized and dark medieval times, this sort of cruel judgement could only be executed by master sorcerers, and were labeled as 'heresy'! Observing that malevolent and grimace expression of Steven, Sheyan could only sigh and offer a small condolences:

"No matter what, we've already avenged him. Right you should be Charlie, how are the rest doing?"

Pirate Charlie hesitated as he looked at Sheyan, he suddenly knelt and exclaimed:

"In my greatest despair I've sworn an oath, no matter who saved me, he will win my loyalty till my dying breath! Seaman Yan from the mysterious east, from now on you are my master!"

Sheyan was taken aback, but he very quickly received notifications from his nightmare imprint.

"You managed to rescue storyline character Charlie from the grips of death. Because of his oath, Pirate Charlie has become your servant."

"During your paused duration of the nightmare realm and world, a servant will continuously consume your utility points as wages, it will not take into account of your return to the present world. The higher the rank of the servant, the more utility points he/she will consume."

"Your servant is a battle type, upon death his loyalty degree will drop by 10 points. He may drop by 1-2 ranks according to the situation, but can be resurrected with an amount of utility points. The amount of utility points is based on the rank of the servant, and have a directly link to the equipments he is wearing."

“If a servant’s loyalty degree drops to a defecting level when he dies, then he will be unable to revive.”

“Your current charm is 8 points, once your servant’s loyalty degree drops below 80 points he will exhibit slacking behavior. Once it drops beneath 70 points, there is a possibility of defect.”

“Note: Acquiring a servant is extremely rare, please cherish this opportunity.”

“Do you wish to accept this named servant? Yes / No?”

Sheyan hesitated slightly, but still selected yes. The main deciding factor was because of that sentence “Acquiring a servant is extremely rare, please cherish this opportunity”. After selecting to accept, Pirate Charlie moved to stand behind him looking docile and obedient. Following that the nightmare imprint exhibited a series of notifications.

“Warning: Your servant’s loyalty degree is 55 points, it is within the danger zone.”

“Warning: Your servant’s loyalty degree is 55 points, it is within the danger zone.”

“Please raise your loyalty degree to above 70 points within the 24 hours protection phase, if not there is a possibility of your servant defecting after 24 hours.”

Looking at this warning, Sheyan heaved a sigh of relief. The things pirates adored were money, women, alcohol *etc.* Once this mission ends, raising his loyalty degree was not a challenge. However, Sheyan was still unclear about the capabilities of this Pirate Charlie, therefore, he started to probe at this person’s introductory information.

Pirate Charlie (Battle type servant): This is a common type character seen within the Pirates of the Caribbean world. His current ranking is 4, experience 1351/5000. After ranking up, his all around attributes will increase. He can also acquire potential points to upgrade his personal skills/abilities.

Current loyalty degree: 55 points. (Remaining protection time of 23 hours 49 seconds)

Basic attributes:

Strength: 8 points

Agility: 11 points

Physique: 8 points

Perceptive sensing: 4 points

Charm: 10 points

Intelligence: 5 points

Spirit: 5 points

Basic close combat lvl 1, basic endurance lvl 1.

Basic advance ability: Light firearms proficiency. This skill allows the user to be adept in using light gunpowder weapons.

Special ability: Pirate lvl 1 (Passive). Movement and attack speed increased by 15 aboard a ship, all attributes increased by 2.

Special ability: Weather-beaten lvl 1. Ability gives a bonus 150 HP to character.

Special ability: Expert Sailor (Active). Using this ability consumes 33 lifepoints of Pirate Charlie, resulting in increase in operating speed of ship's devices by 15. Duration lasts 10 minutes.

Equipment: Pirate crew shirt (Strength + 1)

Equipment: Pirate crew long pants (Charm + 1)

Weapon: Seaman blade (attacking power 5 – 9). This is a common blade within the pirates of the Caribbean world. It can be used in battle, or used in hacking at sails, multi-application.

Weapon: Manual musket (attack power 8 – 20. Accumulated power) This primitive firearm can occasionally display an unimaginable strength.

'Accumulated power': When not in battle state, the probability of explosive power of its next attack will increase with time, every minute will raise probability of explosive power by 1%. Maximum accumulation is 50%, and after firing the accumulated probability will disappear.

Looking at the information of this pirate Charlie, Sheyan felt that this Pirate Charlie was a contrast to mediocre. He was comparatively superior within the sea, and he held great interest in the 'Accumulated power' aspect of that musket. Although that ability can only be used once in a battle, but to the Sheyan who was currently lacking in a trick of explosive powers, it was extremely enticing.

After plundering the 3 black guards he killed, he did not discover anything of much value. Their swords included, are only grey objects like sabres etc, together, they could only be sold for about 400 utility points. This sort of stingy loots probably had a linked to their 'injured' status before Sheyan attacked. Sheyan hurriedly wrapped the wounds on his body, as his lifepoints gradually regenerated. He then turned around and inquired of pirate Charlie.

"Do you know where Scarface Harry and the rest headed off to?"

Charlie was formerly Scarface Harry's follower, he was even a close confidante. After Sheyan inquired, he held some hesitations, and remained silent. A raged welled up inside Sheyan, as he suddenly scolded out:

"You better remember your status! Since you've agreed to be my servant, then you should prioritize the interests of your master!"

Charlie jolted, immediately describing out:

"That time, I was following boss Harry on the same path, suddenly I discovered a room brimming with golden flickers, within it was a case filled fully with golden coins. Gold coins were scattered around the floor, resulting in everyone charging forward to snatch.....then the entire floor of the room sunk! Throwing everyone into confusion, some brothers were even stabbed by the booby trap below. Then that group of bastards raided us in the darkness, everyone was thrown into a panic as they frenziedly swung their fists at their friends. Finally we managed to escape into a dark corridor. Steven and I searched around and finally discovered a place filled with corpses then.... We got captured."

Sheyan listened carefully, but he realized there was a certain evasiveness in Charlie's expression. He instantly knew that this servant had purposely withheld certain information. Sheyan's primary charm was extremely low, in addition to that he was not compatible with Charlie, and only became his servant because of

his oath. His loyalty degree wasn't high. Furthermore, previously he was Scarface Harry's trusted confidante, it was natural that he would be holding something back. Just when Sheyan was about to force the truth out of him, he received warnings from the nightmare imprint.

"Warning: Your battle servant, Pirate Charlie, loyalty degree has dropped by 5 points."

"Warning: Your battle servant, Pirate Charlie, loyalty degree has dropped by 5 points."

"Please hurry up and raise your loyalty degree with your battle servant. If not once the loyalty degree has slipped to half of the initial value, then even if you have the protection phase, he will still defect."

Pirate Charlie's starting loyalty degree was merely 55 points. Half that would mean only 28 points. Sheyan's eyes flickered, relaxing his expression as he laughed gently.

"Poor Charlie, You are probably still affected by those bastard's cruel methods right? Why be so tensed up? The reason for finding Scarface Harry, is only to join up with him and the rest, right? Within this cursed castle, it is essential to have the same goals! Don't tell me you still want to fall into the hands of these bastards?"

Undoubtedly, Sheyan's last line stirred up great effects. After the trauma of such a abominable torture tactic, his entire body shuddered as he urgently spoke:

"Alright, master, let's hurry and go."

Sheyan surveyed his environment, his gaze once again landed on Pirate Charlie. It was obvious Pirate Charlie had avoided an extremely crucial question, that was the contents of the 3 black guards were persistently interrogating him about. However, he did not dare to probe further into this because it may result in the further declining of their loyalty degree. Therefore, to Sheyan, this guy still had an important value. Currently he still needed this Charlie by his side, once all these ended, Sheyan's lips curled into a cold smile. Sheyan had started living alone at the age of fourteen, he held not much emphasis for such a frail and indecisive servant like Pirate Charlie.



“Oh right, tell me more about the location of the place filled with corpses.”

Sheyan suddenly questioned.

Regarding information excluding Scarface Harry, Charlie described endlessly. Actually, three other divisions had infiltrated into the castle, but their scale was not as large as the Bell and Mug. Some were even acquaintances of Charlie, but they all met their end here. Their dead bodies were even collated and piled up by the black guards, and their arteries were even sliced to release blood, he had no clue what the bodies were being used for. Sheyan listened and reflected. He knew that amongst black magic there were several spells and witchcrafts that required immense amounts of blood. Yet, he did not want to think further, as he advanced silently.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 49**

## **Chapter 49: Verbal Sparring**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Pitch-black passage, dense smell of blood and a quiet mournful wailing. This slowly devoured away Pirate Charlie's soul. Sheyan uncaringly allowed him to walk ahead, while he himself leisurely followed from the back. Shayen sharply noticed, the decorative engravings on the wall had both new and old, the newer ones seemed to have been engraved in the recent years. If he were to differentiate them, it seemed like they were drawn with bizarre letters forming together. Although Sheyan did not understand these letters, he could feel from his sensing a weird chilling feeling that was hard to explain! It was like... the feeling of the underworld.

The floor suddenly shook.

Gently but firm.

It could be felt, that the entire castle was actually shaking!

Sheyan halted his steps, yet Pirate Charlie immediately prone to the ground, this sort of actions made it easy to tell why he was so easily captured before. Very quickly, the second stronger vibrations appeared, Sheyan could even feel that a portion of this massive tower was collapsing. After that, a barely audible and hard to distinguish cheering could be heard, but it was clear that those were the unique cheerings of pirates. Within the darkness, a raging and chilling throbbing could be heard, most of it coming from the guards who were frenziedly pacing about.

“Over here!” Pirate Charlie snapped out of his earlier confusion, using an excited tone saying. “God, they must have defeated those damned bastards! Boss did beautifully, using his sword to stabbed the venomous heart of these cowards in the shadows. He must have infiltrated the Tortuga castle treasury as promised!”

Sheyan’s pupils contracted, infiltrating the treasury? That disunited and split up group of pirates was actually able to achieve the goal? He suddenly realized that his own plans took a sudden twist. This twist only happened because Scarface Harry volunteered himself, but Sheyan only felt he was just a slight nuisance. But now, Sheyan realized that he had been underestimating Scarface Harry all this time, the man who gave him a start by purposely losing in armwrestling.

That scenario was not counted as a defeat caused Shayan to neglect Harry’s other identity, which was the notorious chief officer of the Bell and Mug! The second in command behind captain Ammand! Someone fierce and experienced that had slaughtered thousands during 20 years in the caribbean sea!

The two continued advancing in the darkness for another 10 minutes, they then witnessed a glaring blaze from faraway. Following that 20 over pirates drenched in blood strutted around and out a corner. Although these barbaric and rough pirates looked worn-out like a beggar, their expressions were that of a king. Everyone started to sing aloud and dance about. It was clear by looking at these group of people hobbling about, they carried 4 gigantic chests, and the chests were bound with copper hoops. On the chest were decorative engravings as beautiful as the flooring, of course the twin-headed serpent emblem of the Fokke Family was indispensable as well. Sheyan’s gaze fell on the chest, the notification he got was “Sealed treasures”, and nothing else.

Sheyan just realized Scarface Harry was leading at the front of the group, clutching both his fists, his upper body was leaking with his sturdy muscles. His body was glowing with a layer of silver, like olive oil had been smeared onto it and his facial muscles twitched occasionally. The surrounding pirates gazed upon this bald man as though he was the God of war.

Naturally, Scarface Harry displayed immense strength that was compatible to his reputation, trying very hard to save a crisis. He managed to rescue these

victims from the hell of a wrong mistake, wrong location and wrong battle tactics. This led to Sheyan's plan to crumble into a mess of ruins.

Of course, take note that his plan had only suffered a huge setback, it was not yet defeated.

Sheyan had already successfully persuaded Ammand to release him to go ashore, his scheme had already successfully been laid out. There was only a twist of events, but the only difference was only in how much he would gain from it. Furthermore, defeat was a word that had been temporarily tossed out of his dictionary. When these pirates discovered two persons approaching them from within the direction, then were alarmed and immediately braced themselves, pulling out their weapons. After seeing clearly Pirate Charlie's face they immediately gasped in shock and cheered:

"Oh! God. Guess who I just saw! It's actually our Charlie, you damned bastard, you haven't died yet! It's f\*\*king great to see you!"

The surviving pirate was no doubt Harry's trusted aide, therefore, after a series of teasing, Charlie immediately received a warm hearted treatment from the pirates, kneading his head and all. However, Sheyan who appeared behind did not receive the same treatment. Every pirate already knew, their earlier tragedy was because of person's mistake in judgement! They definitely would not look on Sheyan favourably, and some rough guys even brandished their swords and demanded justice for their fallen comrades.

"Bastard! You still dare to show your face in front of us?" A pirate raged out. His scoldings received the commendations of his comrades, and it seemed like they wanted to overturn the entire castle. Concealed by the uproar, Scarface Harry then stood out, his humongous physique was extremely oppressive. Sheyan could even see the veins on his temple pulsating, the beads of perspiration glowing on his bald head like the morning dew. The usually cheerful and friendly giant appearance seemed to be concealed by greyish dark thunderclouds.

Scarface Harry stared at Sheyan, his expression was like a hungry beast preying on his food. It was like he was about to burst over and behead him! This huge brute raised out his right hand, in this palm were many old fashioned bracelets.

These bracelets were crafted with weird materials, some were made with grass, some cut slices from the sail cloth. They were all rough and have traces of bloodstains on them, giving a sorrowful look.

“These, belonged to the brothers who gave it to me before they died. But there are many others who did not even have the chance to pass their bracelets to me! And all this was because of your mistake! Seaman Yan! Your foolish actions has caused many of other comrades to fall to the cold floors of this damned castle. You, let down the expectations of the Great Son of the Black Sea!”

While Harry was speaking, Sheyan could see the dense bulging veins within his eyes. His eyes were bloodshot and even his pupils could not be seen. It blended well with the tense atmosphere now, leaving one with a horrific taste in their mouths. Regarding the contents of that vehement howling, he had selectively disregarded it. To Sheyan, 130 hours and 29 minutes ago he had already calculated such an outcome could happen and was already prepared.

Sheyan looked at Scarface Harry without dreading, raising his own right hand and extending out his fingers he slowly spoke out.

“Regarding your criticisms I will not deny. But even a captured and bounded person, is entitled the privilege of his last words! I have only one question, Harry, I hope you answer me honestly.”

Scarface Harry’s face twitched. It was obvious his own state was not as good as it looked. However, Sheyan’s request was undoubtedly reasonable, he cannot and could not reject it. Unless he immediately acted out and killed him!

“What else do you have to say?”

Scarface Harry’s voice carried a raging explosiveness. Concurrently he took out a wine pouch, and drank from it. Although this may cause the injured part of his head to worsen, Scarface Harry did not care so much anymore.

“Since you criticise that my plan was wrong, then if it were you, what would you do before entering the castle?”

Sheyan replied in a manner that was fitting of his style, swift and aggressive like offense is the best defence! It was like a dagger to the crux of the problem!

Harry raised his brows, he knew that Sheyan's words carried a certain snare. However, his brain had been clouded by the searing pain, it was like numerous needles poking randomly through his ears, straining a huge portion of his mentality.

Yet, Sheyan's question carried a particular relevance, because more people would have questioned themselves after experiencing a certain event. Most people would have the thought of; "If it were me, what would I do?". The thrill of placing themselves into the shoes of others in history and trying to change events cause Scarface Harry to be engrossed and hesitant of an answer, also partly because of the pain. Yet, a few pirates started to curse and swear at Sheyan, as they personally answered his question.

"You fool, your brain is infested with worms! Obviously we will stick together and slowly search. Once those rats hidden in the dark move even a hair, we will immediately blast out their innards with our muskets! This way we would not lose half our men, those bastards will know, our blades and gunfire tastes even better than starch and the sea breeze!"

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 50

## Chapter 50: Words like Daggers

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and ELkassar

Sheyan frowned as he swept these pirates with his cold and disdainful gaze. Although he did not say a thing, his contemptuous look revealed his inner mockery. Until the shoutings and the curses died down, Sheyan then raised his voice calmly.

“Respected ladies and gentlemen, what do you take this place for? London’s Oxford street? A random bar? Or a merchant ship that has been captured by you?”

His quick-fired questions in succession caused the pirate’s enthusiasm and rage to suddenly choke back into their throats.

“This is Tortuga castle! The reason we can charge in with blades and torches raised to fill our wrinkled pockets, is because we seized an amazing opportunity that only happens once in 70 years!! If we did what you pictured, a hundred persons grouping up and slowly creeping around this damned castle.....yes, I admit, this perfect plan will guarantee the safety of everyone. But tell me, how long do you intend to take to search the whole building? One day? Two days? Or one week? This cursed castle has rooms as huge as houses!”

Up till here Sheyan then slackened his voice, using a resolute and sarcastic tone he continued:

“Two hours, yes, two hours. But this duration includes us going from our old mate (referring to the Bell and Mug) to here and back again. That is our limit for

raiding Tortuga castle! Once we overshoot this duration, then I'm sure, at the castle's entrance obstructing us would definitely be the Demonic rider himself, the respected Lord Fokke. If not him, then perhaps the chief officer of the Black Pearl Jack Sparrow and his scheming. He may let us leave, but he would definitely required to lay down our weapons and every valuable loot we obtained. Is there anyone who still wishes to question my method? Anyone! F\*\*king step up now!"

Sheyan's eyes were blazing with an unexplainable fury, as he said to this point. His thundering voice echoed throughout the empty corridors of the castle. These overbearing pirates all started looking at each other in dismay, since they had no words of rebuttal, they avoided eye contact with Sheyan's eyes. At this critical moment, Sheyan struck out with his already prepared mental dagger.

"Morons, wake up! You think coming here is as easy as going to a random British bank, firing some warning shots, and slapping the asses of the female workers to get money? Every golden coin here carries the blood and the mournful wails of departed spirits! If this was a heaven that easily gave out treasures, then why didn't Ammand himself lead you guys? You, me and everyone clearly understands, if we could bring such hefty treasures back, even if there was one of us left the Great Son of the Black Sea would still rejoice. But if we return empty handed, even if all our hair remained intact, then all of us would definitely be made to walk the plank! Is there anyone who thinks I'm wrong? Step forward! Step forward ah!!"

"Enough! Shut your damned mouth!" Scarface Harry boomed out with his furious voice. Sheyan's face was resentful. But that bald head had glaring bloodshot eyes, his facial muscles trembled uncontrollably, it was obvious his rage had hit the limit. If not for that damned searing pain in his head, Scarface Harry would definitely counter argue against Sheyan's sharp words. Instead the only thing he could do was to shut the mouth of this eastern yellow-skinned monkey!

Sheyan's last few sentences had already pierced into the hearts of everyone. A dangerous mentality was starting to spread amongst this small group. Some of Sheyan's words were indeed overboard, but his speech was undoubtedly 70-80% correct. His words unknowingly brought in a feverish instigation to the hearts of the pirates. This had nothing to do with charm, but because Sheyan was good at



capturing the dark side of people's hearts. Furthermore, the pirates were not short of dark sides in their hearts.

A deathly silence ensued, but the formerly raging animosity the pirates had against Sheyan had already subsided by 50-60%. Of course the anger had not fully vanished, but Sheyan had successfully transferred some of it to Ammand. The atmosphere was awkwardly silent, finally Sheyan clapped his hands and tried to rally the pirates.

"Everyone! It looks like you have succeeded in ransacking the treasury of this demonic place. Now what is important is that we can shift these objects to a safer place in one piece. Raise your knees, let us swiftly leave this damnable place!"

Very naturally, Sheyan robbed the hurting Scarface Harry of his script. His bossy orders were obeyed by the silent pirates. Scarface Harry raised his brows, he could smell a strange dangerous feeling from Sheyan. If Sheyan could be said to be a talented and self-effacing knife when he first came aboard, then the Sheyan now was like a raging fire mountain, spitting suffocating smog out and blazing magma!

"Wait till we return and I'll settle you." Scarface Harry remained emotionless, he thought to himself harbouring a strong killing intent. No matter what, now was not a good time to deal with Sheyan. Putting personal feelings aside, the critical duty was to deliver these generous treasures back into Ammand's hands!

At this moment he glanced at his trusted confidante, Charlie. This already missing brat in his memories was now standing by his side laughing and chatting away. Scarface Harry felt a warmth in his heart, he could feel harmony between these filthy greedy pirates beside him already cracking apart. Furthermore, at this point most of his trusted aides were either dead or heavily injured. In this unstable environment, there was nothing better than suddenly having a trusted friend beside him.

This good news lessened Scarface Harry's searing headache, he immediately pulled pirate Charlie to him and spanked his ass. Using a rough and familiar laughter he teased.

”

“Damned scum, looks like even hell doesn’t want you!”

Pirate Charlie giggled, casually jousting about with Scarface Harry as usual. Beside Scarface Harry, he always acted pretty silly. However, Harry’s next words stumbled him.

“Right, they mentioned you had been captured by those black rats and taken to some hidden room. How did you expose their asses and escape?”

By asking this, Scarface Harry was firstly trying to brag about this man’s courage and determination. Secondly, he was trying to borrow his success to raise the gloomy morale that was suppressed by Sheyan’s few words. Regrettably, he neglected the point that Pirate Charlie had appeared only a few seconds before Sheyan, they came from the same channel!

“I’m sorry, sir.” Pirate Charlie started stammering. “Its..... Its.....”

Scarface Harry’s emotions became a little jittery, he did not notice his subordinate’s peculiar behaviour, slapping his head and scolded.

“I have reminded you thousands of time, speak louder when you talk to me!”

“Yes sir!” Pirate Charlie immediately straightened his voice. “Steven and I after being captured by those scums, our poor Sten had his intestines forcefully dragged out by several metres, in the end he cried up and died. Before I was about to suffer the same cruel fate, Crew head.....”

After uttering crew head, these 2 words, Pirate Charlie witnessed Sheyan coincidentally glancing behind. He immediately remembered his new status and altered his words.

“It was master who rescued me from that nightmare.”

The word master attracted the ears of everyone present. Some were astonished, some were amazed and yet some were....furious! Following that, Pirate Charlier recounted his earlier incidents with a stammering and fast voice. Finally he shrugged his shoulders and spoke with a helpless voice.

“I’m very lucky to still be alive in the face of such despair, therefore I will honour my oath. Sacrificing my freedom to serve my saviour. This is probably my destiny, who knows.”

At this moment, the other pirates started to gaze upon Sheyan with an unusual look. Every one would also wish to have someone selflessly not caring about his own life to rescue them from the verge of death. Yet, Sheyan had done it, and the person he saved was even Scarface Harry's trusted confidante. This unknowingly gave this pirates a broader and public-spirited sensation. To Scarface Harry, his initial excitement had dropped to an all time low. This sort of feeling of punching the air and having it recoil back to harm him made him want to vomit blood.

They continued advancing with Sheyan at the helm. Presently, he had already understood the earlier happenings. After segregating into six groups, these pirates were like a greedy pack of mice as they quickly dispersed to every corner of the castle. Because of all sorts of booby traps and witchcraft they suffered heavy casualties. At this moment, Scarface Harry stood up, this robust viking that was ferocious as a bear demonstrated explosive and terrifying strength. He led a group of trusted comrades to save two groups of desperate pirates. Afterwards, he purposely released a blackguard during battle and traced his footsteps until they found the castle treasury.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 51

## Chapter 51: Bloody Mechanism

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Although the treasury door was extremely hard, so much that even ghosts would give up passing through it, Scarface Harry drank a glass of devil's medicine, that was heard of in the legends. Using the simplest but crude method of forcing the treasury door open, was the reason that Sheyan formerly felt the entire castle vibrating.

As they are nearing the main doorway of the castle and could even see the rays of blaze coming from the outside. The pirates excitedly roared. Instead, Sheyan sensed an unexplainable danger, a sensation that was like drowning in the Arctic ocean. At this moment, at the corner of his eyes, Sheyan noticed the nearby castle wall. There were numerous decorative engravings, but the newer word character like decorative engravings were more plentiful. Sheyan used his hand to feel against the engraving, he felt a warmth that did not tally with the chill he had in mind.

It was a warmth that was close to body temperature.

"Don't tell me the guard's aim for releasing blood is....."

A fierce and dangerous feeling surged in his heart, his eyes flickered as he glanced at Scarface Harry at the rear end. This bulky brute had beads of sparkling perspiration glowing countlessly in his bald head, he had not engage in any intense activity for the past half an hour, why was he sweating so much? Sheyan's lips formed into a cold sneer, he abruptly halted his footsteps and shouted out:

“Listen to me! If you guys still wish to enjoy your rum, sunshine, beaches and women, then we cannot advance anymore.”

The group of pirates looked at him in a stupor.

One of Harry's subordinates, Pirate Sigma, replied with a sarcastic tone:

“What you mean is you want us to turn around, and lawfully return the treasure chest to the respected Little Lord Fokke?”

Sheyan anxiously replied:

“There is a huge danger ahead, believe me, I can sense it. The safest way to leave this castle shouldn't be by the stairs but by the air. Although the castle's second floor is high, but i think the most serious consequences of jumping down would only be a little injury to the legs.”

Sigma had already become Harry's messenger, he immediately argued back:

“Then should we leave the Little Lord Fokke's chest over here?”

Sheyan sincerely implored:

“Everyone can put in effort to carry some on hand, then we will toss the chest out of the window.”

“Your suggestion will only shrink our loots by more than half!” Sigma laughed coldly as he took out a porcelain from the nearby chest. “Look at this delicate china porcelain! Its as smooth as an infant's skin, rubbing it is like groping at a sixteen year old virgin's..... It is worth at least 50000 pounds sterling to any British nobility. But falling from a half a foot high would already cause it to shatter in a million pieces, it is not worth!”

At this point, Scarface Harry coughed gently. It was not because his throat had phlegm but because he wanted the attention to be directed to him.

“We will advance forward.....no matter if it's angels or demons obstructing us, we will equally trample over them!”

“Very good, in order to establish superiority he overruled me.”

Sheyan sighed in his heart, but still remained firm in appearance. He helplessly raised his hands as though he wanted to say something, but the impatient

pirates brushed past him in succession. Even his servant Charlie excitedly rushed ahead, but fortunately after running for 10 metres out he remembered his master Sheyan and returned to find him. Currently, Sheyan felt helpless and lonely, he was like a lone upright reef on the seabed. But people normally forget, the tide would quickly subside, but a reef would stand firm for a millennium!

The pirates gape at the glimmer coming from outside the castle gate, frenzy and hope filled their eyes. Already trapped in this darkness enshrouded castle for too long, they could not wait to bask in the familiar and warm sea breeze. Although they were exhausted, they quickened their steps and nobody glanced back to look at Sheyan. Nobody expected that they have already fell into a huge pitfall.

Sheyan shook his head gently as he reclined a few steps back. His perceptive sensing had forewarned him. In actual fact, from a young age Sheyan possessed a strong analytical intuition and meticulous thinking. If not, he wouldn't have been able to climb to the position of vice captain at the young age of 17 years old.

However, this great scheming ability was not flawless. Its greatest flaw was that it needed adequate thinking period and essential information! In the present world, Uncle Dasi's sudden case was an emergency, how much buffer time did it gave to Sheyan?

Given Sheyan's capability at that time, was there a possibility of devising a plan to finish off Huashan Fei? Yes! However he would need 1 year to prepare and arrange everything! Putting it bluntly, under those circumstances, even the smartest housewife cannot cook without rice (Chinese idiom – you won't get anyway without equipment).

After entering the Terminator world, Sheyan who had just entered the space suffered from all sorts of assault. This was because he was still unfamiliar to the world, he had to familiarize himself with the rules and regulations and even grasp his personal strength and abilities. He was human and not God, if he could still scheme under such circumstances, then his only consequence would be to implicate himself.

Until arriving at this world could Sheyan exhibit fully this outstanding ability

bred from his character. Primarily, he had adequate time, upon arriving he was also relatively familiar with the Caribbean Sea world. Furthermore he managed to obtain essential information from different places, and these information were not confined to this world. He obtained it through the shadow of this world as well as his 'insight' ability. It can be said that his ability could only be demonstrated through preparation of different factors. But looking back now, his devised schemes still contained some loopholes, luckily lady luck had continually shined on him. That was why his plans had not been ruined, and continued to develop.

It was when the pirates approached the main gate that the air suddenly sounded with a minute for queer sound. This sound was like the murmur of a dried river, or the nibbling of fragments from a mulberry tree. Within the darkness, something had unfolded. Scarface Harry's brows jumped, he immediately halted his steps. But the giant stone floor of the entrance had already started to reverse abruptly, it became like a towering wall in front of everyone!

Two persons were impaled on the massive spikes of the stone board.. These two faces were extremely familiar with the pirates! They were the previously dispatched navigator Xiaer and Blind Matt who were used to suppress Sheyan. But right now these two had their entire body nailed onto this immense black colored stone board, their fate unknown. But their skin was ghastly pale, it looked like all their blood had been drained out.

Most of them gasped in astonishment, some cried out loudly while others wanted to save them, and yet some recalled Sheyan's words and backed off. The originally organized group fell into a mess. The pirates were all confused and shocked. "Beng!" another sound floated into the air! That sound seemed to be groanings from the downtown area, if one wasn't careful in listening and discerning, one would not discover its existence. But once it was discovered, it was already almost within reach!

That was the sharp sound of an arrow piercing through the air!

Based on Sheyan's judgement, that arrow shot from outside was travelling above a speed of 100 metres/second, it was like a bolt falling down from the 60th floor. Or a rock that was tossed in front of a speeding at 200km car. Such

destructive speed was exceptionally astonishing, even an ordinary thumb size thick board would be unable to block against it within 100 metres. What more these exhausted pirates?

Those penetrating sounds recklessly resonated, moving at such high speeds and rotating in midair were these arrows. Its tip carried a cyan phosphorescent. Looking at the long standard body, these iron arrows were fletched using wood. It was made with a ratio of 3 iron to 1 nickel, a standard England manufactured weapon. All around the castle walls were several small indistinct holes which were hard to notice during the daytime. Those arrows were all shot from there, leaving deep holes that looked like carved out eyeballs as it stared viciously.

The pirates standing in the hallway were like wheat being harvested, falling down in successions. In such a matter of life and death, nobody dared to conceal their strength. Naturally the people surrounding Scarface Harry were stronger by a length.

Especially Pirate Sigma who previously argued with Sheyan, he demonstrated an astonishing strength. At the first sign of attack he already instantly drew out his blade, a light blue glow covering the blade, slicing around with thundering power he chopped three incoming arrows into half. Following that he used his empty left hand to fish out this musket, and repelled two arrows heading for Scarface Harry.

However his outstanding performance attracted the attention of their hidden enemies!

As the light blue smoke had not dissipated from the musket, the decorative engravings on the wall suddenly flashed out. At this point, Sheyan sensed an even bigger danger, the hair on his body immediately stood up. He immediately took cover behind a sheltering object. Simultaneously, from a hole on the stone wall, a incomparably blinding ray suddenly exploded out!



# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 52**

## **Chapter 52: Desperation**

**Translated by:Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

The ray emerged without sound nor warning, but following it in the air sounded out a shrilling, whistling as an oval object sped with great trajectory. Its target was obviously Pirate Sigma, and even the dust was blasted into holes in the air. Sigma tried to deflect it with his blade but to no avail as a huge hole formed on his throat by that ray.

Through the empty hole where the merciless throat splitting ray came from, Sheyan managed to catch a glimpse of the scenery behind it before another batch of arrow was loaded in.

!

Since it already taken a life, this throat splitting projectile was not satisfied but even surged with greater intent. Away from Sigma's fuming but lifeless eyes and while the blood was still gushing out of his throat, it penetrated the chest of the pirate behind Sigma with great velocity. The impact lifted that guy up as he crashed against the stone wall behind him. The bloodied corpses slowly slid down, leaving a sorrowful splash of ocher on this old castle wall.

Probably due to the searing headache, Scarface Harry's reaction was relatively delayed. Furthermore his tall and sturdy body had a greater surface for the arrows to land on. However, these arrows were fatal to the other pirates, but to Scarface Harry, he had a maximum HP of 1300 points. He was a monster with at least 15 points of defence, even when the arrows pierced him, it was only able to inflict serious damage but not fatal ones. His entire body was covered with 5-6

arrows, the arrows penetrated about a foot into his body, as the feathered tails of the arrow projected a sickening and sorrowful sight.

Suddenly Scarface Harry snapped out of his dream, gasping he lifted his head. The blood gushing out of Sigma's throat had just nice splashed onto the face of this bald headed brute.

Warm blood.....

Bone-chilling blood!

Why is there so much blood, that damned headache is not letting me go.....

Why is this face so familiar?

Wait, damn it, there is a huge hole in Sigma's throat?

Another old mate fell in front of him, yet another old mate fell in front of him!

In this moment, Scarface Harry's eyes flushed with a sinister red. His bulging muscles suddenly burst through his linen clothing, ripping it into shreds. Even a length of the arrows that were lodged in his body was forcefully pressed out. Sheyan who was witnessing this in the safety of his cover could feel the hair of his arms standing. In a flash, he felt that Scarface Harry seemed to have transformed into a massive black hole, sucking in all the air that was around him!

Sheyan's pupils contracted, he could already sensed something: Half an hour ago he had missed such an exciting fight, but now the main actor Mr Harry will perform the sequel and satisfy his entertainment craving! Although his would definitely come at a huge price!

Scarface Harry inhaled deeply. This action caused the green serpent like veins on his neck and head to bulged up, his bloodshot eyes even protruded out by nearly 2 cm! Following his breathing motion, firstly the mouth then the throat frighteningly swelled up. It was like a basketball was forcefully shoved down his mouth! This sort of horrifying sight led Sheyan to unconsciously think of a toad like creature. The swelled area rapidly deflated in Scarface Harry's body, as it travelled to his right hand causing it to expand abnormally.

Scarface Harry then massively raised this right first and smashed against the floor in front of him!

Concurrently, the arrows lodged within him were forced out as it scattered to the floor with blood and flesh still stuck to it.

Only the faint silverish glow remained on his body.

At the moment when the fist came in contact with the floor, his massive right arm could be clearly seen to return back to its original state. On the floor in front of him, was a strange protrusion of earth, as it rapidly surged towards the distant shadows! It looked like that was the air that Harry had taken in deeply, swirling in his body for a while before unleashing with such monstrosity into the ground!

‘Muscle explosion!’

The entire castle once again shook violently. It could be clearly felt that its foundations were even trembling. Consecutively, watery blood spurted out from the right arrow holes of the right wall, splashing on the floor as if teasing them. Within it, bits of flesh could be differentiated out. Obviously, the few enemies hidden in the secret room had been pressured to death by the massive fist.

At the same time, Scarface Harry’s entire body emitted a strange sound. It sounded like a soaked blanket being twisted so hard that it thoroughly ripped apart. He then collapsed face first with a boom, as though a mountain was crumbling. The fallen Scarface Harry was still convulsing on the floor, lumps of purple surfaced on his body. If Sheyan was an experienced physician, he would easily make the following diagnosis:

Sickness: Severe muscle laceration of the entire body.

Reason: Fatigue leading to reduction in muscle elasticity.

Even though Scarface Harry demonstrated again his immense strength and eliminated the enemies hidden in the secret room, the pirates had already suffered a catastrophe. Earlier, there were only a bit more than 20 survivors, but after the barrage of savage shootings, their total strength was halved once again. The remainder were all heavily wounded, what was worth mentioning was that Pirate Charlie had also charged forward to assist Scarface Harry but he fortunately received an arrow to his arm only. It was probably because his strength was too average and nobody took special notice of him.

Faced with such a situation, the only perfectly fine Sheyan did not jump out and jeered at them saying that they should have listened to his advice. He humbly crawled out of his safety zone, and started to treat the injured people. Also he arranged the appearance of those the fallen ones.

Undoubtedly, after completing these task, although he did not say anything, he managed to receive the allegiance of 7-8 of the surviving pirates, this was probably linked to Harry's silence as well. Although the gap between them and the castle gates was only a mere tens of metre away, but everyone gazed upon the entrance with fear. That was until Sheyan initiatively carried a chest and walked towards the entrance.

"It should be safe now." Sheyan used a resolute tone. "Earlier on those scums that was killed should be the last line of defence for the castle. If they can still produce a few more, then none of you should be alive by now."

Under Sheyan's lead, the rest of the pirates carried the remaining five chest filled with treasures and fled from the place. Scarface Harry was supported by two people, wobbling as they left Tortuga castle. Although he looked at Sheyan with a complicated look, he ultimately sighed and followed him. After they left for about 10 minutes, another group of pirates fanatically charged into the castle to plunder it. If Sheyan and company were delayed, there would definitely be a bitter conflict between the two parties.

At this time, the events at the sea was also a mess, the blazing battle flames illuminated the night sky. Because of the affluent nature in Tortuga port, it instigated a civil war between the plundering pirates. Maybe some pirates had their loots stolen, or maybe they could not decide how to split their stuffs as it stirred up a huge internal chaos between them. Panting and at the brink of exhaustion, the pirate group painstakingly arrived at their rendezvous point. To their despair they discovered that the middle of port was engulfed in a huge blaze. They realized that their barge (small boats) had been used by some out of controlled pirates as instruments to vent their frustrations. And regarding the three pirates that were left behind as messengers as well as to protect the boats, not one of them was left alive.

Heaven never bars one's way (chinese idiom – never give up hope). Relying on their familiarity of this place, the group of pirates went to a nearby area in the

port to search, and to their surprise, they found a small size sailboat anchored over there. On board were 10 over old and sickly looking pirates, they looked to be waiting for their fellow comrades. The pirates were on the Bell and Mug were all specially selected elite hooligans, although they were all injured, but they had already regained some of their senses. Under the leadership of their core member Sheyan, they thoroughly decimated the pirates on the sailboat, and successfully seized control of this 15 metre long lone sailboat.

Although Sheyan and company were temporarily safe, however, there was an imminent problem. The current surviving pirates were adequate to operate this sailboat, but they were not enough to protect themselves in battle. Once they meet an enemy ship on sea, then they would be like sitting ducks waiting to die. Looking upon the the pot porridge (complete mess) at sea, although they knew that the Bel and Mug was currently 10 over miles to the west, nobody dared to suggest sailing there in a straight line.

Some suggested sending people ahead to notify Ammand to receive them, but once they asked for volunteers everyone remained mouth-tight. Everyone knew the consequences of running across this chaotic Tortuga port while being injured.

After a series of discussions, Sheyan suggested taking a roundabout route along the north side of the island. The consequence of this was that their returning journey would be extended to over half an hour, but their safety would be guaranteed at least 80%. After the calamity at the castle entrance, very few sounded out in objection against Sheyan's suggestion as they swiftly came to a consensus.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 53

## Chapter 53: Dissension

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Within the pitch-black hold of the boat, an aroma spiralled from the lone burning candle.

The thick walls adds-up to the great soundproofing. This was probably because the original owner placed several thick pieces of flannel between the wooden partitions. Even the raging waves sounded gentle to the ears.

Scarface Harry lied down in the captain's cabin, although the candle extinguished unknowingly, he had no intentions of lighting it again. To someone who was constantly tortured by this massive headache, this peaceful darkness offered him a little comfort. His temples were pulsing with tremendous pain, if he used his thumb to press on it, the pain would be lessen. However, by doing this, his arm muscles will ache in violent protest.

"If it was ten years ago, how would I have looked so pathetic! Luckily, we are about to return to the Bell and Mug soon."

Scarface Harry caressed the silver sword in his hands, even in the darkness this sword was brimming with brilliance of silver glow! This was the personal weapon Ammand had loaned him previously.

At this moment, the door suddenly swung open! A black figure entered along with the fresh sea breeze as he hastily rushed in, bringing with him a thick panting. His panting was not due to exhaustion but carried an indescribable panic and urgency.

“Mister, Mr Harry! A mutiny has occurred on the boat, they’ve killed Carter! They wanted me to change your bandage to a poisonous one. The entire boat has turned against us, the only thing in their mind now is to kill you and split the plentiful treasure.”

Scarface Harry’s eyes instantly opened widely. Although his body was brimming with pain, at this moment, all the killing intent had returned to this massively strong viking. He jumped up nimbly and asked with a pressured voice.

“How many of them, Charlie?”

The person sneaking in was actually Sheyan’s slave, Charlie. His voice was shaking as he replied.

“S.....Six of them. The poisonous bandage will only activate after a minute. When that time comes they will immediately charge in!”

Scarface Harry bit his lips hardly, his expression flashing with ferocity. His voice was squeezed out between his gritting teeth.

“Very good, very good!”

Unsure whether he was saying Charlie did a good job, or directed to the traitorous Sheyan and company. Scarface Harry impatiently paced around in the hold, flaring his nose he asked.

“Have you drank? Have you?”

At this point, there was no questioning that alcohol would numb the incredible pain, and arouse the adrenaline. In order to brace his courage and sell out his master and the other pirates, Charlie definitely had drank some alcohol. He listened to Scarface Harry’s questioning and aggressively nodded his head.

“Yes yes yes, before I came I drank a little. There is still a full pouch here.”

Scarface Harry reached out his hand and pulled out the wine pouch at Charlie’s waist. Raising his head and using one hand to support, a stream of deep yellow alcohol liquid shot into his mouth. His throat squirmed, and within seconds the entire wine pouch was drained clean. His eyes were intensified with a sorrowful bloodshot. Under the stimulation of the alcohol, Scarface Harry exhaled a huge breath. He looked extremely comfortable, but after a few seconds his serene

expression changed into a sinister one. He roared out like a surrounded beast that had stepped into a trap, right in the face he grabbed onto Charlie, frenziedly shouting out:

“You dared to betray me, poisoning the rum!”

The averaged sized Charlie being grabbed on my this massive viking Harry, was like a fowl trembling uncontrollably and waiting to be slaughtered. Charlie’s face had a complicated expression, mournful crying out.

“I didn’t, I didn’t!! They really said to use the poisonous bandage!”

“PaPaPa.” Sounds of clapping echoed in from outside the room. A group of guys streamed down from the stairs in one line. Leading the way was the fully equipped Sheyan, behind him was a group of vile and ruthless looking pirates. They look like a bunch of greedy and crafty looking wolves. Sheyan glanced at Charlie, his face formed a mysterious slight smile.

“Well done, my servant.”

Charlie was momentarily stunned, and Scarface Harry eyes felt like they were cracking. He was having a dizzy spell, and he felt that there was not one part in his body that wasn’t pain. He exerted strength and suddenly roared out and snapped the neck of Charlie! Then he flung him aside, as he landed against the wall with a crash. Sliding to the floor like a couch, there was no longer any movements. Only two tears of blood were gradually rolling down from the dead Charlie’s eyes, no one knew if it was tears or blood!

Sheyan received a notification, “Your servant, pirate Charlie, has died,” from the nightmare imprint. However, he never placed this close to his heart. In his scheming, Charlie was like joke that had no strength nor loyalty. Currently, managing to bring out the best outcome from this joke was enough, regarding his in head, he was totally not a bothered within his plans. Sheyan and the pirates glanced at Charlie’s corpse and started laughing out loud in unison. Their laughter further agitated the already going insane Scarface Harry. An extremely negative sensation was gradually surging within his heart, he roared out:

“F\*\*king morons, what are you laughing at?”

Sheyan stared at him with a sympathetic look, softly saying:



“Congratulations on killing the only loyal person you have on this boat.”

After hearing his phrase, his bloodshot eyes bulged out, as he stammered a few step backs, shouting:

“Impossible! Impossible, he obviously poisoned me with the rum!”

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders, laughing out with contempt.

“Actually, Charlie’s loyalty was obviously written all over his face. We merely set up a little trick in letting him believe that a harmless bandage carried poison, but actually in his wine and food, we had already secretly poisoned it. This logic is so simple if he really intended to harm you, why did he wait for you to finish drinking and not escape?”

“If he really intended to harm you, why did he wait for you to finish drinking and not escape?”

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“If he really intended to harm you, why did he wait for you to finish drinking and not escape?”

Sheyan’s last sentence was like a sharp dagger, mercilessly stabbing repeatedly against Scarface Harry’s heart. He couldn’t help but turn his head and glance. Seeing the blood tears flowing from Charlie’s face who had suffered such an unjustifiable death; he felt an absolute resentment bursting through his heart. There was nowhere to flow, it was as though it was about to force his entire body to erupt! He frenziedly howled. Only one notion remained in his mind, that was to slay them all! Kill everything that was living in front of him. Even if it cost his own life, even if it cost him the entire world!

Sheyan’s pupils contracted, the unknown variable had once again surfaced in his plans! The nightmare imprint warned him in a flash.

“Scarface Harry’s agitation has exceeded his mental limits! Ancient viking blood aroused!”

“Scarface Harry has sunk into a fanatical state! He will not feel any pain, or external negative effects. He will completely rely on his primitive instincts to

engage in battle, damage receive from enemies increased by 200, damage inflicted to enemies increased by 250!”

Scarface Harry howled out like a wild beast, his fist headed directly for Sheyan’s head! This punch was filled with strength and weight, leaving one a feeling of a heavy 50 ton pickup truck colliding straight on. When Sheyan just entered this world, he won over Scarface Harry in an arm wrestling match. Hence, in his heart, he was confident and stretched out both fists to block. However upon impact, he could feel an immeasurable strength from the opposition, oppressing him with such a force that even breathing was difficult. Sheyan was blown away as his legs left the floor and he crashed out of the door as the broken wood fragments scattered around. The sound was so tremendous that even the rest sprawled to the floor. When he stood up, blood was already leaking out of the corner of his mouth.

“Damned....” Sheyan in this moment understood the reason why his strength was easily suppressed. First should be his title, and second his equipment!

Currently they were battling on sea, Sheyan’s title “Pirate ringleader” could enable his personal strength + 2 and physique +2. Therefore regarding this chief officer Harry, he definitely possessed a stronger title, giving him more added bonuses. Previously he was just sparring casually with arm wrestling back in the bar. Such a normal and leisure activity, even with many outsiders around, he would never utilize his full equipment. This reason was akin to the no.1 killer in the present world, never walking around with huge assassination tools.

Although upon exchanging blows, Sheyan held absolute disadvantage and was even beaten to such a sorry state, Sheyan had already made preparations earlier on. Scarface Harry was like a raging lion stepping out of the door in pursue of his prey but he suddenly felt a blaze in front of him. Someone was throwing several torches at him. He furiously swiped away the torches, but a massive strength suddenly collided against him with great ferocity. His entire body stumbled backwards, and he suddenly felt a weird ice-cold yet scorching feeling from his chest to his back. Following that, a searing pain that enveloped his entire body like a spinning web.

At this point, the stunned Harry lowered his head, and saw a deep object lodged into his chest. It seemed to be the tail of an arrow, but it was vibrating

greatly as the arrowhead emerged from the back with flesh and blood attached to it. The night sky reflected a certain sorrowful look onto the crimson arrowhead.

This arrow was already set up on the boat, it was released with a crossbow used in naval battles! Such a crossbow could even penetrate the thick and heavy ship boards, it was obviously able to inflict damage onto Scarface Harry. Sheyan and the rest had already aimed the crossbow towards the doorway of the ship's hold. It was to leave Scarface Harry with a fierce memory!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 54

## Chapter 54: Break, break, break, explode!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

An abrupt severe attack, a complicated feeling swept across Scarface Harry's entire body. This feeling included pain, deceived, rage, insanity, ruthlessness.....

His eyes turned scarlet! It seemed like the blood within him had all gone to his head. This sort of impetuous unrestraint killing intent had wiped out all rationality he had in him! With a fuming roar, he actually used his hand to pull out the arrow from his chest. He was completely oblivious to the huge chunk of meat that was pulled out along with it as he completely threw it aside.

At the same time, Watt who was standing at the edge of the boat suddenly paused, both his hands clawing at the air aimlessly, his eyes popping out. Looking closely, there was actually a semi broken arrow stuck deeply into his throat. It had not penetrated fully, but the skin at the back of his neck had a slight protrusion! Looking carefully, the tail of the arrow had already snapped off, it was actually the arrow that was pulled out from the heavily injured Scarface Harry. Watt swept the entire field with his dying eyes, his throat producing a choking sound as he heavily slumped against the edge, rolling over. A small splash rippled the pitch-black ocean, and finally vanished.

Everyone present did not believe that in such a situation, Scarface Harry was still able to counterattack. In one move, he actually slayed the core Pirate Watt! Looking at this bald viking with his twin scarlet red eyes, an entire body drenched in blood and the insane reckless charging, he was like a fierce lion that refused to respond to death's call no matter how injured he was! This final resolution of

might alone was able to cause the remaining pirates to shudder in fear. But at this moment, Sheyan heavily took a deep breath, spreading out his arms outrageously and charged forward!

“Dong!” the hull of the boat inclined to the left by at least 30 degrees, the surface of the sea bubbled up a violent ripple. Scarface Harry crazily raised both fist and heavily pounded down, but was actually ingeniously dodged by Sheyan. The suffering victim was the thick side of the boat, as a big hole emerged with wooden planks piercing out in all directions. Sheyan lifted his left fist, under the dim illumination of the flames, a shiny metallic glow flickered! He seized this opportunity, lowering his body and dealt a punch towards the bottom of Harry’s ribs. A distinct depression formed at that area, a few bones had probably shattered. But this huge brute ignored it and, with one smack of his hand, he flung Sheyan 5-6 metres away.

Sheyan’s eyes blazed with a fiery rage, rolling to the side and picking himself back up. Half kneeling, blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth. His facial muscles were twitching from the pain, turning around to stare at the remaining pirates, he callously howled at them.

“We’ve done till here, you guys still refuse to act? Don’t tell me you want to die here?”

After yelling he charged forward again with great determination! Sheyan’s refusal to resign to fate and charging on, instantly aroused the untamed brutality of the remaining pirate’s hearts. They also howled and charged forward! As Sheyan charged in, Scarface Harry threw out consecutive heavy punches but Sheyan successfully dodged by lowering his body. He bent his left elbow and mightily swung it against the side of Harry’s right knee. Scarface Harry released a shrilling and raging roar, as he surrendered to gravity and knelt to the floor with an earth-shattering impact.

After hearing a loud thump, Harry’s massive body swayed. His right knee had been crushed by the side, as his entire body lost balance and fell to the floor. This was when the other pirates saw their opportunity, they fanatically surged forward like a pack of famished wolves devouring a weakened lion. Scarface Harry knew that the situation was dire, he frantically waved his fist but his fist would occasionally miss a beat. As the ship’s board was rapidly disintegrating,

Sheyan evaded two punches but did not manage to escape the third punch. Under the feverish howling of Scarface Harry, he was smashed heavily in the chest. Dark spots appeared in his eyes as a fountain of blood spurted out like an arrow, it was like his organs were also being vomited out.

Every punch contained an immense strength, Sheyan received one blow straight up and was blown 5-6 metres away, rolling a few times before trying to force himself up. With his wobbly hands he tried to push himself back up but again collapsed to the ground and once again spat out a mouthful of blood! Before he begun this battle, Sheyan was already not in his optimal condition. This was the aftermath of previous escaping events, hence, after one thunderous punch from Harry, his life points dropped into the danger zone of below 10%. If he continued moving, then he would undoubtedly die faster.

Fortunately those pirates did not waste Sheyan's efforts as they succeeded in charging forward and struck a few blows. In such a chaotic battle, no amount of tactics were needed, it was basically who was able to strike harder, fiercer and endure more! Fresh blood sprayed out onto every corner, the sounds of metallic blade colliding against the human bone were clear, in addition to the raging curses and yellings! Although the remaining pirates were individually injured beforehand, they were all battle veterans and were not inferior in any aspect when fighting for their lives!

Suddenly, the sky erupted with a terribly mournful howl. Covered in dust and blood, Scarface Harry suddenly leapt forward, shaking off the few pirates that were over him. He punched against the thick main mast beside him. The innocent main mast gave out a cracking wail as it snapped at the part the fist landed. Scarface Harry lifted up the thick and long broken mast, sweeping it around him horizontally as it smashed against the few pirates.

The pirates were blown away like a bunch of bowling pins, even their cries had not yet been issued as they spasmed and died. The majority of their bones had shattered as they landed into the sea with a splash!

After this one attack, Scarface Harry's chest and back was drenched in a reddish black patch. One of his eyes was stabbed blind! But the feeling he gave to one was that of an indomitable ruthless beast – not retreating one step! Fighting over fleeing! Only death without life!

In a split second, the merciless Scarface Harry swung the broken mast, blowing away a pirate at the side that was trying to sneakily take shot with his musket. This pirate groaned out miserably, as his stout and strong 100 kg body was blown away like it was a feather! Just like a golf ball he flew out and crashed against the tough edge of the boat. His entire body hung there with a split belly and intestines spilling out, rocking against the sorrowful breeze. The surrounding pirates were dumbfounded, they even forgot how to cry and their minds were a blank of white.

Scarface Harry suddenly twisted round, his lone eye blurred by the blood stared at a pirate standing 3 metres away with a sabre. This pirate held on to it with his violently trembling hands, the blade repeatedly clashed with the scabbard releasing a crisp clanking sound. Looking at the demonic looking brute staring at him, he cried out and tossed the sabre away trying to escape. However, Harry's bleeding one eye viciously flickered, his even tendencies at full fledged as he threw his fist forward like a javelin, striking hard at the back of the pirate. The pirate flew forwards by 5 metre, as a piercing shrill and rubbing sound ensued. His blood and flesh splattered around his perimeter and splinters of bloodied armour scattered around, forming a tragic pathway!

A deadly silence filled the atmosphere.

Only Scarface Harry's heavy panting was distinct. The silver radiated from his periphery, beneath him was a puddle of blood, some belonging to his enemy and some his.

Naturally, the winner of such an intense conflict, was this male who was forced into this desperation!

Strictly speaking, Scarface Harry had a serious head injury, he could only display 70% of his strength, and that was his first shackle. Within the desperate struggle in Tortuga castle, he consecutively used two muscle explosion to blast open the treasury. His power had already reach his limits, and that was his second shackle.

Furthermore, after the sneak attack at the Tortuga caste entrance, to defend himself, he forced himself to once again use the muscle explosion even though he was injured himself. This caused his muscles to tear all over his body, and was

undoubtedly his third shackle!

After Sheyan lit that candle within the ship's hold, it was actually mixed with the venomous wax similar to the message in the bottle. After igniting, when a person breathes the smoke in he will unknowingly drop his attack chance by 50%. If not with Sheyan's low agility, how was he able to successfully dodge Scarface Harry's heavy and explosive punches? That was the fourth shackle binding Scarface Harry's body!

The fifth shackle was of course the poisonous rum that was delivered by pirate Charlie. Although the wine was not very effective against Scarface Harry who had an outrageous physique of 30 points, it still obstructed his regenerative abilities.

The sixth shackle was the terrifying crossbow set up to aim at the hold's door. Without questions, this one strike had inflicted heavy damage to this lion like viking!

And yet, when the battle was coming to an end, the one who was having the last laugh was actually this madman Scarface Harry! He was like a wild ox that refused to stop charging, even after suffering heavy wounds, he was only contented to die while fighting! Sheyan carefully calculated 6 phases of shackles were completely negated by this lunatic!

But at this very moment, Scarface Harry felt something was wrong. Because he observed in the eyes of the remaining 3 pirates, even though it contained an extreme dread, there was somewhat a flicker of hope amidst this hopeless situation. Where did their hope come from? Scarface Harry suddenly felt a cold rush against his neck, unable to resist, he immediately glance backwards, through his fuzzy and bloodied vision, he saw a shadow gently getting up like a spectre amidst the chaotic mess of broken planks. His movements were agile and vigorous, as if he was completely uninjured. His black figure seemed to be in perfect condition, and he was undoubtedly Scarface Harry's biggest fear.

Seaman Yan from the mysterious east!

Scarface Harry gazed at Sheyan as if witnessing a ghost. There was an unexplainable aura coming out of Sheyan. This sort of aura gave off a fragrance like that of a blooming orchid, and had traces of blood smell within it. The two smells perfectly blended together, giving a heart troubled but spirit relax feeling.



Sheyan did not merely place these 6 shackles to trap Harry but also to secure himself some sort of insurance. That 'not yet purified black blood orchid element' that he received from Cazider in the previous world, finally had a stage in his critical moment to demonstrate its usefulness!

"Strike me down, and you win." Sheyan calmly issued. His entire body faded out into the darkness like a mountain range enveloped by dark clouds. This feeling left one with a wide uncertainty, how high was the mountain or how deep is the ocean.

Scarface Harry's glare was as piercing as before, his faint silver glow was already common. He couldn't help but gaze back at the direction of the port. From here he could faintly make up the sails of the Bell and Mug. But when he opened his mouth, fresh blood gushed out drowning out his tone. However, what he wanted to express was as clear as a swinging hatchet.

"Even if you won, Ammand would never let you off. The Bell and Mug will still sail gloriously within the Caribbean sea! Even in my death, I will drag you to hell with me!"

At this point, the unyielding fighting spirit surged within Scarface Harry like he was about to execute a heroic victory, and pounced forward! This was a confidence that if he was not utterly wrecked, he would never fall!

This was a man who refused to shy away from his destiny!

Sheyan's eyes flashed with reverence and regret. Gently breathing he raised his fist and said.

"Time.....is running out. I'm very sorry Mr Harry, I'm going to destroy something you guard so dearly to your heart."

Not even a few seconds after he finished speaking, a sudden pillar of flame soared out unfathomably from the Bell and Mug. Followed by an explosion! An insanely violent explosion! At this moment, both Sheyan and Scarface Harry's face reflected with a bright reddish orange, and a striking heat apart from the blood. When the explosion started, he gave of a gradual feeling of a flower blossoming, and one could even hear clearly the mast of the Bell and Mug slowly collapsing in the blazing inferno, the gigantic wooden planks of the ship's deck slowly integrating into fragments. But after a few seconds, everything advanced

into a blur. Finally it transformed into an earth-shattering explosion that engulfed the entire area including the sea around it!

This, was Sheyan's ultimate trump card!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 55

## Chapter 55: A letter to home (upper)

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Let us backtrack to 10 minutes ago.

Location: The Bell and Mug

Although this pirate ship was known as an elite, its internal defence was incomparably hollow. But, it had an outstandingly prestigious Ammand assuming command, it was extremely secure. The 'stay back' force of pirates were numerous aged and sickly working as one mind, their expressions had not one hint of panic or worry. The ship was not illuminated, nobody making excessive noise, in perfect order and even had alcohol and bandages prepared for a wave of wounds.

Noteworthily, the long legs Robben who was raised by Sheyan singlehandedly was surprisingly part of the stay back force.

On the surface, the command for Robben to stayback was an accidental decision by Ammand. His aim was to ensure a middle-ranking member to remain and manage his personal orders. But everyone knew vividly, Ammand was worried about the crew head Sheyan, that is why he decided to separate him and Robben. This was in case the both of them were far away from his watchful vision, decided to be tempted by the sudden appearance of an immense amount of wealth.

However, Robben this old fox did not show any abnormality towards Ammand's arrangement. To this brat, who had suffered arduous training for

years in the Caribbean sea, a short phrase could describe him; “Whoever has milk, is his mother”. Who could give benefit to him, will be the one who gains his loyalty.

The faraway blazing inferno illuminated the night sky along with sorrowful wails and mournful cries. Robben fished out a delicate golden pocket watch in his pocket. (Note: Pocket watches only appeared in the 17th century, you guys can treat this as a soul equipment) Observing it, he nodded his head. Afterward, he enviably gazed at the shore of Tortuga port, and strolled into lower floor cabin. In front of Sheyan’s cabin, two puffed and round pirates stood guard. They were leaning against the pillar as they dug at their nose, scratched their toes and counted houseflies, obviously overcome with boredom. Robben glanced at them and coughed, lifting his face and loudly exclaiming:

“What the heck are you guys doing! The grand captain Ammand has ordered you to obediently guard Mr Chris, but you two fools are actually slacking off?”

These two pirates immediately straightened up as though being poked by a dagger. Looking at Robben’s irritable poker face, they could only fished out a few shillings offering the old Robben to be magnanimous. Initially, Robben naturally objected forcefully, that was until most of the cash the pirates had fell into his hand. He then snorted, waved his hands at them to get lost and then pushed open and entered the cabin. The two pirates then cursed and swore in their bellies, swearing profanities against the females of Robben’s family in their minds.

As the door creaked open, the fat Chris suddenly jumped up in astonishment. His face was pale as though he was a criminal that got caught red handed. He faked a smile at Robben, and nervously questioned:

“Mr Robben, don’t tell me that they have triumphantly returned?”

Robben sensed that this fat Chris had a strange expression, but he figured he was only worried out of concern. Thus he humbly bowed saying:

“Respected Mr Chris, crew head had entrusted to me something before he left. That was if he haven’t return within half an hour, then I should pass this letter to you. Please note the time, I have fulfilled my promise and present this letter punctually to you.”

Chris obviously hadn't expect this, he asked in astonishment:

"Letter?"

Robben nodded his head and replied solemnly:

"Don't worry, when receiving this letter I swore an oath using my ancestor's grave that I would not peep and accurately hand it over to you. Therefore, the contents of this letter are only known by crew head, there is no other person."

In this world there were all sorts of supernatural events and witchcraft existing, oaths were not as unchecked and unbounding as the present world. It was a relatively grave action. And the reason why Robben had even done such a grave thing as to swear upon his ancestor's grave was mainly because Sheyan had already offered him 10 pound sterlings as remuneration.

Chris received this letter with great suspicions. He immediately teared open the letter to read it. With his first look, beads of cold perspiration formed profusely on his forehead. Because the first line of this letter, astoundingly wrote, "Beloved demolition expert, Mr Chris" this 5 words!

Beloved demolition expert, Mr Chris:

Please forgive me for addressing you like this only at this period. Actually when we first met, I already had a clear inference of your status and personal strength.

Firstly, you are a person lacking in threatening force in both close or far range combat, but yet you are able to play a crucial part in your party's explosion of Tortuga castle. This means that you hold a critical tactical position in their plans! From the perspective of the initial difficulty in our realm, not many in a party without battle capabilities can claim to be 'important'. Comparing the special characteristics within the nightmare realm to say. A person with matchless investigation/direction capabilities due to high perceptive sensing, a person with extensive range of connections due to his high charm, people with strong enhancing/ buffing abilities due to their high intelligence or high spirit, there is only left with the core position of a demolition expert.

Within these categories, your perceptive sensing is definitely not high, if it was you would've chosen a better escape route and not fallen into the dire straits from your pursuers. Your charm is even lower, so much that you have sunk to a

level of using my reputation to borrow money from the pirates. Thus, you are left with the last two categories.

However, the reaction from your remaining party members betrayed you. If you were such an essential member that could bring great benefits or enhance your party's strength, they would certainly utilize every method to find you. They would never be so oblivious to your condition like right now.

After eliminating all possibilities, the only one that is left, even if it so unfathomable, it is definitely the correct answer. However based on the aforementioned intelligence, I still have no confidence in placing this noble title of a demolition expert on you. Yet, I noticed a small thing. That was during the battle of the Paragon fleet, your contribution level was actually not low and you managed to receive an award of two ancient gold pound.

Following this lead I further investigated, I discovered that your contribution was achieved by cooperation with the cannon gunmen at the hold of the ship! That cannon gunman was extremely honest with his crew head. Once the respected Mr Chris stored up the gunpowder by the side, the cannons mysteriously flew further and possessed a greater power! From this, respected Mr Chris, my deduction had been complemented by this last piece of evidence.

Once I placed this title of a demolition expert on your head, it naturally can explain why you were so determined not to return to your party. The reason you could compromise and stay on this ship was because of your special fighting style. Once you return to your party you will most likely be reduced to a marginal role of servitude. You might as well stay on this easily accessible pirate ship, and borrow my name as protection and do my things here.

For example, borrowing lot of cash from the pirates and placing it on me. And perhaps..... using the adequate time on this boat to make huge amounts of spirit type explosives, and bury them around this ship.

Oh! My beloved cousin Chris, please do not be emotional lest you knock your head against this low ceiling ship hold. Since I dare to make such a conclusion, I naturally have adequate proof.

What differs me from you is that my perceptive sensing has reached an entire 14 points. Under my meticulous attention, I can still barely confirm objects that

threatens my life to a certain extent. After my careful investigations, I finally discovered a small explosive pasted beneath the stool. I can not acknowledge that this sort of spirit manufactured explosives are extremely covert, and can be said to be a piece of art. What is unimaginable is that a chewing gum sized object possesses such astonishing powers that can torment others. Of course, following my observation, the duration you need to manufacture one is relatively long. It should be roughly one in every 24 hours.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 56**

## **Chapter 56: A letter to home (lower)**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by I and Elkassar**

Just like how I can figure your schemes, similarly you should be guessing mine, and even following traces of clue from the storyline, you should be pretty close in guessing. Tonight a scenario that you take pleasure in is presented. Xiaer and Blind Matt's task force, me and Scarface Harry leading a group of elite reinforcements. The entire Bell and Mug has essentially withered to nothing, the only threat that is left is the strongest and fiercest Ammand! Once he leaves his cabin by a hundred, no, fifty metres, you will be able to clean up his entire room like a licking dog and casually leave this damned world without fear.

Everything boils down to when will Ammand leave this ship? The only possibility is when we successfully plundered and return loaded or we got defeated and return empty handed. As a pirate captain, he cannot charge in personally with the frontline but only keep guard and observe from the headquarters. However, once we return triumphantly from our blood-soaked victory, if he still stubbornly remained on the ship and adopt an indulgent attitude, then that is both illogical and uncompassionate. Obviously, Ammand's beguile ways of reaching to people's heart is understood, if not he wouldn't be able to sit on a position as one of the future seven pirate lord. Therefore, is the only chance that you've been painstakingly waiting for.

Looking till here, Chris's fat face had turned white and ashen, and back to white! His cold sweat dripped repeatedly from his forehead, completely drenching his hair. He had no time to wipe, his heart had already sunk into a



coldest icehouse. He had never anticipated that his own schemes were seen thoroughly by this devil! He gasped for a few deep breaths, and anxiously read on.

Presently, I have no choice but to regrettably inform you, the opportunity you have been waiting for is forever gone.

I have always deliberately leaked out in front of you the impression that my current position had not been easily obtained. Therefore, you've mistakenly thought: that I did put in great effort to become the crew head, and thus, was of utmost importance. Hence, you thought I wanted to continue climbing up this social ladder. I trust that this point of view has already been deeply-rooted within your heart.

But, actually I want to tell you, only by giving up, then you will gain. If I cannot bear to part with my position as a crew head and my painstakingly gained reputation on the Bell and Mug, then how would I be able to ingeniously place you as my most important chess piece in this set up?

I was already bent on betraying Ammand.

And just in this one campaign.

Therefore, Ammand will never receive our triumphant and returning report. The fully expectant Ammand's only report will be the news of my betrayal, inflicting great losses no matter how my plan goes. The ultimate outcome of success or failure, life or death, I will still betray him, utterly and shamelessly betray him.

Therefore, regarding 'Blood related cousin' 'life saviour' this status what do you think. Respected Mr Chris, use your rich imagination, you should be able to recognize the cruel methods that the furious Ammand would do to you to vent his frustrations.

Based on the oath he swore upon his ancestors grave and the 10 pound remuneration, long leg Robben has an 88.4% chance of faithfully carrying out my order: After two hours of setting off, he will punctually deliver this letter into your hands. At this time I may have died or maybe perfectly alive any place in this world. But to you, it is not important, what is important is that I have already committed treacherous acts towards Ammand. Anyway, the great Son of the

Black Sea may have already received unfortunate news. Hence, for your safety, Mr Chris, please pay careful attention to the footsteps outside the door, that could be the sound of people sent my Ammand to capture you.

On account of the two gold pounds, I will leave you with one final warning:

Immediately detonate the explosives, after causing a huge confusion, jump into the sea and escape!

The greater the explosion, the more decimated the Bell and Mug will be. Then your pursuers will definitely be weakened, and the chances of surviving will increase. Of course, if you think this is all reverse psychology and refuse to detonate your explosives, and immediately flee, then i can promise these elite pirates will definitely fish you out within a minute. Ammand would not even need to step in.

Believe me, even though jumping into this icy cold seawater is not any great experience, it is definitely much better than experiencing the cruel torture of those savages. Only a living person can dare to hope, don't you agree?

Yours truly

Your faithful friend/cousin/savior/creditor

Seaman Yan from the east

After he finished reading the letter for about 10 seconds, footsteps echoed in from outside the cabin.

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These footsteps were not urgent nor loud. Chris's pupils shrank in, it carried not only shock but an immense fear!

Sheyan's letter not only smashed his self-confidence, he turned this man into a startled bird at a twang of the bow (Chinese idiom – frightens easily due to past experiences). His frail mentality collapsed into dismay, shock and was provoking negative effects within his body. It was already reaching a nervous breakdown!

From the outside, the footsteps were merely made by a pirate who happened to pass by the ship's hold to retrieve clothings.

The following events were simple.

Chris immediately created a small scale explosion, causing the side of of the cabin that was facing the ocean to explode. He then leapt into the icy seawater. Since he had already been scheming for a long time, and thinking of escaping, he naturally already prepared breathing and swimming agility equipments.

20 seconds later, the frantic pirates that were on guard rushed to the captain's quarters to report. Roughly hundred metres away, the swimming Chris gritted his teeth. He thoroughly detonated the rest of the spirit explosives that he had attached around the Bell and Mug! Even though he was reluctant to follow Sheyan's instructions, yet, he had no choice, he had to do it! Because Chris could sense the ruthlessness of Ammand, even though he himself had never revealed his true abilities.

That was the entire scene that Sheyan and Scarface Harry witnessed personally.

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The raging inferno scorched intensely against the sea. This blaze surged with great ferocity, that even the ashes violently spiralled into the atmosphere. It was especially moving and exceptionally tragic. Such a huge scene undoubtedly caused the remaining 3 pirates to drop their jaws. Even the originator of this evil plan, Sheyan, felt somewhat melancholy.

That engulfing huge flames caused Sheyan's ambitious gaze to intensify, but utterly decimated the hopes of another. Scarface Harry gazed upon the distant sea, his face swiftly declined of defeat. In a brief moment, he had already lost all motivation to move forward.

As long as there is something to protect in a person's heart, then in their most critical moment they will be able to exhibit their fullest potential. The already heavily wounded Scarface Harry was only relying persistently on the faith in his heart, that was why he was able to bring out an indomitable explosive strength. But now, as he looked at the burning wreck, the pressure and acute pain exploded forth within his body! Because the thing that he was striving to protect was torched up, utterly destroyed! (In this era, a captain and several emotionally attached pirate would have unimaginably deep feelings towards their ships,

some even treated their ships like their wife and children. In Pirates of the Caribbean 4, Captain Jack mentioned, “a captain should sink together with his ship.”)

Sheyan’s final arrangement, was targeted at the heart not the body. It totally removed all of Scarface Harry’s killing spirit. The old mate that had carried him over countless storms and thousands of miles was a burning wreck, the condition of the one he vowed loyalty to was unknown. His life has been split apart! Furthermore, at present he had suffered massive injuries which would have been already fatal to an average person. Scarface Harry clenched his fists and stood at the bow of the ship, the Caribbean wind brushing against his cheeks as he gently shut his eyes.

This was the source of Sheyan’s confidence! Once Ammand released him ashore, then the destruction of the Bell and Mug was a given. He would be the final winner once he came ashore. The worst possibility would be incurring the wrath of the entire Bell and Mug, and be pursued by them! But never forget, before his mission he was already warned. The Caribbean pirates were a bunch of people who admired the strong, no matter if you treated them with kindness or evil, as long as you impacted them deeply, it can raise your reputation amongst them!

Undoubtedly, plotting to destroy the Bell and Mug will definitely raise his reputation amongst the pirates to an all time high!

Therefore, even though it was the worst outcome, Sheyan will still reap a tremendous profit! But, the chances of that happening was not great!

Sheyan sat away from Scarface Harry with a 5 metre gap. Currently, his body condition rejuvenated back to the optimum state, but after using that unpurified black blood orchid element, it had another huge side effect. 10 minutes after using, every attribute will plunge by 33%. Sheyan usually calculated his opponents based on the worst possible outcome. If Scarface Harry maintained that sort of murderous insanity, he won’t have the confidence to seal the battle by 10 minutes. Therefore, even after the last resort of the Bell and Mug exploding, and he ultimately could not finish off Scarface Harry, then Sheyan would really have to consider fleeing for his life.

The sea breeze gently blew, Scarface Harry’s eyes started dimming. His heart struggled with great effort to continue beating, but it finally succumbed and the beating ceased.

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Ocean calendar, year 233 5th month

Evening, 11 PM 17 minute, 3 seconds

Death of Scarface Harry

Bell and Mug Chief Officer

Lifespan 47 years

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Although Scarface Harry had stopped breathing, his body remained towering at the Ship’s bow with his raging eyes wide opened. It seemed like he would revive anytime and resume his rampage. Upon death he remained fierce and untamed, a strange captivating magic. From his body, a glittering silver conch fell and rolled over to Sheyan’s feet. Sheyan picked it up, he could feel an unexplainable strength contained inside! Apart from that, that silver sword that belonged to Ammand also fell to the floor, but it looked dark and bleak.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 57

## Chapter 57: Harvest and Decision

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

After a while, the nearby surviving few cowering pirates crept near. Only after confirming Scarface Harry's death did they resume their lawless behavior. Two pirates brandished their blades and cursed out loud, as the other wanted to mince Scarface Harry's corpse to vent his anger. Sheyan sighed as he gestured at them to stop, being completely unscrupulous in a battle was a given, if not, the consequences would definitely be his own death. However, after a satisfactory outcome, further insulting a dead person is somewhat going overboard.

After inquiring of the pirates, following the Vikings custom, he shifted Scarface Harry's corpse to a small lifeboat by the side, and used a sail cloth to cover him. His funerary object was a rough wine cup that was made with cow hide. Then, the ropes were released as the little boat drifted away with the tide. There was one pirate that held some respect towards Scarface Harry, as he blew into his bagpipe that he hung across his neck. The winds were biting cold, the melodious flute sound accompanied this strong viking deep into the Caribbean sea. A sorrowful feeling unconsciously formed within everyone's heart.

After the naval burial, Sheyan repaired the ship a little with the few pirates, at least he had to attempt to fix back and stable the main mast. If not just by relying on the few of them peddling this 15 metre long sailboat, even after working their ass off would they only sail a few dozen metres. One wave would then completely wasted their efforts. The remaining pirates all suffered personal injuries, furthermore their relationship was not counted as friendly, but Sheyan

wasn't afraid of them staging another rebellion.

After they repaired the ship somewhat adequately, Sheyan returned to the ship's hold. In one glance he naturally eyed the bursting with Tortuga castle riches treasure chests. This was the treasures accumulated in Tortuga port for 70 years. But regrettably, after interacting with the treasures, the nightmare realm notified him that he could not sell these for utility points. He was also unable to find any specific message.

According to Sheyan's deduction, this was probably because he had completely not contributed anything during the plundering of these treasures. Therefore, his contribution level was pathetic and the nightmare realm substantially revoked his privileges from it. Even though he stole these items from Scarface Harry, he only held ownership of it and had not privileges to sell or verify it. Of course this was only one possibility, but Sheyan did not think further because there were more important things at hand.

"Since that's the case, then to maximize my benefits....." Sheyan muttered to himself, he probably had a rough plan in his heart. Filled with expectations, he lifted up that 'Ammand's silver sword', but he once again got dejected. That was because the notification that came from it was, "This weapon is binded to a soul, unable to examine!"

Obviously this silver sword should be an inheritance antique passed down in Ammand's family, it was a medium that could be used to control the Bell and Mug. This was probably a dead weapon that had its own spiritual nature, at least a black category type. Therefore, if its owner Ammand did not die, then others would not be able to activate it.

From Sheyan's understanding, this did not come as a surprise. Although the Bell and Mug just experienced an intense wide scale explosion, but when Chris was detonating the explosives, he completely had the aim of causing confusion to secure his escape route. There, the explosives strength should have been scattered and in intervals. Furthermore in Ammand's captain quarters, he only placed one explosive and the rest was used for infrastructure destruction. Through Scarface Harry's initial performance to evaluate Ammand's real power, he probably had a great chance of surviving.

Sheyan shook his head, tossing out all unessential thoughts out of his mind. Undoubtedly, Ammand will view Sheyan as a thorn in his flesh, but Sheyan was already going to return to his present world soon. Therefore, this did not matter much. As for the future.....Sheyan felt that there was really a possibility of returning to the Caribbean world, but he felt his development was astoundingly fast. The next time he meets Ammand, Sheyan did not dare to boast of achieving victory, but at least he had some confidence of preserving his life.

Sheyan flung that enviable silver sword to the side, sighing in regret and shaking his head, taste of not being able to use such a wonderful weapon was bitter. This was just like a beautiful and sexy woman pole dancing in front of you but would never allow you to touch her. He then proceeded to pick up that flickering with silver glow conch. After tightly gripping it, he then observed a pitch-black brilliance flashing repeatedly, and a pocket sized handiwork object appeared in front. Looking closely, this object seemed to be sculpted from a black crystal, it had the appearance of an anchor. A faint blood stench pierced forward head-on, causing Sheyan to sneeze twice. The nightmare imprint transmitted a notification:

You have acquired a black type accessory: Obsidian fossil anchor

Obsidian fossil anchor

Equipment rarity: Black

Equipment: Strength/Agility/Physique + 1

Equipment: Charm – 2

Equipment passive ability: Bravery in oppression. Every time you receive damage, you will gain 2 points of physique temporarily for 300 seconds. This effect can stack for 5 times.

Equipment requirements: Physique attribute must be 18 points or more.

Equipment position: Accessory

Material: Obsidian

Weight: 104 g.

Description: This is an accessory made by a viking using obsidian, it has been



passed down for centuries. It is said that it possess mysterious ability that can protect its owner. But because it has accumulated too much baleful energy during long periods of skirmishes, therefore, the wearer of this will also be slayed by another. Following Scarface Harry's death, the soul binding of this accessory has vanished. However, in the future if it meets another compatible owner, it can be restored to its strongest state.

Evaluation: You can call it Gao-wen of the Sea, I will tell whether this is the nickname that Scarface Harry called this object.

Equipment battle score: 20

Looking at this accessory, Sheyan understood the reason why Scarface Harry was able to resist for so long. Just this equipment alone already gave him an additional 110 HP, an entire 11 points of physique, adding this onto his personal 30 points physique! Therefore, his total physique reach to a high of 41 points! If it included the bonuses from his silverish and other equipment and the title of chief officer, his basic attribute for physique may even have touched the upper limit in his world: 50 points. No wonder his relentless set-up could be forcefully foiled by Scarface Harry's might.

(ED: +1 physique then +2 per damage received that can be stacked 5x)

Thinking till here, Sheyan realized he had really underestimated Scarface Harry. If he followed the reports that he acquired for deduction, this chief officer should be a storyline character that is categorized amongst the likes of Ammand. Of course his storyline character would only take lower position in comparison of strength. Citing an example, if Davy Jones, Blackbeard, Jack Sparrow are like the Zhang Zhao, Dian Wei and Xu Zhu in the romance of the three kingdoms, then Scarface Harry would be akin to Guan Ping, Zhou Cang and Wan Shuang. They were all front-line military generals in the three kingdom.

"Then, if the head injury sustained by Scarface Harry was my doing, then this accessory loot should have been a silver storyline category." Sheyan looked at the description of this obsidian fossil anchor, he couldn't help but have that depressing thought in mind.

During the battle with the Paragon fleet, Scarface Harry's head was pierced by a random flying wooden shard. Afterwards, severe dizziness and after effects

had always plagued him. Sheyan cunningly conspired a series of pitfalls around this point, they were like loops of rope slowly constricting around Scarface Harry's throat. Finally, it successfully robbed him of his life. Ultimately, that heavy injury to Harry's head was not caused by Sheyan, it didn't even have a shred of link to him. Therefore, the nightmare realm sliced off a class of Scarface Harry's drop loot, restricting any cheap tricks from occurring.

Although the equipment requirement was 18 points in physique and Sheyan only had 17 points, but currently he was still on a boat. After his title: Pirate ringleader provided a bonus of strength + 2 and physique + 2, he barely met the equipping requirements, and thus he successfully equipped it. Once an equipment is put on within the nightmare realm its effects will be activated. However, once you unequip it and carry out restoration/enhancement/embedding effects onto it, then you have to gather 20 points of physique to be able to once again equip it.

After carrying out a series of experimentation, Sheyan realized that if he was able to anticipate a battle in the future, he can utilize the method of harming oneself to activate the passive ability of this obsidian fossil anchor. Thus, he can enjoy the frightening bonus of 10 points in physique right at the start! But if the battle abruptly broke out, then that possibility is dissolved.

A series of cheers resounded from outside the hold. The remaining 4 pirates were able to successfully tie back the main mast, and once again hang the sails onto it. Even though this makeshift mass swayed and crackled against the howling wind, seemingly about to break apart anytime, it was able to generate enough force and reluctantly move the boat. The pirates glanced at the sinking wreck of the Bell and Mug, they were temporarily at a loss and naturally decided to follow Sheyan blindly.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 58

## Chapter 58: Offering

Translated by: Chua

Edited by I

Firstly, Sheyan called them in, bluntly kicking open one of the treasure chests, he pointed at the chest saying:

“It’s all yours, take until you cannot hold anymore.”

The 4 pirates obviously pounced forward in ecstasy following that order, fully filling up their pockets with great effort. Looking at their heavy sinking pockets, they had a blissful but exhausted look. Sheyan waited for their excitement to die down before softly speaking.

“Although the Bell and Mug is a wreck, I still feel that Ammand did not die. Once we wait for him to nurse himself, then the first person he will kill is me! I’m afraid he will pursue me to the ends of the world. Therefore, my only way of survival is by finding a large power to shelter me.”

“Counting the various super powers, the Black Pearl has probably suffered heavy casualties in its conflict with the Fokke family. I reckon old Jack points to disaster, and many have testified of Blackbeard’s evil and selfish ways. And the Queen’s glory..... May not be reliable. Therefore, the only last option left is the captain of the Flying Dutchman, Davy Jones. Although that guy is ruthless and savage, his reputation is a man of his words. Offering the remaining treasures to him may even earn me an important position.”

Sheyan swept his surroundings, and sincerely continued:

“Since you guys placed your trust in me, then I will naturally not let you down.

There are two paths for you guys now. Number one is that you follow me and surrender to Davy Jones in the Flying Dutchman that is anchored outside of the port. The second is that you find a safe place to hide, once all this chaos has concluded, you will take your treasures and leave. No matter which path you choose, you have already secured great bonuses.”

The 4 pirates started discussing. Three of them did not want to continue as pirates, the last one was willing to continue risking his life out at sea. Sheyan agreed to them leaving, but first they had to assist in sailing the boat to an area near the Flying Dutchman. Those 3 pirates had no objections, after half an hour, the indistinct silhouette of the legendary pirate ship, The Flying Dutchman, appeared in front of their eyes. Sheyan worked hand in hand with the other willing pirates, they shifted the treasures to a small lifeboat at the side. Following that, they boarded the lifeboat and rowed towards the Flying Dutchman, prior to that they released a flashing signal.

Within this commotion, the Flying Dutchman also watchfully observed the surrounding serenity. Sheyan was presently rowing a lifeboat that was a little bigger than an ordinary sampan, the objects stored on it were plainly visible. They obviously presented no threat, and further gave out a friendly flashing signal thus they successfully ascended the legendary pirate ship, the Flying Dutchman.

Presently, the Flying Dutchman had not yet incurred the curse that was prevalent in the movies. The pirates atop this ship were still ordinary men, with a vigorous and untamed air around them. The vice officer Old Bill had even previously been sorrily ripped off by Sheyan. Sheyan’s charm was originally very low, after a series of events this relationship with Old Bill had plunged to ice level. If he unluckily encountered him the moment he ascended, he was afraid most of his efforts would have been wasted.

However, Sheyan had huge confidence of meeting the main owner of this ship, Davy Jones. This was not just a blind guess, but a deduction after careful deliberations! Taking the situation now into regards, such huge chaos has struck Tortuga port, the Fokke Family initiating assaults against the Black Pearl, and the remaining pirates had started pillaging the port. What was strange is that the Flying Dutchman and Blackbeard’s Queen Anne’s Revenge, these two legendary

pirate ship chose to spectate by the side.

Going by logic, these two ships should be the gang leaders amongst the hooligans. Encountering such a situation, they should set an example and be the first to act, if not their supreme position may be challenged by others in the future. Although Sheyan did not understand the underlying reasons behind their strange actions, there was one thing he could confirm. No matter its Blackbeard or Davy Jones, these two should be carefully observing the sequence of events unfolding regarding the port.

Information distribution was not developed in this era. A sudden visitor even if he came empty handed, would bring primary reports of what was happening, was what Davy Jones wanted. Furthermore these pirates had a venomous look in their eyes, looking at the few huge chests they could already guess what valuable items were in store. Therefore, Davy Jones had a 90% chance of personally coming out, thus meeting his objective.

Sheyan currently had already made a small name for himself within the pirates. During the pirate meeting on Herb Island, he had already familiarized himself with several pirates, and quite a couple already had a rough impression of Seaman Yan from the east. Following the heavy treasure chests being carried up, the nearby pirates all started to gasp in shock. At this moment, Sheyan felt that there was something not right. This feeling was not the nervousness of a sudden sneak attack, it wasn't the feeling of exhaustion or boredom, but it was the feeling of being scanned and seeing through his secrets thoroughly!

Sheyan remained emotionless, he had already quietly examined his surroundings. He suddenly discovered a pair of eyes in the crowd, this eyes did not carry much difference with the normal pirates, but a mysterious magic seemed to be lodged within his eyes. It was like causing people to be trap in a hallucination. The owner of this eyes turned around and left after making eye contact with Sheyan. He was originally tangled up amongst the crowd, wearing a common red bandana across his head and wore a yellowish white fencing shirt. The sleeves of his shirt were pretty relaxed, tightening up only at the wrist. This was a pretty common attire amongst the pirates, hence when this person turned around, he was like a droplet of water within an ocean, he completely vanished.

Sheyan initially wanted to immediately give chase, but at this moment the

captain's door creaked open. Looking at it, it was probably kicked open from the inside. The wooden door was extremely sturdy, its thickness was about one wrist. Wild random marks covered the century old oaken wood. Although the door was filled with scars, it remained sturdy and unbreakable.

The swinging wooden door heavily crashed against a nearby wall with a loud "thump!" If one wasn't paying attention, he would have been shocked by the sound. However, the surrounding pirates seemed to not be bother by this scenario. Following that, a tall and bulky scottish person strolled out, his age was roughly 40 years old. His face was flushed red, his hair and beard floating in the air. A crab tattoo resided on his thick right arm. His left hand was supporting a transparent pocket-sized glass fish tank, inside the fish tank was a tiny ash grey octopus. It was excitedly waving its arms inside the water.

Sheyan observed this huge man, a deep and immeasurable feeling just like the ocean formed in his heart! This feeling was something Sheyan never felt before, the closest description to it would be facing the berserk devastating capabilities of space-time gap in the Terminator world. The terrifying presence of the legendary pirate ship captain Davy Jones was really on a whole new level!

"So it's you who requests an audience with this great Davy Jones?" This huge man flared his nostrils, and bellowed with a thick voice. His voice carried a distinct scottish accent, that is why it was slightly unclear. However, the formidable confidence could be heard distinctly.

Sheyan placed his right fist to his chest, humbly bowing:

"Seaman Yan from the east pays his respect."

Davy Jones heedlessly teased his pet octopus and continued:

"I've heard of your name, and your feat of defeating the spanish. But..... this is not good enough a reason for you to land yourself on the deck of the Flying Dutchman."

"Just like what you can see." Sheyan once again bowing neither servile nor overbearingly:

"I've come to offer these treasures. I can swear to you, two hours ago these chest were still resting within the treasure of Tortuga castle. Inside contains the

entire 70 years of riches accumulated by the Fokke family!”

This one phrase triggered an excited uproar from the pirates. However, Sheyan noticed that when he raised his voice saying “contains the entire 70 years of riches accumulated by the Fokke family,” Davy Jones actually lazily yawned! This unusual bad habit, beneath it was a hidden and profound meaning! Several ideas flashed by his mind like electricity, ultimately his last conclusion almost made him involuntarily cry out!

Davy Jones is ultimately a ruthless pirate, this confirms that he definitely wasn't a noble person of great morals. Since the Tortuga castle treasures he offered had received a cold reception, there were two possibilities. One was he was already richly loaded, or the second greater possibility was that this pile of treasure in reality was not worth much!

Fokke's family accumulated wealth of 70 years sounded extremely alluring, however, it is extremely hard to be frugal after being accustomed to luxury. Once a prodigal son appears within the Fokke family, the spending rate would become extremely rapid. Comparing the present Tortuga port being strong in appearance but weak in reality, the current Fokke family is just a shell of its former self.

Furthermore after moving these chest out of the secret lair of Tortuga castle, no pirates would have gotten a chance to carefully examine it, until the 3 pirates previously taking the first pick! Furthermore some treasures require a specialized professional to determine its authenticity. Factoring out the possibility of counterfeit goods, using this deduction, then this brimming with treasures chest in actual fact was not worth much!

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 59**

## **Chapter 59: Establishing oneself**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

After Sheyan confirmed his thought process, another conclusion instantly formed in his mind. That was between Davy Jones and the Fokke family, there was probably some sort of complicated relationship! The truth that Fokke family being strong in appearance but weak in reality was a matter of life and death for the family heritage. This sort of secret, unless it was between a father and son like relationship, it would never have been leaked out easily. And this could also explain the behavior of the Flying Dutchman choosing to take a neutral stance! It was highly likely that Davy Jones and the Fokke family had some sort of friendship and agreement. Also, because he knew the profits within the castle were not much, hence, he was unwilling to trample into this muddied waters!

Furthermore, the other legendary pirate ship captain, Blackbeard, was a cruel and suspicious person. He probably misunderstood Davy Jones's dilemma, and seeing that the Flying Dutchman was biding its time, he naturally did not dare to move. Because pirates were unlike regular military, once they joined in the ranks of plundering it was hard to get the pirates to return. When the time comes if a someone suddenly launch a surprise attack, then they most certainly will suffer a defeat!

These thoughts seem to sound very long, but they flashed past Sheyan's mind in an instant. Currently, it was the wrong time to be astonished. When Sheyan felt that Davy Jones was already exhibiting an impatient look, he immediately fished out Ammand's silver sword, raising his both hands to offer it and



respectfully announced.

“Apart from that, I’m offering to you the sword of the Son of the Black Sea, Ammand, as a proof of my allegiance.”

Following Sheyan’s inference, not only does Ammand’s silver sword contain formidable powers, it can even control ships. It was at least a silver class storyline weapon! Its high value was already hard to measure from a normal perspective, different equipment class would garner different valuations. Going from that point of view, within equal class equipments, a weapon would definitely be worth more..... This logic can be seen clearly from just the quantity of weapons and other equipments out there.

If not for this weapon having a criteria of needing to eliminate Ammand, Sheyan would have never offered this to Davy Jones. His charm wasn’t high, even if he used this method of direct gifting, the result would still be unclear. However, this weapon that was bound to another soul is already considered piece of scrap iron. Furthermore, Ammand’s whereabouts were currently unknown, the difficulty of dealing with him has multiplied by twofolds, and he even possessed a bone-deep hatred towards Sheyan now!

Hence, to Sheyan, firstly, he had zero confidence of being able to slay him in a short time frame, and secondly, he wasn’t clear when he would re-enter this world after leaving. That is why he took out this silver storyline weapon that he couldn’t use, and exchanged it for something else that was beneficial to him.

Once this silver sword flashed out, Davy Jones was finally moved. He tossed the glass fishbowl into the hands of a nearby pirate and swiftly approached forward. He then grabbed onto the hilt of Ammand’s silver sword. In his hands, this soul binding weapon reacted in an instance, radiating out a blinding silver glow. Davy Jones could not respond to the sudden agitation as the weapon became unsteady in his hands. He stumbled a few steps back, as the sword clattered to the floor.

His surrounding loyal pirates were instantly shocked, they anxiously drew out their blades and loudly snarled at Sheyan. It was obvious they thought Sheyan had pulled an underhand trick to harm their boss. Only Davy Jones had a pleasant look on his face, he laughed out loudly as he gestured his hands to half

his underlings. Looking at Sheyan with satisfaction, he nodded his head.

“Brat, well done. From now on, you are part of the Flying Dutchman. Heard you are quite a capable one, and are even knowledgeable about navigation. Just nice Corlisus had been heavily wounded by the spanish pigs, I reckon he can no longer be a pirate. You can be the temporary third officer on this ship then, but remember if you show the tiniest bit of incompetency, I will personally kick you overboard.”

To these pirates, betrayal and massacres were commonly seen, therefore, they held no objections when Davy Jones acknowledged this traitorous Sheyan. The third officer is a position that assists the chief officer in all sorts of management, his remaining time was also required of to assist the navigator. This was already a walk in the park for Sheyan.

Once he witnessed Davy Jones reaction, he heaved a sigh of relief. This was obviously a gamble. Ammand’s invaluable precious silver storyline weapon was just a piece of scrap metal to Sheyan, but more important was that if Davy Jones had the same conclusion! If so then it wasn’t hard to guess what this explosive temperament pirate head would do. Furthermore, there was still the vice officer Old Bill that was extremely displeased with Sheyan.

But now, Sheyan could put down his burdens. Since Davy Jones was extremely satisfied with Sheyan’s welcoming gift, concurrently, he also received notifications from the nightmare imprint.

Side mission: Get close to a legend (Complete)

Mission summary: Ascend to any of the Black Pearl *Flying Dutchman* Queen Anne’s Revenge / HMS Victory, and become their crew member.

Mission evaluation: You have obtained the permission of the Flying Dutchman’s captain, Davy Jones and successfully became the legendary Flying Dutchman’s third officer. Do you wish to receive the relevant mission reward?  
Yes / No

Sheyan selected “Yes”.

You have received 1000 utility points.

Your reputation amongst the pirates has been raised by 3000 points (Indirectly

causing the destruction of the Bell and Mug – 500 points, directly involved in the death of Scarface harry – 500 points, acquiring Tortuga castle treasures – 500 points, becoming the temporary third officer of the Flying Dutchman – 1500 points)

Your current reputation: Respected (1113 / 6000)

(TN: He probably broke through the first level of amicable reputation)

You have received 2 achievement points.

Your current achievement value is 6 points.

(TN: Includes all his previous achievement + meritorious points)

Pointer: Your deadline to leaving this world is in 21 hours, 14 minutes and 40 seconds. You can choose to stay in this world to continue looking for clues, or you can stop your actions and return to the nightmare realm. Important pointer: You cannot return to the nightmare realm during combat state.

Pointer: Your achievement value has exceeded 5 points, your status has been raised. You are now a recruit”

“Your nightmare imprint has received the following promotions”

“You can procure your respective army rank items at anytime in the nightmare realm.”

“Your personal interspatial space has increased by 10%.”

Warning: Once your achievement value drops below 5 points, your formerly achieved benefits will vanish, and your status promotion will be revoked.

After Sheyan read through the notifications, it was obvious that this side missions was not of an easy difficulty but it rewarded a mere 1000 utility points. Therefore, it rewarded external rewards, for example the 2 points in achievement. Regarding this thing called achievements, Sheyan still had not fully understood it. Looking at it, it probably have some sort of establishment with military rank, it was like a status symbol. But so far, Sheyan only received two achievement points after completing this mission, it seems like something precious and rare.

After Davy Jones obtained Ammand’s sword, his mood became extremely

good. He really did not take any notice towards those few treasure chests, bluntly allowing his men to distribute. That was when Sheyan understood, actually these filled to the brim treasure chest he robbed from the Fokke residence, on hindsight it looked like it contained many layers of treasures, but was actually filled with piastre(a kind of french coin, that relatively low value due to its mixture of lead) at the bottom. Adding it together was roughly only a few thousand pounds. To ordinary pirates this was a huge pile of money, but to the legendary pirate Davy Jones, this was nothing deserving of his attention.

Once Sheyan's reputation had been raised to respected status, it was very obvious that he could sense a huge transformation in the attitudes of these pirates. For example certain fierce and sinister looking brutes would immediately avoid him when they saw him. Even though the vice officer Old Bill did not take a liking to him, he could only arrange a pretty pleasant single inhabitant cabin for him.

He even had two pirates who were nicknamed Crow and Sata who were pretty compatible with him. Therefore, even though Sheyan's charm wasn't high, they took the initiative and had the courage to curry his favour. The entire pirate ship had at least a few hundred pirates, but Sheyan's coercing third officer authority was only able to entice two men. From this it could be seen that compatibility was really a thing of minute possibility.

This sort of great news that delivered itself, why would Sheyan miss it? Although, this pirate ship was currently functioning normally, Sheyan knew that in the future, its captain Davy Jones would mutate into a sea devil. Even this ship would possess its own personality and life. It would be renowned in the caribbean sea world as the most demonic, and strongest battleship, where no one was above it! Therefore, the strength of its crew members would not be weak at all. At the Bell and Mug, he was able to learn two basic levels of ability from Blind Matt. Currently, he only had a short period of day left in this world, if an opportunity coincides, attempting to raise his basic ability again would not be impossible.

Being able to establish oneself as a member of this legendary pirate ship, one must have adequate strength. Although Crow and Sata were ordinary crew members on this ship, once Sheyan activated his 'insight' ability, he realized that

Crow's basic prayer had reached even lvl 4, his other specific effects were '?'. His Special ability: Once you communicate with Crow, you can order Crow to operate. He is exceptionally suitable as a scout, and can even carry out long range disturbance. The only thing he could see from Sata was 'advanced ability: Rushing thrust'. This ability had a description, it could concentrate the entire body's energy into the sharp end of his weapon, its damage and penetrating abilities were devastating.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 60**

## **Chapter 60: Paying a visit**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Without a doubt, if Sheyan requested to train with Crow and Sata, they would never reject him. Yet, Sheyan discovered one thing, that was no matter how much time he wasted on training, he would not make any improvements. This is because his baseline basic skill level was too low, which akin to a 5-6 year old boy not being able to do a single thing, even if he was placed in the same bed with a voluptuous and naked beautiful woman.

“I’m afraid I’ve gone too far ahead of the storyline.” Sheyan couldn’t help but sigh. He had never expected to overreach himself. Under normal circumstances, being able to become the crew head of the Bell and Mug should be the upper boundary of this world, therefore he was still able to learn certain skills from those lower skilled pirates. But what was this horrendous place? The Flying Dutchman of the three legendary pirate ships! Of course there was no way Sheyan could learn anything, he believed that if he hadn’t had experiences in the field of management and maritime navigation, Davy Jones wouldn’t have been able to offer him the temporal third officer position.

After sending away the two pirates, Sheyan collapsed into his cabin bed and fell into deep sleep. He had an extremely exhausting night, furthermore he was feeling a little bitter that after putting such great efforts, it seemed like the gains did not make up for the losses. Besides, Sheyan’s execution was extremely meticulous, before sleeping he placed a sabre behind the cabin door. Current the Flying Dutchman was stationary on sea, the winds were not strong and thus the

ship was extremely stable. Once the cabin door hinted at any movement, the sabre would crash to the ground.

Sheyan slept, but not totally free from anxiety. The root cause was because Davy Jones had some sort of connection with the Fokke family, never forget Lady Lord Fokke died in Sheyan's hands! Although Sheyan personally thought that his deeds were hidden, Davy Jones's power was as deep as the ocean. His later status was a link between the living and the dead, a ferry man that transcended drowned seamen, who knew he may even possess mysterious abilities now. Faced against such a beast-like person, Sheyan had no confidence in preserving his secret. Once this thing leaks out, who knew what the consequences would be? But now, Sheeyan was obviously going to be extremely cautious.

Within the fuzzy and cloudy space, Sheyan suddenly heard a 'dang', as though something had fell, and was even clattering on the ground. He instantly jolted up from bed, as he forced open his eyes and saw that the wooden bolt at this door had been brushed aside, the sabre fallen to the ground. A small gap formed at the door, and gradually swung bigger. A figure in grey clothing hurriedly running out.

Sheyan's eyes flickered, he immediately leapt out of bed summoning his strength and pursued. Obviously, if Davy Jones wanted to harm him, he did not have to act sneaky at all. Which goes to say, this person's actions were acted out without the permission of Davy Jones! He could not think of anyone in mind, but suddenly recalled when he first ascended the ship, a pair of eyes that seemed to be able to penetrate into the interior of a person!

At the moment, this figure had already been locked on relentlessly by Sheyan, there was a gap of about 5-6 metres between them. In this overpopulated pirate ship, once they passed by any pirate, the pirate would naturally aid their new third Officer and not that brat ahead of him. Thus, Sheyan's lips curled into a cold sneer, he observed this panic-ridden brat like how a predator eyes his prey.

But at this very moment, a loud sound blasted into Sheyan's ears! Simultaneously the 'Flying Dutchman' inclined its hull and roughly shifted horizontally by 2-3 metres! He lost his footing, this scenario was not foreign, this was the signal for the side of the ship to open fire!

.....

.....

In this sudden twist, Sheyan had not anticipated such a sudden happening. Furthermore his agility wasn't outstanding, thus he lost his footing and almost fell. Riding on this, the person he was chasing nimbly leapt, using the nearby wooden partition as a footing, he ingeniously jumped into a byway by the side. Once Sheyan regained his stability, the figure had long vanished.

At this moment, Sheyan could see a shadow of sails forming in the distance. Gradually from the sea fog, a broad and majestic battleship sailed through, it could even claim as an equal to the Flying Dutchman. Impressively, it was the other legendary pirate ship, 'Queen Anne's Revenge'. Sheyan could not care much about the sneaky person anymore, he understood why when chasing this person he did not meet a single person after so long. Actually the pirates were already stationed and waiting at their personal positions! Only..... Sheyan could not understand why the Queen Anne's Revenge would suddenly start a conflict with the Flying Dutchman.

A series of loud booming by the cannons once again sounded, Blackbeard had probably commenced the assault. But Sheyan felt something was up. Because even though the smell of smoke was very thick, but it was missing a critical sign and that was gigantic splashings resulting from the cannonballs. In this era, the cannonballs were all solid, therefore even if they failed to connect with the ship, they would still trigger towering splashes. But when these two ships unleashed their cannons, the ocean remained peaceful. This decided one thing. They were releasing empty cannon fire! Thus thinking critically, not even Sheyan, even a small child would understand that this were probably gun salutes as a form of paying respects.

At this point, both parties started to wave their flags to transmit information, after a short while, the opposite Queen Anne's Revenge then approached. Roughly 2 nautical miles away, they released a small boat as it borrowed the winds to sail nearer. Sheyan could not make up who was in that boat, however, the pirates standing on deck remained extremely solemn. Although their attire was tattered and messy, they seemed to have strictness of the British navy. Even the lofty Davy Jones came out to the deck. His hands folded against his chest



with an unperturbed appearance. This sort of disciplined welcoming was obvious of the person's status who was able to trigger Davy Jones to personally welcome him, it was naturally the captain of the Queen Anne's Revenge, Blackbeard.

Sheyan felt that the following events would obviously have no concerns whatsoever to his lowly position as the third officer, thus he once again returned to his cabin. But his mind was swirling with thoughts of that hidden aggressor. Fortunately, he was currently the third officer, even if he was new and had not much prestige here, helping out with the navigator as his job was still extremely highly looked upon by the pirates.

The navigator's role was to find every possible route within the vast ocean, some navigators could even draw out the sea maps and their routes. After they washed their hands of this pirate job, they can sell these maps for a high price. (Casual statement, if one was able to preserve even a small part of the world map, once in the medieval ages, that object could even be described as a priceless treasure. At one point, the map of navigating to the Cape of Good Hope had even resulted in the death of thousands) Even during skirmishes which resulted in deaths, the navigator would be required to give his blessings if not their souls would not be able to return home. Therefore, items related to a navigator would garner the appreciation and respect of the pirates along with its mysteriousness.

Sheyan borrowed such a status and authority, he naturally could freely roam about unobstructed within the ship. Although the Flying Dutchman was massive, once he called the two pirate ringleaders Mohan and Sata, after coordinating with them, he would be able to easily snuff out that sneaky bastard. In a foreign place, the biggest taboo was having a hidden enemy. Sheyan would obviously not make such a common mistake, because he had already offended many people in this world. Thus he needed to swiftly probe out this hidden enemy, and use his status to eliminate him!

Just when Sheyan was about to leave to find him, the vice officer Old Bill brought others and pushed him into the room. He glanced at Sheyan with an extremely negative look. In Sheyan's real world, it would be described as 'eyelids being semi compressed'.

"Boss is calling you to immediately go up."

Sheyan was slightly stunned, but looking at the two crude pirates with their thick and round muscles, he knew that he had no choice, he must go. He could only stand up and follow suit, however he mentally prepared himself to flee immediately once assaulted. He followed the three brutes turning several corners on the massive Flying Dutchman, not long later he arrived at Davy Jones's captain quarters. Old Bill stood by the door as he, signalling with his face to Sheyan to enter.

Davy Jones' captain quarters was rather spacious, its surrounding wooden walls were made with thick pine wood. There was a faint aroma of tobacco mixed with rum floating in the air. Inside there was a bed, a storage chest, a map and chart, a 'maritime unicorn' oil painting, and on a shelf there was a row of voyage journals. On top of the rugged beech wooden table, there was a cigarette silk pouch, something Sheyan had previously seen in the present world. It was made with processed seal leather, and even had a leather string sealing it. It was said that this sort of cigarette pouch could successfully keep the cigarettes within from the cold and dampness and moreover increased its fragrance.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 61

## Chapter 61: The Sword's companion

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Blackbeard sat beneath the oil painting, his waist and back perfectly upright. If not for his aquiline nose contributing to his vicious appearance, he would really have the air of a British Royal Navy general. Davy Jones sloppily leaned against a chair by the side, his domineering aura spewing out of him, he glanced towards the door when someone walked in. Sheyan was extremely quick-witted, he immediately bent his body to bow saying.

“Boss.”

Davy Jones nodded his head, squinting his eyes he said.

“The sword you offered to me, was it really taken from Ammand's hands?”

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders and innocently proclaimed.

“Boss, the amount of people who recognize this weapon in the Caribbean sea are more than the sharks in the water!”

Davy Jones laughed out loudly, he turned to face the steel cold expressionless Blackbeard.

“I feel what my third officer said is absolutely right.”

When Davy Jones laughed, Sheyan finally felt the pressure on him easing, he raised his eyes to look and his heart skipped a beat. Because that renowned Blackbeard was holding a shaft that looked very familiar, it looked like it was exactly the weapon ‘Ammand's silver sword’ that he gifted Davy Jones! The

sword had been pulled out from its scabbard, but with Sheyan's exceptionally keen observation skill, after a second look he felt something was wrong. Because this sword's hand guard (protective layer at the holding area) curved to an exaggerated arc, and it was curved to the right side whereas Ammand's sword should be curved to the left.

At this time, Blackbeard retrieved another sword, this sword was the real Ammand's silver sword. The two sword resting side by side on the table, apart from the contrasting opposite curvature of its handguard, both swords exterior and even the faint silver glow were exactly similar. Simply put it was like staring into a mirror. Blackbeard glanced at Sheyan with a cold look, he then directed his attention again to the two swords.

Presently, Sheyan had already roughly inferred the entire process of development. Davy Jones previously should have known that Blackbeard was secretly searching for this class of weapon, his thirst to find it was great. Therefore, when he received this gifted weapon, he immediately contacted Blackbeard. However, when Blackbeard received this sword, he still couldn't find out the mystery within, this he felt it was a counterfeit and requested Sheyan to confront him.

Of course there was a suspicious point: Why didn't Blackbeard himself forcibly take it from Ammand? First possibility was that he could not steal it, because Ammand is an extremely astute and powerful character. But from Sheyan's deduction, the bigger possibility was that he had no knowledge of it!

In this era, people with some sort of status would normally use this sort of traditional sword. For example in the movies, the main lead Jack Sparrow also was an expert with a sword. This sort of sword was like a self-defense tool within the British Royal Navy. Even though there wasn't any sword obsessed person that would kill for swords, but a personal weapon was of utmost importance. Even if Blackbeard was a captain of the three legendary pirate ship, he wouldn't lower himself to request to look at other people's weapons.

Blackbeard continued examining the swords, he attempted to raise the two swords at the same time, and even placed Ammand's silver sword near his own eye to look at it. It was like he wanted to dissect it with his eye power. Finally, he shook his head grimly, sighing he was about to stand up and leave. Suddenly

Sheyan spoke up.

“Please pardon my intrusion, captain, I’ve already discovered a strange phenomenon, do you mind sharing your difficulty with me?”

Blackbeard stared at Sheyan, his eyes carrying his mockery and contempt distinctly. Without saying a word he walked out. Just when his hands were about to contact the external air, Sheyan added on.

“If you can tell me, then perhaps there is a glimmer of hope to your question. If you leave, then this hope would be lost.”

Maybe the excruciating long searching had sapped away at Blackbeard’s patience. Maybe Sheyan’s confidence had persuaded him as his body remained rigid for a brief moment before turning around quickly. His hoarse voice was like scratching steel.

“If you dare to leak out my secret! Then I will surely turn you into an undying, and you will forever be the lowliest slave of my ship!”

‘Bang!’ Davy Jones slammed his wooden cup heavily onto the table, the rum splashed out over half the table. This scottish brute had an icy cold expression as he said.

“Mr Teach (Blackbeard’s name is Edward Teach), this is not the Queen Anne’s Revenge, my third officer’s fate will be decided by me!”

Blackbeard showed no fear, as he stared back callously. The sudden air of conflict between two huge personalities suddenly cause Sheyan to feel light in his legs, he felt a crushing painful pressure pressing against his body as he stumbled back a few steps. At this moment, Blackbeard suddenly continued.

“My sword, was obtained 10 years ago. What happened then.....you do not need to know. But it is said that the wielder of this sword, will be invincible in a close combat ship battle. However, it isn’t complete, legends has it, that finding its other half would then allow it to demonstrate its greatest potential.”

Hearing till here, Sheyan already understood. Seeing the light, he replied:

“That is why Ammand’s sword in every aspect, accurately complements this sword as the other half. But instead, it did not display any unique reaction.”

Blackbeard remained silent, but his expression could confirm that Sheyan's speculation was unmistakable. Sheyan then gently grinned:

"Precisely the case, I'm the only one sitting closest to the door."

Blackbeard raised furrowed his brows, obviously irritated at this pesky pirate digging his nose into his things. But, Davy Jones gazed at Sheyan with full interest. Because, to the pirates, Sheyan's current sitting position had his back faced towards the door. This was extremely ominous, probably because a pirate at dawn, was not sure of living to the evening (chinese idiom – Precarious lifestyle). Sitting at that position meant that a stranger could anytime strike you from the back once he entered the door, once a person realizes he would be already dead. Sheyan continued:

"Because I'm sitting in this place, therefore I can see what you two cannot."

Blackbeard's heart beat faster, there was an unclear throbbing within his heart. What he lacked was something to break through! Instead he continued listening to Sheyan.

"Just now, the scabbard of the sword i gifted to boss was placed on your seat. When you picked up your weapon, I actually saw a radiance coming out from that scabbard!"

The two silver swords had an exactly similar appearance, but Ammand's scabbard looked extremely ancient. It was terribly worn out, and was even wrapped with a layer of black rags. It was obvious why Blackbeard instantly placed it to one side on the stool. Saying till here, Sheyan slowed down his pace.

"I reckon, a sword's other half, may not necessarily be another similar looking half just like the rare occurrence of two males successfully establishing a family! The genuine mystery behind this legend, may actually be.... Its scabbard!"

Sheyan had not even finish speaking, yet Blackbeard's eyes were already blazing with a soul combusting radiance! By extending out his palm, his own silver sword automatically flew into his hand. Concurrently, he tried to hook the scabbard on the ground with his leg, but hooked onto nothing! Raising his head, he discovered that Davy Jones had already used some sort of unorthodox method to retrieve that scabbard into his hand. This scottish brute's eyes were flowing with a malicious excitement, his huge nose was flushed red. Davy Jones

leaked out a sly smile, but used a mild tone to speak.

“Beloved Edward, I suddenly have some regrets regarding our former business. Therefore I willing to pay up a penalty to exchange for the rights of ownership of this!”

With his words, the surrounding floorboard suddenly cracked and split open! It was as powerful as a door slamming open. Even the surrounding dust on the shelf started to float down from the vibrations. Following that, the lid of the wooden chest on the floor automatically opened up. Like the jingling of bells, the interior lustrous golden coins automatically flew up into oblivion and vanished. It was like a small scale tornado passed by here and sucked up all the treasures. Davy Jones laughed out loud, he then patted Sheyan’s shoulders and said.

“Beautifully done!”

Blackbeard had a stony expression, but from the whitening of his hands because of his tightening grip onto the sword hilt, his mood was obviously quite furious. Only someone who was familiar with Blackbeard’s sinister nature would understand, this was the expression when his anger had reached the limit. Instead! The person sitting in front of him was Davy Jones! This was someone who was able to stand on equal footing in terms of influence and individual strength! Moreover, he was still on the Flying Dutchman.

“State your price.” Blackbeard once again sat down on his chair. His eyes had gradually intensified, giving off a chilling sensation of a cobra about to devour his prey, filled with a coercive and vicious aura. Instead, Davy Jones leisurely sat down, pondering for a moment he reached out his right hand. He then bent his big thumb, middle finger, small finger and swayed his remaining two fingers in the air arrogantly.

The muscles twitched violently on Blackbeard’s face, he stared at Davy Jones and suddenly fished out two items from the strap at his waist. The first item looked completely weird, it was actually a palm-sized sack weaved with an old fashioned cloth and red thread. Its opening was strangely shaped like the bottom part of a woman. Sheyan wasn’t clear about this item yet, only when he returned to the present world would he realize. That was a utterly famous voodoo object known in the Caribbean sea world, it was called Dakan Momo.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 62

## Chapter 62: Enormous danger

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Voodoo cult originated within the interior of a religion, it generally possessed an intention to worship its origins. They view the woman's lower part as the gateway of humanity (In actual fact, it is), therefore, they created this female reproductive organ kind of artifact. This object within the voodoo cult had a reputation akin to the 'Jin Gu Bang (Golden cudgel wielded by Sun Wu Kong in Journey to the west). Its status was unimaginable. Rumour has it that after constructing a voodoo doll and placing this voodoo doll into that object for a period of time, after retrieving it, the success rate of that voodoo doll will climb to 100%. Further explaining, if one didn't use this object, even a superior voodoo sorcerer's crafted voodoo doll had only a 40% chance of success.

Blackbeard's second item was a mini pottery-like bottle. Inside contained the most important raw material needed to create an undying or decaying undead, it was called Sanji Dada, which was unusually processed into powder with blowfish venom and toad poison. To fill up this mini bottle, Blackbeard had to collect for 10 years. It was extremely precious.

Evaluating these two items, Davy Jones looked rather pleased. Following that, someone brought news of an additional 10 brand new cannons along with 5 full chests of gold coins. It was unclear what methods Blackbeard used to communicate with his underlings. Finally Davy Jones, with a trickle of unwillingness, glanced again at this worn out scabbard, he then laughed and tossed it over.



Blackbeard caught it with one hand! An excitement inevitably covered his face, because when the sword and the scabbard approached each other, the two objects would glow brightly. This sort of brightness gave one the feeling that the two belonged together, it mixed like a river and the sea, and even gave off a moisten sensation! Until now, even a fool would be able to link the deep connection between the two objects. Even the cold and sinister looking Blackbeard, such a cunning and astute person, could not control himself from leaking out a repulsive grin.

Blackbeard stood firmly as he raised the silver sword and the black scabbard that he paid a high price for. He then suddenly thrust the sword into the scabbard! Suddenly! !....

(ED: "He thrust the sword in the scabbard". Sorry couldn't help it)

Nothing happened.

Blackbeard's twin eyes swelled up like a toad! This sort of expression forming on this vicious and sinister legendary captain, could only be described as comical. What was strange is that when he loosen his grip, his own silver sword was actually catapulted out of the scabbard! It landed on the floor with a clank.

The nearby Davy Jones burst out in wild unrestrained laughter, he laughed so hard till he clutched his stomach and his tears started flowing. Following the roaring laughter, the door was kicked open and five pirates rushed in with the wind! These 5 pirates were all cripples, some had a iron hook at where their right hand was supposed to be while others had a false leg on their left. But Sheyan could feel a fiendish aura blowing in like a hurricane, it was as though it filled up the entire captain's room!

Obviously Davy Jones had understood this scenario, he was afraid Blackbeard would start a rampage due to his furious humiliation. Hence he immediately, called several 'Golden warriors' and 'flowered truncheons' to suppress the situation. Sheyan witnessed their frightening strength, he had a scary feeling that one could even rival Scarface Harry!

Sheyan secretly gasped in his heart. The three legendary ships were indeed deserving of their reputation. Personally, with his combat capabilities he could be the crew head on the Bell and Mug. But once he joined this legendary pirate

crew, his individual skills could perhaps not even match up with a lowly crew member. If not because he garnered a certain reputation for his navigational techniques as well as managerial skills, then he would really not be able to achieve his status and position now.

Blackbeard started trembling from head to toe. This was not merely because his decade long hope was dashed, but also because he wasted blood and effort. What angered him further was that he was presently on another person's territory, he had been exploited fully by Davy Jones, he could not even vent out! Blackbeard's venomous glare ultimately rested on Sheyan, Sheyan's chest suddenly tightened. Davy Jones wasn't afraid of Blackbeard, but this didn't mean that he himself would not be afraid! Blackbeard was always a proficient black magician in the Caribbean sea, his entire crew was even driven by undeads. Faced with such a dead glare by that old fox, Sheyan felt a strong pessimism for his future.

Apart from this, Sheyan originally wanted to bring out another critical but relevant matter to exchange for a good price, but he could not care much now. What if Blackbeard suddenly revolted and placed a dead voodoo curse on him, wouldn't that be disastrous? At the juncture of this hostility, Sheyan inhaled deeply and stood in front of Blackbeard. He sincerely pleaded.

"I know the root of this problem."

In view of Sheyan's former outstanding performance, it was much easier for him to speak up now. Blackbeard's dark expression became lighter, he even felt a little joyous in his heart. It was like a drowning person managing to grab onto a grass, but he persisted with an icy-cold expression.

"Speak."

Sheyan inhaled and continued.

"Previously I faintly overheard Ammand raising a point about his sword that it was passed down from his ancestors. Looking at it now, the actual power of Ammand's sword is actually not very strong, it only relied on sucking it a little spirit energy from the scabbard to reach its potential. Ammand probably used this pretext to cover the mythical nature of the scabbard. Under normal circumstances, who would know that this brilliant resplendent sword is actually

an empty shell. Its real strength resides in this tattered and worn out scabbard!"

Blackbeard's eyes flickered, as though he had caught onto something. Sheyan continued speaking.

"However, if with this layer of concealment, Ammand seemed to remain paranoid. Therefore, I could feel that Ammand had established a strange relationship with this weapon! This relationship.... I am unable to understand. Based on how the east would say, a person's soul is split into 7 parts. Highly likely, Ammand or even his ancestor may have a part of his soul sealed up within this weapon. Therefore, apart from him, nobody else can activate the weapon. What I am saying, your greatness are you able to accept? Perhaps this is the real reason why the sword and the scabbard are unable to reunite."

Blackbeard nodded his head, his eyes suddenly emitted a relaxed glow.

"I understand."

Sheyan suddenly formed malicious intent in his heart, he spoke with an emotionless look.

"Actually to eliminate the special soul binding effect on this weapon is fairly simple, you only need to slay the owner of this soul imprint."

Between the lines, he was actually pointing towards Ammand. This was actually called using words like daggers to commit murder! And wasn't corrupted with a single drop of blood. A treacherous look formed in Blackbeard's eyes, his lips curled into a fake smile.

"There is no need for such troubles."

He reached out his hand for the sabre hilt at his waist, without making any further moves, his whole body started vibrating. That vibration was relatively peculiar, it was like he was having cold tremors from head to toe. On the contrary, Davy Jones's expression turned heavy. Not long later a pirate came in with a report, saying that the opposite ship sent over a man, and he wanted to come in here.

Blackbeard glanced at Davy Jones, he then waved his hand to gesture him in. The pirate that walked in was half naked, his eyes blank and his expression dull. Only when he saw Blackbeard did he regained some vitality. Blackbeard allowed

this pirate to walk to him, he then thrust his hand in! Piercing deep into his chest.

Only at this moment did life come back to this pirate, not agony but gratitude. Blackbeard did not even cast one look at him, he twisted his hands and horrifyingly dug out the heart of that pirate, and it was still dripping with blood. A thick and strong blood stench filled the air. Blackbeard held the heart within his hands, he then wiped this disgusting mutilated mess against that scabbard like it was a piece of cloth!

The scabbard shone with a faint blood red glow, and the dripping fresh blood of the heart was mixed with a faint greyish colour. Concurrently, a barely audible mournful and desperate shriek could be heard in the atmosphere. Blackbeard's lips curled into a cold smile, his actions were merciless. Once he wiped the scabbard completely with the heart, it had already turned grey and wrinkled, just like a real torn rag.

Blackbeard flicked his hand and flung away the heart. He then once again tried to thrust the sword into the scabbard!

This time, he succeeded!

At that instance where he thrust the silver sword into the scabbard, every single ray of light within the room felt like it sank in! Swallowed thoroughly by that sword. It was like they had been separated for a long time, and because of this sudden chance encounter it created a greedy and thirsty black hole, diligently and not slacking as it sucked in everything.

Fortunately, this scenario did not persist for long. Because with one wave from the sunken faced Davy Jones, the cabin wall facing the sun suddenly automatically opened up. Underneath the scattering dust, the scorching heat rays of the Caribbean sea penetrated in, coincidentally shining onto that sword. It seemed like there was a compatible property inside the sun rays as in a flash, it refracted and warped itself, rapidly congregating into the middle of the sword. In a few seconds, the concentration of rays finally saturated and once again resumed its original state.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter**

## **63**

### **Chapter 63: Octopus Paul, roulette gambling**

**Translated by : Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

After the magical sword consumed enough rays, Blackbeard stood up and headed out. Because Davy Jones had not permitted him, the five vicious, chilling elite pirates by the side immediately stepped forward. With an ugly look, they obstructed Blackbeard. Who knew Blackbeard actually clutched onto that sword at that moment.

That was the silver sword that had finally found its scabbard after decades!!

The sword was unsheathed! “Shing!”, it was pulled out halfway, the bright edge of the sword illuminated out strongly, a scorching blaze brilliantly dazzled into the crowd’s pupils! When everyone regained their sight, all they could see was a thick rope used to tie the sails, surging towards them like a coiling serpent. It then binded over the the five elite pirates with unimaginable speed, coiling around their bodies for a few rounds and then tightened! It swiftly tangled up these fiendish pirates together!

Following that, Blackbeard’s hoarse laughter bellowed in from outside. That laughter sounded like a kitchen knife scraping against a pot, it was extremely unbearable. He then marched away with gigantic steps, and after 5-6 steps he disappeared. Davy Jones sat down on the stool emotionlessly and pondered. After a few minutes, that hawser loosened by itself, as it plopped to the ground beside those elite pirates. They had a hard to believe look on their faces, and when they saw that Davy Jones took no notice of them, they retreated out of the room.

Davy Jones swepted across the few items on the tables with his eyes, he then exclaimed in satisfaction along with his roaring laughter.

“Blackbeard this fool! Invincible in close combat? Yes, looks like that magical sword is really able to control the ropes on the ship, but so what? With these things, I can install 20 more cannons on my old mate (Referring to the Flying Dutchman), his lousy ship might as well feed the sharks from 10 miles away!”

Sheyan solemnly remained silent, because now wasn't a suitable time to speak. Davy Jones tapped his bent fingers against the table, he then muttered out:

“Today your contribution isn't small, I have always been impartial and rewarding. Generous Jones is not a nickname I was randomly given.”

Saying, Davy Jones once again tapped against the table. The wall behind him suddenly toppled down, revealing a display amidst the penetrating sun rays. Although Sheyan was already mentally prepared, but his rejoicing heart still thumped intensely!

What emerged was all of Davy Jones's precious collections!

Although Sheyan was completely unable to verify their attributes, a layer of fuzzy haze covered over these collectables. He could only see the rough shapes, however, from the glow of those objects, every one of its kind was not an average trash. There should be at least quite a number of silver class equipments! Even the remainder items had deep black rays coiling around it. At the deepest corner, a few objects even flickered with glamorous bits of gold!

Sheyan took in a deep breath, he then heard Davy Jones proudly proclaiming:

“Welcome to the generous, Paul's spinning roulette!”

Consecutively, Davy Jones propped up his pocket-size fish bowl, the octopus inside looked extremely excited, its hands wildly waving about obviously communicating to its owner's intention. Davy Jones placed the fish bowl down, pointing towards his treasure-trove with full interest.

“The game's regulations are simple, Paul will retrieve your deserving reward out. Before that, you have 3 minutes to influence its mood, but you cannot cause any form of harm to it. And I will obviously not use any methods to hint at what it should or should not take.”

Such a renowned character like Davy Jones would certainly live up to its promise, therefore, Sheyan could eliminate the concerns of external influences. This was what he was awarded, with was hinged upon Davy Jones's pet octopus, Paul! His mind flashed with ideas on how to curry the favour of this octopus..... if he didn't remember wrongly, before Davy Jones incurred the curse and turned into a sea monster, this octopus called Paul could metamorphosed into a gigantic sea beast. It would sweep everything in its path, there were absolutely no ships that could defend against it.

Sheyan suddenly recalled something, looks like this Paul's spinning roulette was a particular addiction of Davy Jones, he regularly rewarded his subordinates with this. Regarding Davy Jones's personality and character, he naturally would not lie and cheat. Furthermore, the pirates on the ship completely understood Paul's preferences!

This he could conclude: If making this octopus delighted they could reap great rewards, Davy Jones's treasure-trove should have long been emptied. Also, there were still people who were able to think reversely and conclude: Since happiness is not an option, they would certainly try to enrage this poor Paul. Looking at the abundant nature of this treasure-trove, inevitably this path would also go nowhere.

A person's five senses are classified into 'joy, rage, worry, curiosity, fear.' To this octopus, joy should most likely be food, rage should be when it interacted with a same species of when it is attacked. Regarding worry, there are few who would have been able to instigate that. Fear would require the usage of force or threat which underneath Davy Jones's watchful eyes, was an impossibility.

Therefore, Sheyan wanted to try the only other uncommon approach: That was to trigger octopus Paul's 'curiosity' or 'pondering' emotion! There was no need to doubt if Paul was able to replicate such an emotion, even an ordinary octopus has an extremely high intellect. It is said that it was the level of a 5-6 year old kid. They could even pull open the cork of a bottle to eat the little fishes inside, and could accurately forecast the results of the World Cup. What more that this was Davy Jones's beloved pet Paul? Its thought process should not differ greatly compared to humans.

However, this creature had already followed Davy Jones for a long time, it

could be said to be vastly experienced, It would certainly not take notice of any ordinary objects. Furthermore, an octopus would not be curious of every other thing, just like how an average person would take no interest towards an object that had an awful stench.

If that was the case, an object appeared in Sheyan's mind! If it was that thing, he had great confidence in inciting the curious nature of the octopus Paul. However, if there was a mistake in his speculation, then the resulting consequences would be immense. At his time, it looked like the 3 minutes timeframe was about to expire, and the octopus Paul had started to lazily try to climb out of the fish bowl. Sheyan gritted his teeth, he then took off his equipped weapon 'cobalt steel exoskeleton armour' down, and held it tightly in his hand. This was a manufactured weapon that only existed in the machinery civilization a millennium later. No matter how broad Davy Jones's experience was, it was completely impossible to let Paul witness this before!

This equipment originally had a camouflaging ability, after Sheyan cancelled it, its metallic brilliance dazzled brightly underneath the sun rays! Its strange appearance of copying the human skeleton structure had also gathered the attention of Davy Jones. The octopus Paul upon viewing it started to hoist its arms and climbed out. Astonishingly, it transformed into a huge monster, it had the dimension of the table and its tentacles were as thick as the bowl diameter!

Paul used his tentacle to roll around the object, it looked extreme curious, incessantly thinking of snatching away this object in Sheyan's hand. Sheyan grinned as he firmly held on, he pointed at Davy Jones's treasure-trove.

“Exchange.”

Paul tugged a few more times, after that he really understood Sheyan's words and swiftly climbed into Davy Jones's treasure trove. The moment it entered, Sheyan carefully noticed that a light blue layer glowed against its body when it passed, it was like it bypassed a wall. Obviously this treasure trove was suddenly not without harmful fortification. After Paul climbed in, it started toying about with its tentacles, searching endlessly. Presently, not only Sheyan was anxiously perspiring, even Davy Jones had a certain unconcealed nervousness in his expression. Obviously, the situation had developed beyond this astute person's control!



Looking at octopus Paul wriggling about in the treasure trove, it actually coiled its tentacles around an object that was glittering gold. Sheyan felt like his heart was raised to his throat! He already made a decision, anyway he wasn't in a combat state, once brother Paul exchanged that object with him, he would immediately return to the nightmare realm! Regrettably, Paul put down that object, finally sweeping with its tentacle, it coiled around another strip shape glowing black object and started to crawl out. He was crawling with great resolution, it probably wouldn't change its mind.

Observing octopus Paul crawling out to him with that strip shape object, Sheyan felt a sense of unwillingness in his heart. Actually, exchanging his own blue class object for another black equipment, he should already be contented and it was less likely to offend Davy Jones. Thus he sighed in his heart and loosen his grip, allowing octopus Paul to snatch away this cobalt steel exoskeleton armour. This octopus was trustworthy, it also loosen the grip of its tentacle on that black figure. Thriving with excitement, it started to toy around with the glimmering cobalt steel exoskeleton armour.

After Sheyan's fingers came in touch with that strip like black equipment, its enshrouding glow faded away. Emerging in Sheyan's eyes, stunningly this weapon was exceedingly familiar!

A personally owned equipment of the 16th century, a single round musket!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 64

## Chapter 64: Black Ambition!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

In the current era this sort of musket weapon was extremely primitive, after discharging a round, the reloading process was an excruciating long and inefficient one.

More crucially, this model of musket, was actually rather similar to that lethal weapon used by Little Lord Fokke when killing! It had a crow black gun barrel, and excessively unique design. Momentarily, Sheyan even suspected that this musket was stolen from the hands of Little Lord Fokke.

Sheyan exerted great force in gripping the handle, it was made with pine wood. Its pine resin combined with human sweat produced a glossy starch which allowed a comfortable but firm grip. The attributes of this weapon one by one surfaced from the nightmare imprint.

Ambition (Trigger style flintlock gun) (TN: Flintlock guns are old fashioned guns that trigger from the spark of a flint) Origin: Navarre

Equipment rarity: Black

Damage power 50 – 140

Material: Pine wood, iron

Additional equipment installations: Wooden butt(of the gun), strap Optimal range (Able to display its maximum damage of 140): 10 metres.

Effective range (Able to deal some damage to enemies): 30 metres.

Weight: 4.2 kg

Gun length: 350 millimetres

Magazine capacity (1 round)

Reloading interval (1 minute)

Equipment requirements: Strength 10 points, physique 15 points Unlimited ammunition

Perceptive sensing + 2

Agility + 2

Active ability: Rum and songs. Once the bullet encounters rum..... The curtains will unfold an enemy's tragedy.

After activating the ability, the next attack from this weapon is an inevitable hit and will cause dizziness to the enemy, duration last for 3 seconds. If the enemy's life points fall below 30%, then it will cause 200% (twofolds) explosive damage. Activating rum and songs consumes nothing, it's cool down time is 600 seconds. Rum and Songs resulting dizziness takes precedence, furthermore, the dizziness duration is unable to be broken within 2 seconds.

Musket category passive effect: Ready. During non-combat state, explosive damage rate will increase overtime for the next attack of the musket. Every minute raises 1% of explosive rate, maximum is 50%. An explosive damage with the influence of 'Ready', would cause the 200% (Twofold) bonus to raise to 250%.

Pointer: After firing, the additional explosive rate disappears, the counter will reset to zero.

Pointer: After activating 'Rum and Songs', an attack would not trigger 'Ready' effects.

Handgun category additional effects: Fire precision + 10%, shooting distance + 10%

Equipment battle score: 19

Mini engravings on the gun: This gun has always thirsted for its brother.

Sheyan scrutinized this weapon, his breathing heavy, previously at the market he had already read a few reports. Regarding high class firearms type weapons, unlimited ammunition was a relatively rare characteristic, furthermore doesn't this weapon also possesses an incomparably strong active ability? Although he had given up his demonic boxing glove from the Terminator world, he gained an incredible weapon with tremendous explosive powers. He was already lacking in creation of explosive strength, thus this weapon came at a great time!

Davy Jones was filled with amazement and a little heartache when he saw Sheyan winning that weapon, he probably lost his mood for chatting and gestured Sheyan to leave the room. Sheyan already benefitted greatly and had no intentions to continue staying here, he darted out of the room like an arrow. When he composed himself and carefully evaluated, he realized something. This black weapon 'Ambition' in fact really had the same design as the one Little Lord Fokke was using, was this a coincidence, or.... A fact?

Personally spectating the two immense heads, Blackbeard and Davy Jones clashing with each other, Sheyan's emotions were turbulent. Furthermore, he just obtained a deadly lethal black type weapon, thus his emotions relaxed a little. Needless to say, Sheyan was also a young man, it was only that his thoughts were darker and he could keep himself more composed than others, but that didn't mean he was free from mistakes forever.

For example, Sheyan committed a grave mistake right at this moment.

When he walked out of the captain's room, he failed to notice most of the pirates had congregated at the side of the ship. This side was the one facing the other legendary pirate ship 'Queen Anne's Revenge'. In his mind, he was still reflecting on the ins and outs of his new weapon, and scheming on future arrangements, hence he was oblivious to the series of events. He panted heavily as he strolled down the stairs to and walked towards the second floor pathway.

Suddenly, Sheyan felt a chill in his heart! Although he was missing the all around attribute addition of 1 from the cobalt steel exoskeleton, his agility and perceptive sensing had been risen to 10 points and 14 points respectively, this was relatively valiant. Sheyan instantly turned around and to his surprise, he saw a person dressed as a pirate, and in his hands was a weapon not of this era!

An 'UZI' Submachine gun!

When this type of weapon appeared in the Terminator world, it sacrificed precision in exchange for rapid firing rate. But the gap between that pirate and Sheyan was only 6-7 metres, its precision was definitely out of the question! Undoubtedly, similar to Sheyan he was a contestant!

Firing tongues lashed out from the Uzi submachine gun, averaging 1500 rounds/minute as the bullets sprayed out like a torrential storm! This was a long and narrow pathway, at the moment when the gun directed towards him, Sheyan's best option was to bang into the cabin door on his right. In this way, he not only could take cover from a huge portion of incoming bullets, he could also evade any follow up attacks from the enemy. Just when Sheyan was preparing to crash to the right using evading techniques that he learnt, he suddenly thought of something.....

That was, "what if I was the one arranging this assault, what would I do?"

If that's the case, Sheyan gave up on his notion to take cover, utilizing his hands to cover his face, he straightforwardly planked forward like an ordinary wooden stake. Dozens of glowing bullets streaked past his body. A few caused his body to bloom blood flowers, and in a flash it drenched his clothes in blood. Right at that instance, Sheyan suddenly stretched out his arms and pressed onto the floor ahead, simultaneously bending his right leg, he exerted strength! Sprinting forward like a short distance athlete!

Sheyan's current agility had already reached 10 points, even though it may not be very fast, it was enough to grant him the advantage in ability. The distance between his aggressor wasn't far, a 6-7 metre gap was translated to 1-2 seconds. More importantly, the uzi submachine gun's rate of fire could reach 1500 rounds/minute, but that was merely theory! This figure's greatest limitation was from its loading capacity. In actual fact, even a modified uzi submachine gun would have a maximum capacity of 50 rounds, any more would sacrifice its other respective functions.

No doubt this contestant that assaulted Sheyan wasn't any weakling, but he didn't expect Sheyan to face his bullets head on and instead counterattacked! He hesitated a little, and immediately leapt backwards! At the same time raising

up the uzi submachine gun in his right hand, one could clearly see the magazine of the gun automatically sliding out, and his left hand was already holding onto another fully loaded magazine. He simply pressed it in! The entire process did not even take 1 second. The contestant's explosive strength was great, his backwards leap covered a big distance. Thus, even with Sheyan charging forward, he was unable to seize the small window where he needed to reload!

That contestant glanced towards the frantically charging Sheyan, his expression displayed a ridicule look. He held tightly onto the uzi submachine gun as it glowed with a light yellowish layer, obviously activated some kind of ability! Afterward, this firearm's bullets sprayed out in frenzied torrents. "Chi chi chi chi" Most of it headed directly for Sheyan's body!

Amidst the splashing blood, Sheyan did not respond in a way that the contestant expected him to from his attack. He remained like an injured wild beast as it rushed forward, silently and heavily knocking against his abdomen! The contestant's face turned green, as he clutched his stomach and bent his waist, vomiting out from his mouth. Sheyan raised both his hands arms high and smashed down with his elbows, heavily pounding down on the back of his head.

This attack was incredibly savage, the contestant's eyes turned blank and he weakly collapsed. Regarding this sort of firearms type contestant, their agility and perceptive sensing are high, but their physique and strength pales in comparison. Right now, Sheyan's strength had already reach a high of 14 points, even though he had lost the threat of the cobalt steel exoskeleton, his raw power was adequate! Those few ferocious strikes weren't enough to take this life, but was essential in causing him to temporarily lose his battle capabilities.

The nightmare imprint then transmitted a notification of a list of battle log.

"Based on your perceptive sensing, you have received the following battle report."

"You have been hit by the enemy's 9mm parabellum pistol bullet, resulting in 32 points of damage. Subtracting your base defence from your physique, total damage reduced to 24 points. Activating Innate ability: Endurance, attack failed! Resultant total damage is 1 point! Your accessory, Obsidian fossil anchor's passive ability: 'Bravery in oppression' activated, your physique temporarily

increases by 2 points, duration of 300 seconds, effect can be stacked up to five times.”

“You have been hit by the enemy’s 9mm parabellum pistol bullet, resulting in 31 points of damage. Minusing your base defence from your physique, total damage reduced to 24 points. Activating Innate ability: Endurance, attack failed! Resultant total damage is 1 point! Your accessory, Obsidian fossil anchor’s passive ability: ‘Bravery in oppression’ activated, your physique temporarily increases by 2 points, duration of 300 seconds, effect can be stacked up to five times.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 65

## Chapter 65: Killing in anger

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan's physique had reached 17 points, adding on his hidden title of 'Pirate Ringleader' since he was on the Flying Dutchman, his strength had climbed to 14 points, and his physique to 19 points! After the passive ability of the Obsidian fossil anchor activated, Sheyan's physique had soared to a frightening 29 points. With such a number, it could even exceed several strong storyline characters in this world! Therefore, even when this contestant released his second round of bullets along with his special ability, Sheyan endured all of it and his life points merely reduced to 70 HP!

Just when Sheyan was about to deliver a fatal blow to this contestant, the cabin door suddenly split into two, as two blades intersected out. The tough cabin door was like a paper, shredding into fragments as the splinters sprayed onto the nearby walls created a crackling sound. One could tell residing strength in the two blades were immense.

Sheyan sneered coldly. If he had really darted into that cabin to take cover from the uzi submachine gun, then what awaited him was a pair of incomparably vicious beheading. This sort of snare was extremely simple and direct, it was arranged based on the reflex reaction of most people! It could be said that they were extremely confident in their deductions of people's nature and thinking. If Sheyan wasn't a cool-headed person that could recollect his thoughts in emergencies, that he would really have stepped into their trap.

Giving up finishing this unlucky brat in front of him, Sheyan turned tail and ran.



Before he took off, he stomped down heavily on his right hand that was his gun hand. He pressured down wriggling his foot to the sorrowful cries of this person. Even though the two person with their blades furiously charged forward with all their might, their agility was obviously not comparable to Sheyan, and could only watch as gap between them widened.

Obviously, if they couldn't intercept Sheyan in a short time, then undoubtedly Sheyan would strike back with a strong vengeance. Because Sheyan's other status was the third officer of the Flying Dutchman! His reputation had soared to a respective status amongst the pirates! Once a storyline character pirate recognizes this status, they will definitely feel the need to assist their ship's third officer. They had a duty obligation to him, and Sheyan was also a pretty prestigious comrade!

The ones devising this set up had anticipated that accidents out of their calculations may happen. Therefore, they had already added a contingency rope around their plan.

This contingency rope was a person.

An abnormally huge man, was in fact waiting for Sheyan round the corner!

The pirates largest attire was wasted on that person, his limbs monstrously leaking out a chunk, it was like a grown man wearing his childhood clothes. He had a buzz cut, his hairs piercing out like needles. Kneading his fists, cracking his knuckles loudly in succession. Staring at Sheyan, his mouth formed a hideous smile.

"Brat, in view of your fine performance, Mr Bowen has decided to first pound you into a mud paste, and squash out your organs."

Sheyan didn't reply, but his eyes glowed with a fiery blaze. At this moment, mindless trash talking was useless, he had not forgotten the two other strong enemies pursuing from behind! Thus, a battle occurred in a flash! Just like in Adult films that had no foreplay, it gave one an abrupt, clear and boundless excitement!

This brute Bowen leaked out a ruthless sneer, he raised his right fist and smashed down. This fist probably contained his individual special ability, his fist was radiating with a faint glow. Sheyan's raised his brows, he did not dodge but

instead looked up! Looking deep into his pupils with his blazing eyes, he raised his fist to intercept!

This brute was massively strong, his muscles bulging firm. His one fist pounding down felt like a gigantic iron hammer slamming down mightily. Even if its target was a red-hot steel, it would also burst into splattering sparks!

Under such a direct pounding, undoubtedly 'muscles, strength, testicle male hormones, blood' became the relevant description of this exchange of blows.

When Sheyan directly received the blow, a buzzing sound formed in his mind as his stomach churned violently. Beneath the ferocious quake, he staggered backwards and finally knocked against the side wall with his back with a 'thump!'. Even the surrounding walls violently shook from that impact!

Bowen arrogantly stood still and roared mightily, his tremendous voice resonated through everyone like death personified! Even though he displayed outstanding strength, his resisting hand actually repelled a numbing sensation from this damned yellow monkey. He was as hard as a short steel needle! Fortunately his personal strength was outstanding, this was enough as a person (Sheyan) could not possibly train his entire body to be as tough as his right fist.

One must understand, Sheyan's current strength was a strong 14 points, although it probably wasn't as mighty as Bowen's, the gap between the two wasn't great! Thus even though Sheyan looked extremely pathetic from that impact, after adding 'Endurance', his resultant injury wasn't much. When Sheyan knocked against the wall, an enduring creak came out from the wooden board behind him. At the corner of his eyes, he caught a glimpse of the two other contestants waving their blades as they rushed over with like a devil and its monster! They even raised their blades!

In an instance, Sheyan groaned and withdrew his elbows crashing them against his back! The wall which was already unable to bear the heavy burden split into pieces. The twin blades sliced against Sheyan's chest creating an intersecting wound, blood gushed out as his flesh hung from the wound. Luckily Sheyan had already retreated backwards, as the twin blades brushed over his face by 10 centimetres as it created a gust of wind against Sheyan's hair!

Due to their overflowing strength, they could not restrain the motion of the

blade as it chopped into the surrounding wall with two clear and crisp chop. Although they were both pretty skilled, when they started out with full force, their offensive tempo was suddenly broken off. Sheyan seized this opportunity to do a back roll and stood up, he then dived into the side cabin, closing and bolting the door behind him. The twin blades once again chopped into wood like a shadow following the body, producing two muffled sounds as it penetrated deeply.

Sheyan released a sigh, obviously this group of people aboard did not dare to cause a ruckus in case they attracted the unwanted attention of the pirates. Therefore, this bolted door earned him a few seconds of time. Sheyan was roughly familiar with the structure of this ship, he speedily dashed and made a left turn. He immediately open a door and entered into another passage in the ship's hold.

The Flying Dutchman's passageway was extremely complex, it was like a maze. This was a common problem of the ships in this era, because during a naval battle, cannons were a means of probing. This didn't mean that cannons could not submerge a ship, but because apart from commodity goods, a ship would always store a huge amount of wealth. Therefore, close ship-to-ship hand combat was extremely common. Under such a situation, constructing the ship to look like a maze is a terribly ingenious tactic. As their confused and disorientated opponents navigated around the ship, the home ground familiarity and advantage allowed the pirates to decimate their enemies. Gradually this practice became a norm in ship construction.

Sheyan strided with massive steps, skimming through a corridor. He suddenly halted, because ahead of him the gigantic Bowen also appeared out of the opposite corner! Their familiarity towards this environment, was surprisingly ahead of Sheyan's! Sheyan currently knew that if he delayed even for a slight moment, he would once again be outflanked. Thus, without hesitation he charged forward!

The two figures blurred and suddenly smacked against each other in a flash. Expectedly, Bowen needed a longer time to attack. Sheyan had already experienced numerous life and death situations and always turned them around. He quickly noticed that even though he had undergone several stringent

trainings, in comparison to this guy's experience, he was still rather lacking. Grasping an indistinct flaw in Sheyan, Bowen's eyes flickered with killing intent. He held onto that flaw as he took a step closer to his opponent's bosom, and unleashed a terrifying assault!

Elbows, knees and his hands horizontally struck out like an Alaskan Brown bear hunting for food.

Following that, he raised his 80 over kg opponent up and slammed him against a nearby pillar.

Such explosives strikes, it actually linked up naturally and unforced. Such perfect execution of blows in compatibility to his strength, Bowen had obviously reached a relatively powerful standard in close combat. Sheyan was indeed like a small child in front of him.

A dull boom emerged from the incomparably solid pillar, the dust on the nearby shelves scattered about. Yet, Sheyan's insanely high physique had raised his defence by leaps and bounds. Although these merciless unwavering assaults resulted in a great deal of pain to him, it was not about to end his life. Sheyan collapsed to the floor, blood flowed out from his countless wounds. The crimson was blinding, and it seemed like Sheyan had passed out. Instead Bowen viciously trampled on him consecutively, the thumping sounds against the flesh were extremely terrifying!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 66

## Chapter 66: Fearsome Ambition!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Suddenly, Sheyan swung his arm and latched onto Bowen's stomping feet. Exerting great strength, he caused him to lose his balance, as he stumbled backwards. After Bowen steadied himself, he could only watch as his silent opponent struggled to get up. His opponent was still swaying, but only his blazing eyes were stable, beneath the dripping and flowing blood from his forehead.

Fiery blood!

The two continued to battle.

This time, Sheyan altered his fighting style.

Regarding his opponent's attack, he started without dodging but adopted the most desperate approach. Hurting himself to inflict damage!

Sheyan's thinking had started to become clearer. Up till now, he was finally able to see through this contestant. Once a contestant has an attribute that was frequently used, that meant that his other attributes would be relatively weaker. And this group was obviously a party. A party's benefits was that it could vastly limit the risk and distribute it, lowering the mission difficulty. However, its flaw was that the additional rewards were frequently monopolized by the stronger attributes within the party.

Therefore, your strength is so great, but your physique definitely isn't!

Therefore, this fool's equipment would never be better than mine!

Sheyan's nose had been pulverized by Bowen's fists, blood splattered everywhere and stars formed in his eyes. But, the attacking Bowen was also unable to evade Sheyan's strike in time, he was directly kicked at his balls! Sheyan's present total life points had already soared to a frightening 290 points, this coupled with the protection of his innate ability 'Endurance'! Factoring his HP regeneration speed, he could recover 14.5 HP every minute. Furthermore, it has already been close to five minutes since the start of the battle, which goes to say that he had already additionally recovered 70 HP. Hence, even when Sheyan was forced into such a sorry state, his life points still remained close to 180 points!

Under such circumstances, Sheyan obviously adopted the method of harming oneself to inflict damage! Bowen's strength was incredible, obviously, his initial strength was high and after entering a party, his entire equipments after distributions should roughly be strength enhancing equipments. That meant that his physique was definitely not high. If that's the case, the low in defence Bowen would not be able to fight for extended periods.

Bowen's breathing started to become disoriented, his chest slightly undulating. The area that was kicked by Sheyan ached dully. In a short 10 seconds, he had already knocked down this taciturn male 4 times, but yet this male swiftly got back up as though nothing happened time and time again. It was as though pain was a common occurrence, pain uplifted his fighting spirit! Observing this opponent, that was like an injured wild beast, a strange ominous feeling welled up in his chest. This feeling caused his chest to repeatedly pound, causing him to feel irritable for no reasons. Looking at the blood on his opponent's face, he roared out and charged once again, raising his fist.

Between the two, they had already given up defending, the only thing left was to attack attack attack attack! Blood sprayed out everywhere, the floor and walls were smeared with it. The thunderous clashing of blows caused the empty cabin to shudder, causing palpitation in people's hearts.

"Thump!" Their fist collided in mid air, a sudden crack could be heard clearly from Sheyan's right shoulder bone, his distorted arm then descended flabbily, obviously the lightest injury would be a dislocation. Naturally comparing strength and experience, Bowen still held the upperhand.

This brute laughed sinisterly, hopping forward as he raised his knee and ferociously aimed towards his opponent's lower body. This move was vicious, once it connected it would cause his opponent to lose his battle capability, cut off his line of descendants and may even lose this life instantly. But also because of this move, Bowen's had left his entire body open! His entire upper body had gaps everywhere. Bowen had already calculated, it was impossible for the enemy to block his knee, unless his hands were as long as 2-3 metres!

But at this crucial point, Sheyan's eyes exhibited a mocking expression. He leaned to the side, evading the damage to his lower body. But Bowen's knee subsequently struck against this pelvis, knocking Sheyan 3-4 metres away. At this very instance, Sheyan unexpectedly rotated himself before crashing to the ground, another weapon had appeared in his functioning hand.

A deep black gun.....

An outdated but brimming with murderous aura, flintlock musket.....

Between the space of landing, Sheyan finally pulled out this demonic lethal weapon!

Ambition!

In that instance, the atmosphere froze with a deathly aura!

The surging waves of the distant sea felt like it correlated with this frightening weapon!

"Pointer: Target's life points has already dropped beneath 30%."

"Pointer: Do you wish to activate weapon ability: Rum and songs?"

"Weapon ability: Rum and Songs activated!"

"Bang!"

Before falling to the ground, Seyan already triggered, an ash grey smoke spiralled up! That outdated gunpowder odour pierced the nose and rapidly filled the entire room. The gap between the two was not even 5 metres, even though Sheyan made no contributions to the firing bullet apart from triggering it, but gun techniques were completely unnecessary in such a distance. Once he aimed to a rough direction, even trying to miss was hard. Furthermore, Rum and Songs

had an inevitable hitting attribute?

Besides, Sheyan wasn't a professional gunman. No matter if it was pulling out and aiming this sort of basic efficiency, he was a complete amateur. If he was swapped with a talented and hardworking gunmen, their speed of readying the gun would be roughly 0.4 seconds. Thus, Sheyan understood his personal weakness and immediately activated the 'Rum and Songs' to bring about this inevitable hitting effect. His aim was to finish this off in one strike!

Bowen had also numerous encounters of being shot, his battle experiences were plentiful. Thus, when he saw Sheyan pulling out this mysteriously shaped musket out, he knew something was wrong. He seemed to be prepared, as the surface of his body suddenly flickered and a layer of transparent water wrapped around him. Simultaneously, he did his utmost to dart to the side attempting to dodge the shot.

However, what shot out of 'Ambition' was a lead bullet combusting in flames. It carried a rumbling killing intent as it pressed forward determined, shooting straight ahead!

This era's lead bullet design wasn't complicated, but its manufacturing requirements were relatively high. Primarily, one must construct a 6 floors high building and a pool at the bottom. One must pour smelted lead from the peak of the building with a special, fastened and waterlock scoop, under its personal tension from the free-falling conditions it will then form into a somewhat droplet looking bullet. Once it cools down in the pool, it can then be used. The designated scoop must have a sufficient altitude in order to give adequate cooling time for the liquid lead to solidify in midair. Because once an unsolidified lead droplet balls into the pool, it would not be able to preserve its shape.

Even the destruction force of an ordinary lead bullet would not be inferior to the average bullets nowadays, and may even surpass it! Because lead is more flexible, once it penetrates into a person's body, it will release all its kinetic energy. Thus, they body would suffer severe rupture from the insides, causing severe internal damage. Its damage would be a hundred times that of an ordinary pellet, furthermore it would cause tremendous pressure on the human's circulatory system....its potential was simply unimaginable. A victim would suffer unbearable agony, and if the bullet was not retrieved out of the



body, it would result in lead poisoning! Even with the present times medical advances, it was still very very tricky.

When the bullet soared to within 10 centimetres of Bowen's body, the surrounding air instantly formed a distinct rippling movement, producing a series of alarming glass shattering sounds! But the speed of this lead bullet remained undaunted! Whistling loudly as it pierced into the right side of Bowen's neck. Blood gushed out from his neck, his eyes popped out like a dead fish as his body became rigid where he stood.

An enormous crescent shaped wound appeared on Bowen's neck, as though an invisible beast appeared from nowhere and bit off half of his neck. Bowen's expression was brimming with disbelief as he clutched his neck tightly with his hands, convulsing violently and finally collapsing to the ground. Blood shot out without restraint as he violently convulsed without an indication that this was going to stop.

One simple gunshot, yet its destructiveness could split a mountain, dashing all hopes of survival in the formidable Bowen!

This brute struggled in despair, he summoned his final bit of strength to raise his hands up and pointed his shaking and bloodied finger towards Sheyan. His eyes contained regret, dismay and unwillingness!

Consecutively, the nightmare imprint transmitted his battle log:

"Based on your perceptive sensing, you acquired the following battle report."

"Contestant no. 22317 dealt 31 (56-25) points of damage with his knee, repelling you backwards."

"You activated your weapon's personal ability: Rum and Songs."

"Your attack will inevitably strike the opponent!"

"Contestant no. 22317 utilized an innate ability: Mist shield, ability will form a protective shield over the contestant that can absorb 200 points of far range damage/100 points of other damage. Duration of 5 seconds, Mist shield unable to defend against damage over time abilities."

"Your gunshot dealt 140 points of damage, enemy's life points beneath 30%

causing sudden explosiveness of damage, you dealt 280 points of damage.”

“Mist shield absorbed 200 points of damage, after deducting personal defence, your resultant damage is 80 points. Concurrently, enemy will suffer from dizziness for 3 seconds.”

“Contestant no. 22317 is dead.”

“Current scenario is a peaceful setting, you are unable to acquire any benefits from the death of contestant no. 22317.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 67

## Chapter 67: Gradual clarity

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and ELkassar

Sheyan's chest violently undulated as he took huge breaths, he bent down to support his knee with both hands. Even though he knew 'Ambition's' destructive force was great, after using it for the first time he realized he completely underestimated it! He suddenly stood up because deeper into the pathway, two contestants holding onto their blades were looking over with disbelief. They naturally witnessed that insane event. Sheyan laughed coldly, he once again drew out 'Ambition', and aimed it!

The two other contestants obviously did not know the cooldown period of 'Ambition' was a minute. They only witnessed that this weapon carried such destructive force that it terrifyingly blasted off half of Bowen's neck! Panic soared in their hearts as they watched the black barrel aiming towards them, they immediately cried out in horror and fled. Sheyan had no intentions of giving chase, he leaned against the pillar and decided after setting his dislocated right shoulder.

After slaying Bowen, Sheyan carefully reflected on several things. From a string of spider's tracks and horse tracks (Clues), he clearly understood that his enemy's party obviously had a highly skilled character who planned before moving. And that fella definitely planned his escape route before this assault. Hence, if Sheyan were to use this chance to find assistants, he would waste a great deal of time and ultimately, it would've been in vain. Thus, Sheyan hesitated and immediately pursued the fleeing contestants! Under this situation,

the possibility of them having another ambush is extremely low.

Although he delayed for a while, their agility was not comparable to Sheyan. Sheyan was able to force himself to follow their escaping pace. While pursuing, a huge suspicion formed in Sheyan's mind: aren't these people scared of having their ploy exposed?

Currently at sea, even if the Flying Dutchman was enormous, no matter how well these contestants hid, they would not be able to run forever. After acting they would only have two endings: Kill or be killed!

If the latter happened, Sheyan could call his helpers and he had the confidence of snuffing them out within 2 hours. He believed based on his third officer authority, finding them out wasn't difficult.

And even if they killed Sheyan, the news of the Flying Dutchman's third officer being murdered would startle Davy Jones. Obviously he would not mourn for Sheyan, but will believe that a fatal defect had surfaced in his ship. Similarly he would instigate wide scale bloodshed to cleanse his ship!

Hence, the only explanation is, these bunch of people only needed to drag this on for 2 hours and thus could accomplish their mission and return to the nightmare realm! If not, another unreasonable speculation would be, they could eliminate every threat within the 2 hours.... More noteworthy, these threats included the entire crew of the Flying Dutchman and even Davy Jones all the way to the lowest tier of pirates!

Sheyan's thoughts gradually gained clarity.

"These bunch had never expected a contestant like me to suddenly appear on this ship. Therefore, one of the contestant, maybe because of his curiosity, or someone's instigation, he wanted to probe information of me..... That was the reason why someone sneaked around when I was sleeping. Unfortunately, his plan got discovered. Therefore, their head would conclude that the promoted me would carry out investigation on this ship, this action would definitely hinder their plans. Thus, in order to prevent my actions, he dispatched people to silence me."

In order to prevent the pirates from discovering his secret pursuing, Sheyan tailed them from a distance, he did not dare to go closer. After passing a channel

that was close to the side of the ship, he suddenly understood why the pirates on board had suddenly collectively disappeared. Because from 2 nautical miles away on the legendary pirate ship the 'Queen Anne's Revenge', a horrific scene was unfolding.

That sail ropes on that ship seemed like it was alive as it frantically coiled. It looked like the entire pirate ship had transformed into a gigantic tentacle monster. The pirate leader Blackbeard was currently standing on the main mast and laughing to his heart's content while he admired the view. He was waving about that magical silver sword! His subordinates knelt down at the deck in fear and trepidation, as though worshipping their king!

This sight completely captivated the pirates on the Flying Dutchman, they abandoned their jobs and scattered onto the deck to watch this shocking view with their jaws dropped. Sheyan felt an illusion that he was the one who created history, because Blackbeard's mythical sword was something he had helped to perfect. Ammand's scabbard should have a function akin to that of a battery charger! Without that complementing scabbard, Blackbeard's mythical sword would at most be a ridiculously sharp weapon. But after charging up with the scabbard, he could then fit the grand name of 'the king of close naval combat'!

Sheyan pondered as he continued to tail the two people. He had not gone through training in this field, and these two had the intentions of losing their trail. Thus, after descending one floor of the ship's hold, it came to no surprise that Sheyan lost them. After scurrying a few rounds around the cargo, just when he was about to give up, a soft chatter could be heard from over 30 metres within the cargo hold. Sheyan immediately darted behind a pillar in the corridor, to prevent alerting them as he tried to stealthily spy from the side.

What greeted him was a group of pirates escorting a noble dressed youth as they hurriedly paced forward. That youth should be a storyline character, unknowingly, this youth gave off a rather familiar aura to Sheyan. Within those pirates, surprisingly were the two contestants he was tailing, it was obvious that they were the entire party!

At this point, Sheyan would obviously not be stupid enough to expose himself to curse and explode out at his enemies. That would result in getting beaten to a state worse than death. He decided that he wanted to use his 'insight' ability to

probe out that youth, but just as he was about to activate it, he sensed a faintly discernable crisis hovering in his heart. This was undoubtedly his outstanding 14 points in perceptive sensing displaying its warning mechanism. This faint danger represented two things, one is that using 'insight' would cause a slight crisis, and the other..... meant that within their party, there was someone else with an even higher or close perceptive sensing. Thus, diluting his perceptive senses completely!

Sheyan stuck his face to the pillar, a distinctive timbre texture could be felt and he could smell a slight fishy seawater smell. He observed as this group disappeared round the corner, and he ultimately decided to give up on utilizing 'insight'. The reason was simple:

The risks and benefits were not worth it.

Naturally, the motive of this party was not Sheyan, killing him was only to cut their risks. Sheyan only used 'insight' to satisfy his curiosity. But once he gets discovered, then he will land himself in grave trouble! Exchanging his life just to satisfy a curiosity, this was simply not something a intelligent person would do.

When this group walked faraway, Sheyan did not attempt to tail them with his shoddy footwork, but instead entered the cargo hold that he came out from. This cargo hold is relatively common on a pirate ship. It was normally used to store heavy and cumbersome or strong smelling goods, for example salted fish, buckets and ballast material *etc.* Even a pirate ship would have common cargo holds, because even though they don't transport goods, when pillaging merchant ships, they would contain these goods. Naturally they would be able to loot those merchant ships, even this kind of goods to gather the maximum profits.

The cargo hold in front of Sheyan was completely empty, a thick tobacco smell was left behind. The few objects left were several familiar gorgeous chest. Sheyan raised his brows, it was indeed the treasure chests that he obtained from Tortuga castle with Scarface Harry. Engraved was clearly the emblem of the Fokke Family, within them was nothing, as empty as the wilderness. Undoubtedly, it had been looted completely by those pirates.

After looking at the imprint on the chests, Sheyan's originally disorganized

thoughts suddenly connected. He suddenly recalled why he felt that the youth looked very familiar. It was because the outline of his facial features looked extremely similar to the Little Lord Fokke, the owner of Tortuga port! Even though his body didn't have the icy deathlike sensation like Little Lord Fokke, but the air of nobility was still outstandingly visible. Obviously, the youth that just went off even if he wasn't Little Lord Fokke's son, he would still be blood related.

Someone from the Fokke Family's younger generation.... A group of contestants..... They ascended an influential legendary pirate ship..... These 3 points assembling together on the Caribbean sea, what is their exact relationship? Since the youth's status had already been revealed by Sheyan, an even larger riddle was forming in Sheyan's heart. What exactly are they planning?! Don't tell me this party was so strong that they could confront the legendary Davy Jones known as the 'sea devil'? If that's the case, then why do they need to bring along this blood related youth of the Fokke Family?

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 68

## Chapter 68: Victory is Paul, Defeat is Paul

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan remained perplexed after much thinking, he started to get ready to return to the deck. Undoubtedly, once he blended in with the pirates, then his safety and security would be guaranteed. When he strolled over, he roughly understood how this group managed to become part of the Flying Dutchman. That should be being a 'scraper' on this ship. This so called 'scraper' is a familiar term in the present world to Sheyan, but he wasn't sure what the pirates in this caribbean world addressed this class as. He could only confirm the contents and nature of this job.

Because when a wooden ship voyages out for a time frame, even if it was extraordinarily constructed, there would still be abnormal growth of organisms from the warm, humid and moist nature of the ship. Examples of these are moss/algae, oysters, balanus other sea organisms. These organisms latch onto the bottom but do not affect much, after long periods it can result in a massive hidden danger. Therefore, these people are needed to cleanse the ship of these organisms, and thus they are called 'scrapers'.

Of course to clean and safeguard the ship, the best solution is to enter a large scale dock, and isolate the ship completely from seawater. Followed by thoroughly cleaning and painting a layer of lacquer over the wood. But this era of maritime technology still has a long way to go, the only place that have large scale ship maintenance are at famous port cities, British Royal Navy ships enjoys such benefits, but pirate ships cannot. Therefore this 'scraping' job, requires



people to submerge themselves into the water to accomplish it. This was no doubt an excruciatingly exhausting process.

However, this torturous process was essential, people who carried out 'scraping' duties are already used to hard work. Normally they were unwilling to work for the pirates because even striving so hard, they may not receive their remuneration. This wasn't like the present world whereby there is a legal system and contracts. What more, these were greedy and cruel pirates who placed their brains in their pants. If they confronted them for money, it would most of the time result in their heads rolling.

But under such circumstances, these bunch of contestants announced their willingness to be 'scrapers', and did not want to be given high status. Therefore, being a temporary low grade crew member of the Flying Dutchman would not be a problem. Based on Sheyan's experience, cleaning such a huge ship like the Flying Dutchman would require at least 7-8 days, and this only included the bottom part and not the sides of the ship. To those contestants, such a long time frame was definitely enough!

When Sheyan distinguished this information, he rounded a few corners and ascended up the stairs to the deck. No matter what these contestants wanted to do, blending in with the pirates would definitely be the safest option for Sheyan. Presently, it was roughly 3 in the afternoon, the sea breeze was gentle and the glaring sun rays caused his eyes to gradually squint. Unknowingly, a relevant phrase infiltrated his mind like the sun rays:

"I swear on my soul and blood, collaborating together from tomorrow, even our off springs will live in peace for many generations. Anyone violating this would have their blood vessels boil, breathing ceased, their flesh will decay under the scorching sun, and the breath of the earth will shackle their footsteps."

"Bernard Fokke"

"Cooper Jones"

In this instance, Sheyan suddenly halted, and stood rooted as though struck by lightning. The originally warm caribbean breeze suddenly carried a murderous pressure, slashing against his skin. Initially those disorganized and disoriented

thoughts suddenly started linking up together. The enshrouding fog concealing these contestants suddenly completely dissolved in front of Sheyan!

“Damned.....” Sheyan gritted his teeth exclaiming. He raised his head to look at the faraway captain’s room of Davy Jones. “This secret was meant for me to use in the future, never expected you guys to actually grasp this message.....”

“Furthermore developing it to this extent! How could I allow you to have your way. Once you bunch of fools succeeded, then wouldn’t my invisible gain would receive a huge blow?”

Sheyan immediately started sprinting! Presently the deck was filled with pirates, but he did not care much as he knocked and brushed past them until he reached the captain’s room. He then grabbed hold of a pirate urgently asking.

“Is the captain in?”

That pirate was a confidante of Davy Jones. He instantly brushed away Sheyan’s hands, organizing his semi-crumpled collar and angrily said.

“Something cropped up, I reckon there’s a problem with the gunpowder. Boss went down to take a look.”

A gunpowder storehouse is naturally necessary in a pirate ship. If not, once they engage an enemy, they would be at a disadvantage without the explosive support of far range assaults. Instead, this gunpowder storage can likewise be a fatal component of a ship. Once an enemy’s blazing cannon ball smashes into the gunpowder storage, then undoubtedly the battle will abruptly conclude! Therefore, in this era, a battleship’s most protected and stringent place is not the cargo hold, but the gunpowder storage. Once there are any movements there, even a small problem would invite the personal attention of the captain.

After listening, without hesitation Sheyan sped down. Without caring for anything else he sprinted. In order to save the few precious seconds, he even ruthlessly broke open a railing and jumped down.

Regrettably, when Sheyan landed after smashing the wooden railing, he saw the back of Davy Jones standing metres away as he carefully inspected the lock of the gunpowder storeroom. Yet the youth that looked like little Lord Fokke was hiding in a narrow corner behind Davy Jones, the gap between them was roughly

15 metres. That youth had a black mask covering his face, he looked somewhat like Zorro as two contestants accompanied him.

Suddenly that youth stood out impulsively, his right hand holding onto a common flintlock musket in this era. He coldly laughed as he aimed at the back of Davy Jones, and pressed the trigger.....

Bang!

In the instance of the gunfire, Davy Jones concurrently spun his head round. Looking at this arrogant demeanor, he seemed like he was looking at pathetic worm. He clutched the sabre on his waist, his eyes filled with murderous intent! Sheyan frantically shouted out.

“No! Boss! That’s the Fokke Family’s.....”

But at this moment, Sheyan witnessed the contestant standing beside the youth turning around. His eyes..... That pair of clear abundantly penetrating eyes, stared into Sheyan’s eyes which reached into his heart! Although the appearance of the owner had changed, but the bizarre captivating magic within the pupils remained, causing people’s will-power to utterly collapse and their mental state to degenerate!

Sheyan could feel like the air around apparently stuck to his skin! Looking at this person’s action was like watching a slow-mo movement in the movies. That contestant raised his right hand, using his spotlessly white palm to face Sheyan! Although there wasn’t any tangible sign, Sheyan could feel an indescribable invisible wall surging forward!

He instantly covered his front with his hands, but still felt like a waving tremendous hammer smashing in. Sparks emerged in his sight, as he flew backwards from the impact, a spicy fishy smell shot up his throat and a searing pain electrified from his back. He could hear a series of wooden rustling sounds in his ear, obviously a few layers of the cabin wall had met with a calamity.

But before Sheyan flew backwards, he caught a glimpse of Davy Jones’s face changing greatly before he was about to counterattack. The initially beheading blade slicing through the air suddenly slanted, and chopped against the wall beside them causing wooden bits to spray forth everywhere and a piercing crackling sound. A gigantic scar of about 7-8 metres long resulted! It was like two

invisible hands had swiftly smashing against the wooden walls! If the youth received this blow, half of his corpse would not even remain!

Simultaneously, a lead bullet ejected out from the flintlock musket in the Fokke family's youth hands, mercilessly penetrating into Davy Jones's chest! But with Davy Jones's overwhelming strength, the tip of this lead bullet would only pierced his skin. Even so, Davy Jones nevertheless avoided to the side, this thick and violent pirate's movement was displayed an alarming agility that left one speechless. One could tell that Sheyan's shouting had given him ample warning.

Concurrently, Sheyan received a notification: Davy Jones friendship level + 20/ Caribbean pirate reputation + 2000/ Additional + 2000 from the crew of the Flying Dutchman.

Following the opponent's last-minute failure, the pocket-size fishbowl in Davy Jones's left hand suddenly jolted and extended out a tentacle!

When the tentacle extended out it was still fairly minute, but its reach was endless. Finally it transformed into a sharply red tentacle as thick as a human's arm, its suckers covering the entire surface. This tentacle wrapped around Davy Jones's body, the tip of the tentacle wriggled like human fingers, it looked like a little kid gently and cautiously fumbling around a marble with their fingers.

This tentacle's target, was surprisingly that incoming lead bullet!!!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 69

## Chapter 69:Tie

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by:I and Elkassar**

In this chaotic moment, Octopus Paul's tentacles replicated the fingers of a small child, carelessly and even slightly negligent, but a child only handled glass marbles.

Yet this chief octopus is faced with..... A lead bullet travelling at 543 metres/second!

Octopus guarded its owner!

It suddenly struck out horizontally.

"Pa!" Sheyan couldn't even see it clearly, he only witnessed the Fokke family youth flying up, a great force impacted against his head pushing it backwards. After cushioning the incoming lead bullet with its tentacles, it returned in with ten times the speed. It struck against his nose bridge, and penetrated into his skull with great kinetic force, leaving a blooming black hole behind it. When the bullet pierced into his brain, it ravaged the innards completely and without stopping forced its way out from the back of his head, causing a bowl sized black hole at the back. Blood and brain substance burst out, emitting a terrible odour in its wake!

In that instance, even Davy Jones's face leaked out an indescribable horror. Normally, his appearance would be usually filled with wild laughter and insanity, it was hard to even associate fear with his face. As Sheyan gasped for air, he noticed a line of notifications.

“Based on your perceptive sensing, you have acquired the following battle report.”

“Warning: Your perceptive sensing is suppressed by contestant no. 4421, a huge amount of your battle report has also been obtained by him!”

“Contestant no.4421 activated ability: Colliding force wall.”

“You have been struck directly by the colliding force wall, receiving 110 force damage. After deducting physique defence total damage sustained: 93 points.

“Colliding force wall supplementary effects judgement.....your spirit is 4 points, exemption of judgement failed.”

“You have been blown 7 metres away, if you suffer any collision in midair, you will receive a second time of additional damage.”

“You suffered from collision, receiving 60 points of physical damage. After deducting physique defence, damage is 49 points. Innate ability ‘Endurance’ activated, you total damage received is 25 points.”

“Force.....damage?” Thousands of thoughts swirled in Sheyan’s mind. He immediately connected this ability origin should be undoubtedly ‘the force’ which was the core concept of the ‘Star Wars’ series, it was also hailed as a spirit energy. The force is formless, natural and contained mysterious strength, it was an energy innate in all life forms! If one were to carefully segregate, force could be split into 4 classes: Light side, dark side, unifying force and living force.

Obviously, this contestant no.4421 has already grasped this spirit energy, but it should be a basic type and wasn’t of an expert class. Although that was so, the terrifying energy already heavily inflicted harm onto Sheyan! If this contestant was alone, Sheyan may still attempt to challenge her. Unfortunately she was part of a party, and this person was probably a core member.....

Currently, Sheyan noticed the group of contestants. Some of them were looking at the miserable corpse, and some towards the faraway Davy Jones. Some of them were raging, but most of them had a blank and confused look! Under this freezing atmosphere, a large mechanical robotic sound boomed.

“Storyline main mission: The curse of Davy Jones, completed.”

“Fokke family fourth generation descendant ‘Morgan Fokke’ has been killed by Davy Jones’s pet sea monster.”

“Storyline main mission completion rate: 51.”

Following this booming voice, the entire Flying Dutchman shook, as though it was in a raging hurricane. Every pirate started to grab their heads and screamed, only Davy Jones lifelessly stood still. That magical pocket-sized fishbowl suddenly shattered, its glass and water drenched his body. Octopus Paul fell out and starting inflating at an astounding speed. Its eight tentacles spasmed and continually grew, and then it climbed up of the hold and jumped onto the deck, finally leaping into the ocean. It then transformed into an enormous ash-grey monster, its 40 over inch long tentacles defied the heavens as it jerked while pointing to the sky, its bowl sized suckings squirmed incessantly and it finally submerged into the sea!

Witnessing this scene, Sheyan finally understood the entire sequel of the Davy Jones who was acclaimed as a demonic sea creature.

Suddenly, Davy Jones similar clutched his head and let out an agonizing shriek! His shriek resonated out loudly, harming everyone in a 1 kilometre radius. Around the place was a huge mess as though a 12 grade hurricane had struck that area. Clearly seen, his head had started to turn irregular, a faint light blue transparent feeling enveloped it, starting from his head and swiftly spreaded out! Finally Davy Jones’s appearance looked extremely evil, his left side of his body remained human, but his right side was covered by a light blue transformation!

If one could see the right side of Davy Jones, they would describe him with one word.

Ghost.

An eerie sensation filled the entire Flying Dutchman, as though plunging the temperature by ten degrees! Following that, all the pirates started roaring fanatically, their bodies also emitted out that ghastly abnormality. Those contestant had already congregated, and sprinting with their full might towards the deck. These metamorphosing pirates obviously wouldn’t give up, and pursued them to the deck. Presently the sun was scorching, and when the

pirates entered into the sunlight, the half of their body transforming suddenly emitted green smoke, causing them to release an agonizing scream as they retreated back into the ship's hold.

Looking at this scene, a phrase suddenly formed in Sheyan's mind.

"I swear on my soul and blood, collaborating together from tomorrow, even our offsprings will live in peace for many generations. Anyone violating this would have their blood vessels boil, breathing ceased, their flesh will decay under the scorching sun, and the breath of the earth will shackle their footsteps."

He sighed deeply, originally thinking that he could prevent this thing from happening, but ultimately letting that bunch succeed. Sheyan previously obtained a floating 'message in a bottle' from a side mission, the bottle contained a heavily smudged parchment. The contents indicated a sincere oath and a sinister curse, finally it was signed by Bernard Fokke and Cooper Jones.

Bernard Fokke was obviously the founder of Tortuga castle, but Sheyan had not been able to find any clues tracing back to Cooper Jones. Sheyan roughly guessed that it could be related to Davy Jones, since Cooper Jones and Davy Jones shared the same surname. But if he naively linked this two people together based on that, that would be the same as thinking that Li Ka-Shing (Hong Kong businessmen) and Li Jia Xin (Hong Kong actress) had blood relations. He initially planned to slowly substantiate his suspicions in this world, which was one of the reason that he gifted the entire treasures of Tortuga castle over to Davy Jones. He never expected this party of contestant would be a step ahead, and quickly exploited this suspicions, reaping the biggest profits.

Both sides sunk into a deadlock situation. But Sheyan knew, these contestants had been pulled into combat mode due to Davy Jones's earlier antagonizing shriek. They currently had to wait out their combat mode, and hurriedly return to the nightmare realm. When the contestants were basking in the scorching sunlight, they discovered that these pirates were afraid of charging up. The heaved a sigh of relief, and some even started arguing. The arguments gradually escalated, as though there was a internal distribution conflict.

At this time, a contestant roughly pushed aside his fellow comrade, standing



out and pointed towards the ship hold as he furiously yelled.

“Contestant no.1018, your skull will surely be added to the top of my blacklist!

His yell carried a intimidating dizziness. Even though they were far apart, Sheyan felt his heart boil but he only laughed out.

“Hearing that, I am honored and am greatly gratified.”

That contestant’s expression was marvelous, he completely did not expect such an answer. He could only furiously scold out a few profanities.

“Do you not understand why he replied in that manner?”

This contestant’s voice was calm, it actually belonged to a woman! However, her prestige was extremely elevated in the party. The other contestant’s actions seemed extremely crude, but in her face he did not dare to be arrogant. Constraining himself he fumingly bellowed.

“Zi..... I absolutely must kill him?

Zi glanced at the ship’s hold, her eyes contained a piercing and threatening charm.

“That contestant no.1018 obviously wanted to prevent Davy Jones from walking into our trap, but he ultimately failed. Therefore his heart would obviously be dejected. But you suddenly yelled out wanting to kill him, this undoubtedly exposed that his actions had cost us greatly..... Therefore, he would naturally feel gratified!”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 70

## Chapter 70: Curse

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Hearing the words of this female named Zi, that contestant became utterly flustered .

“F\*\*k! This kid really pulled one on us, our original estimation of at least 70 completion rate plunged to only 51! We paid quite a huge price to hypnotize that stupid Morgan Fokke from the Fokke family, but in the end he only became resolute after seeing the Fokke family treasure chest on this ship. Furthermore, because of this mission we needed to remain in this ‘i’ difficulty stop after that naval battle concluded, we lost so many, and paid a really big price? If he has the balls, he better not land into my hands. This Davy Jones is extremely ruthless, that curse was already inevitable, yet he suddenly could land himself into his crew!”

Zi gently replied:

“The curse happening is originally a storyline in the movie, and not the reason for our decline in completion rate. After suffering from this curse, even though Davy Jones exerted great strength to suppress his impending death, but his entire ship and even the pirates got caught up in related curse of Davy Jones, and thus all turned into ghost existences. Besides the Flying Dutchman had even corroded into a ghost ship of the sea. They can cross between the living world and the nether world, and were responsible for receiving drowned souls into the nether world. Later on Davy Jones and the sea goddess Calypso fell in love, and after the two fell out, Davy Jones was cursed and utterly lost his human

appearance. That is the sequel storyline. The reason our completion rate declined was probably because Morgan Fokke wasn't killed personally by Davy Jones, but died at the hands of the octopus."

Another contestant who seemed to have high prestige stood out saying:

"Whatever it is, we got what we wanted, our basic objective is met. I'm willing to use 30% of my dividends to compensate everyone in the party. Regarding the leader of our 'i' level difficulty mission, Bowen, he left a vacant spot after dying. We will appoint a new party leader based on our contribution degree. Hurry up and return now, once this pirates adapt into their new conditions, then it would be too late to leave!"

Apart from Zi, three other contestants also stood out to voice their opinions, and ultimately managed to calm the lower class contestant down. Once the internal strifes concluded, they became unanimous again and cast their gaze towards Sheyan. Currently their combat state had already finished, they each took turns to curse at Sheyan and vanished into thin air.

Sheyan stood inside the ship's hold silently with a slight smile, he completely did not place much emphasis on their empty threats. He roughly already understood that he had personally provoked a strong power faction. That Bowen that he had finished off should have been the party leader of their 'i' difficulty mission. The remaining elite members probably participated in the 'destruction of Paragon fleet' history storyline to come aboard. They probably used some sort of mysterious tool, and thus was able to continue staying even after the history storyline completed. Therefore, they were able to accomplish the storyline mission of completing the curse of Davy Jones.

Before the lady 'Zi' left, she suddenly turned to Sheyan and gently spoke.

"You are quite a meticulous person, and your strength is not bad either. I sent 3 guys to kill you, but you managed to escape and even take one of them down! But don't be too conceited, under this difficulty my abilities were suppressed. If not that force wall would have been enough to finish you. How about working for me? Of course.....if you can return from this place first."

After speaking, she used a finger to cut down forming a line of faint glow. That line swiftly expanded into a glowing door, after Zi took a step in, the door lost its

brilliance and did not leave any marks behind. But right before she left, she spun her head round and made one last eye contact with Sheyan.

This lady 'Zi' has eyes as deep as the ocean, it brimmed with charm strength, enchanting the hearts of people. But in that moment, her stare abruptly transformed into two incomparably sharp needles and pierced towards Sheyan's eyes!

Such a sudden event, Sheyan had not time to react. He instantly heard a buzzing sound as he blacked out. He did not know how long he passed out, but he suddenly discovered that he already slumped to the ground. After he regained comprehension, he immediately felt an intense pain torturing his mind, but it gradually became better. Suddenly, he felt that his face was a little moist, using his fingers to feel he discovered below his eyes, nostrils and ear were overflowing with blood!

Sheyan panted for a while, before checking with his battle log. He then realized he had been attacked by a skill called 'Force needle explosion', not only did it cause immense damage, it resulted in an 8 second long dizziness effect. But this ability should not have been easily activated, if not this 'Zi' would have assurance in her battle capabilities before and he would have long ago tasted this ability instead of receiving it just before she left.

Suddenly, Sheyan thought of words Zi had left him with, his heart immediately shivered. This woman was intelligent and she had incredible powers, she was definitely the strongest out of all the contestants he had met. Her last words definitely held some meaning. But! His current position was still on the Flying Dutchman, and he was even the third officer. Although these pirates could not interact with sunlight, their powers were enhanced. Furthermore he had just helped Davy Jones, why would he be in grave danger?

"Wait, Wait!" Sheyan's forehead suddenly broke out in cold sweat. "Third Officer, I am the third officer of the Flying Dutchman!!! Strictly speaking, this meant that I am similarly a crew member of the Flying Dutchman.....similarly I would suffer the curse of Davy Jones! This curse was extremely potent, it doesn't look fatal but was fiercely evil in its other effects. Even Davy Jones was unable to be exempted from this terrible fate!"

At this moment, Sheyan's breathing grew deeper! He currently did not feel any abnormalities, but his heart could not contain an intense shadow welling up. He charged straight into a nearby cabin, and hurriedly pulled down a hanging mirror, as he looked at himself, a chill burst forth in his heart. He could see his own hair starting to form that ghostly ethereal effect, and it was slowly spreading downwards. Sheyan immediately communicated with the nightmare imprint to check on this personal condition, but he realized all his attributes remained the same. The only abnormality happened was on his innate ability: Endurance.

This ability gave off a feeling of great strength, looking at it gave one a feeling that their life force was surging up, but in reality was clearly weakened. It was as though something was corroding and weakening it, which was still in effect. If it persisted, the worst was that his innate ability would completely disappear! Seeing this scene unfolding, Sheyan had no time to think, his anxiety surged as he immediately requested the nightmare imprint to return to the nightmare realm. But he was notified that his combat mode had been induced due to the terrifying 'Force explosion', he still had an entire 70 seconds before combat state expires.

Under such circumstances, Sheyan deeply took in a few breaths and composed himself. Following that rate of decline, it was absolutely sufficient for his innate ability 'Endurance' to utterly vanish in that 70 seconds. His mind rapidly filtered several images, finally stopping at the scene of the semi ghostly pirates trying to charge out but instead their body starting smoking up under the sunlight. Sheyan's heart stirred, he immediately drew out 'Ambition'. The crow black gun barrel sprayed out a red-hot blaze in a flash, aiming towards the deck he released the trigger!

"Boom!" Wooden splinters burst out, as a hole emerged on the deck above. The glaring sunlight penetrated in, shining onto Sheyan's body. Concurrently, Sheyan felt a searing pain over his entire body, he gritted his teeth and tolerated for 10 seconds and finally felt a comfortably warm sensation. It was like standing under a warm shower, his head faintly released green smoke, but no longer felt any form of pain anymore.

Sheyan once again inspected his status attributes, he then realized the rate of

decline for innate ability 'Endurance' had decreased, there was no more worries lasting beyond 70 seconds. Looks like sunlight was indeed detrimental to the curse. Apart from that, it looks like this innate ability 'Endurance' wasn't so simple! Even Davy Jones couldn't resist this horrifying curse but he could straightforwardly withstand it.

"Hu....." Sheyan stood underneath the sunlight and exhaled a long breath, he then started to reflect on the powerful party he just encountered. Undoubtedly, that mysterious lady 'Zi' was nucleus of the party. Based on her individual display of abilities, that 'colliding force wall' could be said as a combination of attack and defence, while the 'explosive force needle' was a incomparably strong controlling ability. Since that's the case, if it was said that her richly penetrating mysterious eye powers didn't have any hypnotizing ability, Sheyan would never believe it.

Davy Jones had already proclaimed himself as a formidable force in the seas, his infamous name could even cause little kids to weep. No matter how valiant or impulsive that unlucky child Morgan Fokke was, he would have understood the power gap between him and the frightening Davy Jones. Under such circumstances, he actually dared to conceal himself and boldly take a shot at Davy Jones's back! If someone wasn't controlling things from behind the scenes, then that would surely be strange!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 71

## Chapter 71: Return

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan's current situation wasn't very encouraging, he not only met such a strong and meticulous opponent in 'Zi', but behind her was the powerful backing of a huge party! And he had even sparked a deep hatred because he foiled their plans. If it was any other contestant, then their hearts would certainly be filled with fear/regret/anxiety *etc.* Instead, Sheyan merely shrugged his shoulders, he was always a person who never shied from challenges and difficulties; so what if his enemy was overwhelming? This would only serve to fuel his fighting spirit!

Before he entered the realm, Sheyan was only an average male. He even had to run from the likes of a cruel underground society head, Huashan Fei! Sheyan's power disparity between this mysterious group wouldn't be as huge as the one with Huashan Fei previously! Even in that difficult situation, Sheyan didn't have any trace of dread, why would he then cower when the timber had been turned into a boat (Chinese idiom – what's done is done).

After waiting a few seconds, Sheyan carefully surveyed his surroundings; especially the pirates who were transforming because of the curse. The more he looked the more fearful he felt. Under the daylight, these pirates were like zombies, dragging their legs lifelessly wherever they went. Davy Jones silently sat on a chair, as though he had solidified into a stone, completely obviously to his surroundings. Of course, if the curse had thoroughly took effect in his body, then he would have completely lost his sovereign dignity and became an everlasting pirate on this ship.

A greedy idea suddenly formed in Sheyan's head. "Isn't it a fantastic opportunity to go for a fishing trip in the captain's room now?" However this notion was immediately strangled aside by his intellect, how would such an obvious loophole be left for him? Ultimately even if he manages to loot it, those equipments would mostly be soul binded equipment. Or even worse those equipments may even have an additional tag of not being able to be brought out of this world.

The short 70 seconds sped by, because of the corroding effects of the curse, his innate ability 'endurance' was already barely visible. Just as Sheyan had decided to return to the nightmare realm, he suddenly noticed a rather old-fashioned diary nearby. His heart stirred as he immediately retrieved it. This old diary had been soaked by blood and brain matter, from its position, one could infer that it had dropped out from Morgan Fokke, a fourth generation youth of the Fokke family.

Stopping till here, Sheyan finally cleaned up all kinds of tangled and complicated thoughts related to these pirates. However, the state of the Fokke family, another critical influence and the owner of Tortuga castle, remained a mystery. Of course a majority of Sheyan's brain energy had already been used up on scheming to deal with Ammand. Therefore, this diary should be enough to unlock most riddles in his heart.

Sheyan hurriedly wiped clean this diary, he then issued an order to the nightmare imprint.

"Return to the nightmare realm."

"You still have remaining time left in this world, do you wish to return to the nightmare realm? Yes/ No?"

"You have completed the main mission: Gain prominence. Your current reputation amongst the pirates is: Respected (3113/6000)

"Your achievement value: +2"

"Sheyan did not dare to delay any longer, who knew what would happened once his innate ability 'Endurance' vanished. He instantly selected 'yes', his body started to fade as he prepared to return to the nightmare realm.



“Goodbye, Caribbean Sea world.” Sheyan sighed, he felt an indescribable exhaustion overwhelming him. That was the state of his mind after suddenly relaxing from a long period of mental tension. He squinted his eyes to sweep his environment, murmuring to himself.

“Look forward to it..... Next time, when I return.”

Black clouds floated across the sky, obstructing the scorching sun of the Caribbean sea. When the sun rays once again penetrated through the hole of the deck, the third officer of the Flying Dutchman had already dissipated into the thin air.

Having his previous experience of returning beforehand, Sheyan immediately shut his eyes. Awaiting for the extremely peculiar weightlessness to disappear before opening his eyes.

Presently, he had once again returned to the cosmos space environment. The background was pure darkness, the only source of light was the twinkling stars from a distance. Every time he saw this scenery, a revered sensation will emerge in his heart. Once his surroundings became thoroughly clear, the distant twinkling stars suddenly clashed together, forming into a gentle light beam, casting onto Sheyan's body.

Instantly, Sheyan felt an unbearable pain over his entire body as though his flesh was being forcefully torn apart! The pain left as quickly as it came, and vanished after persisting for 5-6 seconds. Even if that was so, Sheyan had broken out in cold sweat, and was heavily panting.

His body was enshrouded inside the gentle light beam. The starlight seemed to transform into a layer of wall, its exterior carried an unexplainable black energy hovering about, and suddenly distorted into a human face! Naturally the curse inflicted from Davy Jones was being forced out by the realm.

That black air rapidly changed, and finally became nothingness. Finally the starlight gradually dispersed, and a 3D projection appeared in front of Sheyan. This first broadcast was the entire sequence of his activities during the Paragon fleet battle, following that was the scene of him killing Little Lord Fokke's wife, Sally. Then the explosion of the Bell and Mug, and finally the rampant and untamed Blackbeard wildly laughing as he raised his mythical sword.

The realm subsequently displayed out the following report:

“Setting: Pirates of the Caribbean world”

“Difficulty: easy (D class)”

“Pain limitations: 50”

“Additional enhancement to individual capabilities: 0”

“Current setting exploration rate:15.33%”

“Acquired new titles: Intoxicated man, Pirate ringleader”

“Mission content exploration rate: 32%”

“Completed mission score: B, (Note: Lowest: E, highest perfect score: SSS)

“Mission completion score reward: Free attribute points: 3 points (According to 20% of the weightage of selected world)

“Mission content exploration rate/mission completion score reward: Utility points: 700 points (According to 20% of the weightage of selected world), unable to reach the threshold of receiving potential points.

“Character current remaining free attribute points: 3 points.”

“You can anytime allocate the free attribute points to increase your basic attributes (Strength/agility etc), use it to strengthen your capabilities.”

“Pointer: You survived from inheriting the ancient curse in the Caribbean world. Thus you receive an additional +1 effect for your explosive strength rate/evasion/accuracy.”

“Eh?” Sheyan looked at this line of report and suddenly felt somewhat unexpected. Renouncing the style of fighting with a party, he never expected himself to earn such generous rewards after overcoming this hurdle. In actual fact, the measly 32% of his mission content exploration rate, the reward of 700 utility points obviously indicated the dissatisfaction of the realm.

Based on Sheyan, relying on the clues and opportunities obtained in the world, if he could really have cooperated with Chris’s party;after engaging in personal interactions with the main lead, Jack Sparrow, he would have penetrated deeper into the storyline, and even uncovered and obtained numerous side missions,

and accomplished them with the party's strength. Regrettably, he placed his personal exploring focus on the Bell and Mug. To Sheyan, this was already his limits. But to a party, they would be unconfined and even could perform much better. Therefore the score of 32% mission content exploration rate, was certainly not injustice.

Following that if he had cooperated with 'Zi's party, then undoubtedly, her party's mission would be able to be perfectly completed! It could even branch out more missions. The realm did not care about the difficulty of Sheyan joining forces with other contestant, it's default judgement target was for all the contestants to unite together, and use their teamwork to achieve the maximum limit of their exploration rate.

Something noteworthy was that the nightmare realm actually gave Sheyan a mission completion score of B! Besides, it even rewarded him with a generous 3 points of free attribute points! Citing a simple example, it was like a student completing only one-third of the assignment for his teacher, but the quality of that one-third actually pleased the teacher exceedingly.

Sheyan immediately located the critical factor in his mind. That was undoubtedly that he personally influenced and changed the sequence of the main storyline in this world.

Killing of Sally, this storyline character which instigated the pirates of the Caribbean to revolt against Tortuga port.

Wrecking the Bell and Mug and changing Ammand's destiny of originally being one of the seven pirate lords. Ammand could still become a pirate lord, but his success would have been delayed several years.

The storyline mission of the curse of Davy Jones was something Sheyan had been passively dragged into, but Sheyan had also influenced his destiny even by a minute extent. At least Davy Jones did not personally murder a blood kin of the Fokke family, thus he preserved half of his body.

Blackbeard had always been diligently searching for that mythical half of the sword. But Sheyan's interference had at least reduced 10 years of searching!

Sheyan deeply inhaled, his eyes displaying a joyous look as he humbly nodded his head. If that was the case, then the emphasis should be placed in this when

entering the next world. Undoubtedly, complying with the movie storyline to engage in battle would result in a lower difficulty. However, this would not add up to the requirements of the realm, and with this, the mission completion score would be inversely proportional to that. Since he was able to make an established aspect, then he had a direction to direct his efforts to in the future.

Concurrently, the nightmare imprint continued transmitting notifications.

“Calculating ‘insight’ ability usage.... You activated a total of 14 times of the ‘insight’ ability in this world! You incurred a debt of 1400 utility points.”

“Your current utility points is 3200 points, after deductions, your remaining utility points is 1800 points.”

“You acquired important mission object ‘Morgan Jones diary’ is unable to be brought out of this world. The next time you enter, it will automatically return to your imprint deposit (Interspatial space of the imprint).”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 72

## Chapter 72: Allocating

Translated by: Chua

Edited by I and Elkassar

The boundless starry universe gradually blurred out, once again plunging into darkness. After Sheyan recovered his vision, he was once again back in his personal room. The first thing he did was to inspect his attributes.

Contestant no.1018

Achievement points: 8 points

Status: Recruit

Strength 12 points (10+1+1)

Agility 10 points (7+1+2)

Physique 17 points (14+1+1+1)

Perceptive sensing 14 points (12+2)

Charm 5 points (6+1-2)

Spirit 4 points (4+0)

Intelligence 5 points (5+0)

Left hand: Musket 'Ambition' (19), perceptive sensing +2, agility +2

Body: FBI special windbreaker (6) charm +1

Left Hand: Rotten bone ring (7) Strength +1, Physique +1

Accessory (left): Obsidian fossil anchor (20) Strength/agility/physique +1,

charm – 2, attack +10

Accessory (Right): Gold shell pocket watch (4) Physique +1

Equipment overall score: 56

Sheyan pondered on his remaining 3 free attribute points. He originally felt that he was lacking in fighting capabilities, and his agility wasn't satisfying in combat. Furthermore, his 4 points in spirit couldn't even match up to an average person. Thus, he decided to share it between his strength, agility and spirit. But before he was about to allocate, Sheyan suddenly recalled something! That was the absurd 50 points limit in charm when he activated 'insight' on Jack Sparrow!

"50 points limit attribute, what does that represent? What then does it mean to a contestant?"

Sheyan deeply inhaled, putting aside allocating for now. In actual fact, he was always a decisive person, in addition to his inhumane perceptive sensing, it always gave him the impression of making swift and decisive decisions. However, to make a choice now, its consequences would go a long long way to his individual development. It could even be a life and death matter, thus he didn't dare to be reckless.

Distributing according to need? Or specialize in a certain attribute? Undoubtedly, increasing base of his personal weakness would halve the danger in the future. But in this manner, reaching the extreme limit of 50 points would take forever to achieve. However, if adopting the swiftest path to uncover the mysteries behind the extreme limit of 50 points, the danger in the future will definitely increase.

Besides, Sheyan's highest basic attribute is physique! This was an extremely unique and crucial attribute. Besides, this attribute determines the most critical aspect, that was the life points of the contestant! To every contestant out there, this was a very very important attribute. Because once this attribute drops to zero, that would mean losing everything.

Some people say, the best defence is offence. This statement isn't wrong, but still it is based on the fact that the power disparity between the opponent and oneself isn't very great. Once a sheep attempts to attack a wolf, that would be purely foolish and suicidal. More importantly, the nightmare realm is full of

opportunities and crisis, nobody can predict any unforeseen outcome in the next second. It was like Chris's party who was flourishing with over 20 contestants, they were excelling with attacking potential, but their health was just like any other. Once they encountered a strong curse (the message in the bottle), they equally submitted to fate! Physique brought along vast advantages, it allowed one to be 'careless' but their chances of survival would still be there!

More crucially, Sheyan was equally in a difficult predicament in the present world. In the present world, he wasn't allowed to equip any supporting item, and even his innate ability 'endurance' could not be activated. If his physique was high, it would no doubt aid with his survival.

Live, then everything else is possible!

Away from that, Sheyan glanced at the weapon he acquired, 'Ambition'! This black class weapon had high explosive strength and attack damage, it was already evident during the previous battle. Therefore, this would temporarily make up for his deficiency in attack. Furthermore, regarding movement speed, he would be able to enhance it using equipments that Sheyan had obtained. The 'Endless Vodka' was one of the item that enhanced capabilities, if he successfully activated it then it would definitely be of some help. Regarding spirit, in this aspect, Sheyan decided to search for some equipments or elixirs to make up for it.

After deciding, Sheyan boldly used the remaining 3 free attribute points on his physique. In this case, even without his title, his physique would still reach 20 points (Including equipment). During a battle, once the 'obsidian fossil anchor' was in effect his physique would easily reach 30 points. Such an outstandingly high attribute would instill security in his heart.

After his increments confirmed, Sheyan also comprehended something huge. He looked at his 'Recruit' status, and decided to search for any special purchasing privileges. After scrolling through the purchasing menu (nightmare realm), he was slightly amazed. Because on the 'Honorary merchandise column' of the menu, only two items were available.

"Honorary potassium selenoprotein injection dosage: Usable in any state, restore 100% of your maximum HP. Purchasing requirements: 3 achievement

points, 3000 utility points.”

“Honorary ferrosilicon aquatic grass liquid extract: Usable in any state, restore 100% of your MP. Purchasing requirements: 3 achievement points, 3000 utility points.”

Undoubtedly, these two objects are used in extreme cases, its value was hard to assess. If used appropriately, it could instantly change the course of a battle. But Sheyan noticed, purchasing this item did not merely require utility points, but even had a price of the difficult to obtain achievement points. More importantly, to Sheyan, if he really paid up 3 achievement points for this sort of elixirs, then his status of being a ‘recruit’ would decline. At that time, he would lose the 10% upgrade of his personal interspatial space.

Upon reaching the ‘recruit’ status, Sheyan could exchange achievement points with others. But there would be great repercussions if he did so, thus he did not have plans to do that at the moment, and did not bother much about it.

Sheyan sighed and closed the purchasing menu, the taste of not being able to afford anything was bitter. But even though his time in the Caribbean sea world was filled with danger and risky encounters, he had gained quite a bit. The items he could afford to trade/sell to others were as follows:

Black pin (Grey): This key like object, after utilizing would display the loots of various witchcraft/magic. Using it had a 50% chance of appearing a lowest grade witchcraft/magic scroll, and 50% chance of obtaining other items.

Deep blue ability scroll: Voodoo cult basic witchcraft lvl 3.

Ancient gold pound: Precious object

That I-shape metal dissolution liquid mixture was bound to Sheyan’s soul, and this extremely strong item could be used on a silver storyline class weapon/equipment. Sheyan’s strongest weapon on hand was only a black class equipment, thus he could only hide it within his storage.

Presently, Sheyan was extremely exhausted, after returning from a nightmare world with ‘danger lurking everywhere’, his tensed mentality could finally relax, this was a normal reaction. He originally wanted to resist his fatigue and go for walk around the marketplace, however, he could no longer withstand and



immediately collapsed into deep sleep. An exhausted person would instantly fall asleep once their head sinks into their pillow, but Sheyan fell asleep even before his head touched his pillow.

This sleep was so deep that there wasn't even a single dream. Sheyan's brain was like a computer that was left on for extended periods and was about to crash, when he had a chance to rest he immediately switched off. Sheyan woke up twice, one was to heat up water and the other time to drink the water. After an entire 24 hours he finally woke up. In the Caribbean sea world, Sheyan had to consistently scheme. Constantly planning ahead of Ammand, Chris, Scarface Harry etc, he certainly used a huge deal of effort. Under such rejuvenating sleep, he could finally gradually restore a large amount of his concentration.

After waking up, Sheyan felt rather vexed. Besides, this 20 hours of sleep could be used for extra training in the realm, and may even increase his basic abilities. But regretting at this point of time was useless, Sheyan hurriedly purchased food to fill his stomach and rushed into the marketplace of the nightmare realm.

The realm was encompassed by a mysterious faint reddish glow, and dispersed slightly fresh air. There was a multitude of people in the marketplace, some stalls were empty but had items/equipments floating with their valuations indicated above. That should be a consignment sale strategy. After raising his status, Sheyan could not engage in inspection of such tactics, finding out that this consignment sales was indeed convenient. But when establishing it, he had to pay up a lot of utility points and after any transaction there would be an individual tax of 20%. Unless it was necessary, very few people utilized this tactic of engaging in sales.

Strolling on the marketplace road, Sheyan already had certain clarity on what he wanted to trade, that was for utility points and potential points. No doubt, if he continued in his hermit behavior tactic, it would not be possible to find any suitable comrades in a short time and even face the risks without a party. Therefore after wrapping up a hurdle, it would be a mainstream phenomenon that the mission content exploration rate would be low. This meant that..... Regarding relevant rewards of potential and utility points for the mission content exploration rate, it would definitely be a persisting and worrying matter for Sheyan!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 73

## Chapter 73:Deal

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Once Sheyan prepared and projected out the 3D holograms of his merchandise, he then left his own stall to patrol around in the marketplace. His first goal was to collect a huge amount of information in order to grasp the valuation rate. Secondly, he would be able to gather a load of information from other sellers. Sheyan had zero worries that his absence would drain away customers, because the items he was selling were mostly strong and relevant items. For example the highly valued dark blue class ability scroll: voodoo cult basic witchcraft lvl3. That learning requirement itself already suggested a fairly high learning threshold.

Therefore, the people who frequent his stall could be separated into two categories. One was extremely interested, while the other was the least bit interested. Those that didn't want to purchase wouldn't even bat an eye and leave, while those that were interested normally wouldn't mind waiting for a few minutes.

After strolling for one round, Sheyan could not find any relevant reports in the marketplace. He only looked at several equipment/ability scrolls that had sky-high prices, and based on his measly utility points, he would could never afford it. Furthermore to Sheyan now, what he lacked wasn't equipment or skills but instead to increase the levels of his currently learned skills. Never forget, the danger he faced wasn't merely in the nightmare real, danger lurks everywhere even in the present world! Moreover, in the present he would lose many privileges such as his equipments.

After finishing an entire run, to his expectations, his stall was indeed surrounded by a crowd. Once they saw the merchant returning, they immediately inquired on the price of that dark blue scroll. Sheyan folded his hands on his chest and laughed, the price he offered almost made their eyes roll backwards. His valuation was actually 15,000 utility points, 15 potential points! After hearing this value, it immediately scared away half the crowd. This half belonged to those that wanted to 'try their luck', once they discovered this wasn't an option, they instantly left. The ones that left all really wanted this item and decided to try bargaining.

"Hey, friend. I'm not being ignorant of this scroll's value, but your asking price is really too great."

A hippie attired male shrug his shoulders as he stood in front of Sheyan. He was probably chewing on a chewing gum, and he shook his right leg repeatedly, giving off a feeling of nervousness.

The guy's speech unquestionably voiced out everyone's opinion. The surrounding crowd all raised their voice in agreement.

Sheyan swept the crowd with his eyes, he realized there were still 7 people. But these 7 were probably segregated into 3 smaller groups. Undoubtedly, those that wanted this scroll were people with heavy emphasis on spirit and intelligence. Thus they could utilize it to the fullest potential.

From that perspective, contestants who wanted to learn this ability were mostly weak in physique. Considering the nightmare realm ideologies, they were probably part of a certain party. 15,000 utility points, 15 potential points probably was overwhelmingly excessive to an ordinary contestant, but to a party, this may not necessarily be a high price.

Take the current situation of the nightmare realm, most contestants would view an equipment/scroll that could instantly be translated into increased battle strength very highly. They would not spend much on items without long lasting effects. Thus it can be determined, those few guys that wanted to procure this scroll should probably be proficient in basic skills. They should already have 'Basic prayer lvl4 & basic meditation lvl4, 25 points in intelligence', these 3 criteria!

Thus, contestants who fulfilled these requirements would not have a low position within their party. They would at least be a crucial source of firepower, and should probably have comrades who would support them in purchasing this scroll.

This was why Sheyan dared to cite this outrageously high price! More importantly, the welcoming reception towards this scroll already exposed its status as a best seller. This allowed Sheyan to adopt a delaying confidence to these buyers. Thus, when faced with this thick-skinned gentleman, Sheyan's reply was simple and that was to shake his head.

A gentle but firm shake.

Against this stubborn brat, the nearby contestants glanced at each other. Obviously, they had encountered the hardest kind of seller, these sort of people seemed to understand the economic situation well, and had an accurate assessment on the valuation of his products. Apart from that, they had a paranoid personality! Thus they had no choice but to put in their last ditch effort, offering out their personal valuation and wish it would be able to move this brat. Instead, they ultimately left in silence.

Once the last contestant left, Sheyan's stall was now completely devoid of existence. But Sheyan wasn't dejected, he was already mentally prepared to use his remaining short time left on selling off this dark blue scroll. When those people left, the highest valuation was merely 5000 utility points in addition to 3 potential points. This obviously did not satisfy Sheyan's craving.

People came and went. Buyers obtained price information when frequenting Sheyan's stall, but eventually shook their heads in disappointment and left. Sheyan's scroll was like a magnet that was attracting huge amounts of people, but repelled away by the ruthlessness of the insane pricing. Time sped by just like that, the surrounding stalls even swapped over several owners but yet Sheyan stayed on. With a humble smile, he politely receive every customer, and had no trace of impatience in his voice. But he was like an iron rod, nothing could move him.

This deadlock was finally broken by the return of that hippie.

Upon returning, he brought two people with him. One of the contestant was

holding onto an object with a lingering black glow on it. The other contestant stood behind him, as though he loved following other people's shadow. Even in the safe environment of the nightmare realm did this hippie contestant pull off such a reaction. Undoubtedly, the darkness concealed within this contestant's heart was a problem, it had become something habitual just like breathing or drinking!

The contestant with the authority observed the scroll, he slightly nodded and lifted his chin towards that hippie. It was as though he wasn't willing to speak a word to others.

That hippie walked in front of Sheyan, he extended his arms and said.

"I reckon today is your lucky day, Hegel had shown great interest in your scroll. How about this, we sincerely want to purchase it, how about telling us your heart's valuation."

Sheyan simply replied.

"My asking price is my heart's valuation."

Hippie helplessly shrugged his shoulders, and turned his head towards that person named Hegel. Hegel remained silent, he only stared firmly at Sheyan. Suddenly, a feeling of being exposed surfaced in Sheyan, it was like being naked in the streets and hiding nothing at all! His heart surged with surprise, and suddenly Hegel snorted and retreated a few steps as though he had chanced upon fortune. This mysterious submersion persisted for a while.

"Your highest attribute is physique, lowest is spirit. No doubt the path you chose is close combat?"

Sheyan was amazed. This person called Hegel could actually determine his highest and lowest attribute, and this was within the peaceful environment of the nightmare realm. It meant that he had already grasped an 'insight' type ability. He didn't refute but quietly nodded. Hegel coughed twice and continued.

"Your asking price is too high, no one would fork out such a huge amount of utility points. How about I exchange a ring for your scroll?"

Prior to this, others had already tried trading an item but was instead rejected by Sheyan. Because he desperately lacked potential and utility points. Hegel

seemed extremely sincere in taking out this ring, it was also a dark blue class ring. Apart from +3 to strength, it even possessed an additional +1 explosive hit rate substantial attribute. If he were to sell it, it would also be a relatively sought after merchandise. Instead, Sheyan shook his head, stressing on his need of utility and potential points.

Even if that was so, Hegel looked upon this 'voodoo cult basic witchcraft lvl3' scroll with an aspiration of necessity. Persevering on and after communicating with Sheyan, he finally used 7000 utility points and 9 potential points to trade. To Sheyan, even though the selling price did not hit his heart's estimation, but that whole 9 potential points was something to rejoice over. Based on his current trend, Sheyan would have to experience 5-6 worlds before achieving 9 points.

Apart from that, Hegel exhibited great interest in that 'Black Pin'. Because with it was a 50% chance of black magic succeeding. If it really appeared, then it would definitely complement his 'voodoo cult basic witchcraft' skill and add to his strength. Sheyan exchanged this pin for a light blue object, 'Medical Kit'. It was considered a favorable ending.

Medical Kit attributes:

Medical Kit

Origin: Kolo Linsei Seventh hospital

Equipment rarity: Light blue

Internal items: Bandage x1, anesthetic x1, poison antidote x1, adrenaline x1

Bandage: After wrapping an injury, it can counterattack an accumulated 50-100 points of blood loss damage

Anesthetic: Using it can reduce pain by 20-50%, but lowers spirit by 2-6 points, duration of 10 minutes.

Poison antidote: Using it can reduce the duration of negative body effects by 10-20%

Adrenaline: Using it will increase movement/attack speed by 10-20%

Description: After placing a medicine in the medical kit for 12 hours, its quality

will increase, and release its utmost potential upon usage. (Refers to the best result of a random probability, for example the bandage would counteract 100 points of damage)

Description: The capacity of the medical kit is 4. Unable to squeeze in more than 4 medicines. The quality of the medicines should be lesser than the class of the medical kit. (Which means the medical kit can only contain white class quality medicine)

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter

# 74

**Chapter 74:The secret of lvl 4!**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

After his transaction with Hegel, his utility points on hand surged to 8800 points, and 9 potential points. It was already counted as his best record thus far. Sheyan had wasted 5 hours on negotiations in the marketplace, his remaining time left in the realm wasn't much. He hurriedly made another loop round the market place and was prepared to rush off to strengthen his basic skills. Who knew that when he arrived at a new stall, his attention was immediately attracted by an object.

Butchering Bone Hatchet

Origin: Arizona general branch blacksmith store

Equipment rarity: Light blue

Attack damage 3-16

Material: life variant

Weight: 11.2 Kg

Long-lasting attack speed: Slow

Equipment usage requirement: Strength 9 points, physique 6 points

Equipment position: Single hand – left/right hand

Weapon special: 'Resistance' ;You can use this weapon to block against a close range attack and activate 'Resistance'. If resistance succeed, then it will lower the taken damage by 10-50%.



Once the combined attribute of strength + physique exceeds your aggressor, the chance of absorbing damage is 30-50%.

If the combined attribute of strength + physique is lower than your aggressor, the chance of absorbing damage is 10-15%. Apart from this, there are several elements influencing 'Resistance'.

Description: Every resistance will lower the durability of the weapon by 5-10 points. Once the durability reaches 0, then the weapon will be broken, and unable to be repaired. You can obtain repairing capabilities from special storyline characters in several nightmare worlds.

Hatchet weapon classification additional effects: Accuracy -1, explosive hit rate +2

Equipment battle score: 9

Evaluation: This broad hatchet can easily resist an opponent's attack.

Speaking truthfully, this weapon will be of little interest to many others. The main reason was its slow attack speed, and unattractive combat ability effect. Of course, the increase of 2 points in explosive hit rate was enticing, or else he would similarly ignore it.

The reason why it attracted his interest was the passive nature of being able to resist an opponent's attack. Although its special nature had a price of potentially wrecking the weapon, to the Sheyan who had lost his cobalt steel exoskeleton armour, this weapon with defensive capability extremely suited his requirements. With the addition of his high strength, even though the offensive capabilities of this weapon is low, he could still deal substantial damage to most enemies. His left hand holding the hatchet, his right gripping onto the threatening flintlock musket 'ambition'. When the time comes, he had the confidence of dealing with most situations.

There were benefits and disadvantages in all things. This light blue weapon had naturally received much popularity. When Sheyan chanced upon it, that contestant's stall was already surrounded by a crowd. It looked like some contestant hurriedly left, and there was an auction going on in the stall, straightforwardly selling to the highest bidder. Sheyan looked at this unfolding event, he could only grit his teeth and participate. In the end, that contestant

seemed to be vastly interested in the light blue medical kit he just acquired. After a series of relentless negotiations, Sheyan finally traded his medical kit along with 1000 utility points and acquire that single-hand hatchet.

Following that, Sheyan naturally wanted to strengthen his current basic skills. His present basic skills are as follows.

Basic close combat lvl 1

Basic footwork lvl 2

Basic endurance lvl 1

Advanced ability: Expert grappling lvl 1

Advanced ability: Expert grappling requires 3 other basic ability to reach lvl 2, before being able to advance to lvl 2.

Sheyan inquired his nightmare imprint, and headed towards the north of the nightmare space. Upon arriving, a flow shot forth from the nightmare imprint on his chest to the layer of wall in the realm, he then paid 200 utility points. A sudden door split opened, and Sheyan entered into an illuminated, cushioned secret room. Several 3D characters floated in front of him. Sheyan reached out his hand, and obtained the relevant service support.

Obviously, Sheyan's greatest shortcoming in battle now was his speed. Even though his basic footwork had already reached lvl 2, he still chose to upgrade this attribute that was linked to speed. The notification he received was a fee of 1000 utility points, + 1 potential point. After selecting 'confirm', Sheyan then received his attribute upgrade.

Sheyan quickly discovered, in order to upgrade basic footwork from lvl 3 to 4, it required a comparatively large increment. It actually needed 2000 utility points, +2 potential points. The price actually doubled! After pondering, he chose to continue upgrading his basic footwork. Suddenly, he uncovered that after attaining lvl 4 for his basic footwork, he received an additional notification.

Basic footwork lvl4: Increasing user's evasion by 3, increasing user's basic speed by 8.

Pointer: Once basic footwork reaches lvl 4, relevant conditions triggered.

Please draw from the additional special effects from attaining basic footwork lvl 4.

Pointer: You can randomly draw out one from the following special effects, and use it as your additional special effect of attaining basic footwork lvl 4. Duration of 10 seconds, if nothing is chosen, the realm will automatically allocate one at random.

A: Reducing damage of 33% from falling off great heights.

B: Increase user's evasion by 2.

C: Increasing user's base speed by 2.

D: In poor terrain like the desert, swamps..... user's inflicted terrain reduction effect reduced by 33%.

E: Increase accuracy by 2 for close range attacks, evasion of long range attack (Includes magic and far range weapons) increased by 4.

F: Increasing accuracy by 2 for far range attacks, evasion of close range attack increased by 4.

"There's actually an additional special effect that allows me a selection of choices?" Sheyan felt rather amazed. He instantly thought of something, perhaps the other abilities from upgrading lvl 3 to lvl 4 would likewise provide this additional special bonus! Due to the 10 seconds limitation, Sheyan immediately started the randomization, drawing out E: 'Increasing accuracy by 2 for close range attacks, evasion of long range attacks increases by 4'.

Finally, Sheyan's basic footwork lvl 4 attribute was ultimately:

Basic footwork lvl 4: Increase user's evasion by 5, increasing user's speed by 8.

Additional special effect: Increase accuracy by 2 for close range attacks, evasion of long range attacks (Includes magic and far range weapons) increased by 4.

After engaging the randomized drawing, Sheyan then received a nightmare imprint notification. That was, if the contestant was dissatisfied, he can use 1000 utility points, +1 potential points to drop his basic footwork back to lvl 3. This will erase his special effects, and when the contestant once again attains lvl

4, then he can automatically acquire a new chance!!!

Obviously, if a contestant had ample resources and wanted to pursue a certain attribute effect, he can use this method to erase his training, and ultimately obtain a favorable attribute. Furthermore to Sheyan, this random ending was one that he delighted in, even if he wasn't satisfied, he wouldn't dare washing away his efforts just for another random try. Currently he had 4600 utility points left on hand, and 6 potential points. After deliberating, Sheyan utilized 1000 utility points and 2 potential points to raise his basic close combat and basic endurance to lvl 2. Thus then fulfilled the criteria of upgrading the advance ability 'expert grappling'.

However, the advanced ability 'expert grappling lvl 1' required too much to raise it to lvl 2, it actually asked for 3000 utility points and 3 potential points! Sheyan gritted his teeth, and forced himself to learn it. On the contrary, after upgrading his 'expert grappling' it actually provided outstanding improvements. Sheyan's close combat attack damage/evasion/block/resistance increased to 10 from an original 7. It was counted as pretty impressive and worth it.

After a series of crazed spending, Sheyan once again stepped into poverty. His utility points had sadly returned to 600 points, and was left with 1 potential point. Presently, he patronized a bar in the realm, with the intention of selling relevant report experiences. But after interacting with several other contestants, he understood that besides exposing his personal strength, this action provided no other good benefits. Because a world that a person experiences is based on the his development, most of the time the reports are personal. Therefore, there is an immense chance that the reports would be of zero help.

Citing an example phrase: In the terminator world, Sarah Connor still exists. The difficulty of killing her was enormous, but there was still a possibility of not needing to eliminate her! From his previous chats with other contestants, he realized that others had even eliminated her. Therefore after slaying her, the general of the people's army, John Connor, would not have been borned. The storyline would have been wrecked, then wouldn't have Skynet conquered the entire world? Of course not, the nightmare realm will automatically investigate, and the people's General will be replaced by another. His roles would mirror John Connor, but his personality and character would differs greatly. If you paid

a huge price for acquiring relevant information to reveal a hidden side mission relating to John Connor..... But yet the terminator world you experience doesn't have such a person or mission character, then everything would have been wasted and you'll be reduced to tears.

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 75

## Chapter 75: Qing Hua University graduation certificate

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and ELkassar

Similarly, 'Captain Jack' of the pirates of the caribbean is not without enemies. But even if he died, there would probably be another "Tom, Dick or Harry" captain to take over his role. Thus, under normal circumstances, contestants would mutually communicate their adventures and experiences and not resort to buying.....

After settling all the miscellaneous things, the short time deadline of 30 hours was pretty much about to expire. Sheyan then followed his previous experience, scaling the lift and returned to the present world. After 5 minutes, he then by passed a wall in the realm, and returned into the third floor of the supermarket in that ordinary town.

Even though it wasn't his first time, Sheyan still felt as if it were a long time ago, he stood still and dazed out in nostalgia. However, his daydream was abruptly broken by a shattering sound!

"What the hell are you doing here!"

Sheyan quickly glanced back, he saw a 'skinny like a broom' madam looking towards him overbearingly. Her waist was covered by a 'Haoji Chicken Essence' white apron, placing her left hand on her hips, her right hand was holding onto a stainless steel ladle that contained soy sauce. She interrogated Sheyan with a tumultuous vigor just like a submachine gun.

"I....I'm looking for the toilet."

“Latrine’s on the second floor! This place is restricted!”

Sheyan could only flee in panic, even from a distance he could feel the woman’s fiery glare on his back....he bitterly laughed as he shook his head walking empty handed out from the supermarket. After leaving the cold shelter, the scorching heat rays from the sun caused him to break out perspiration. It was currently noon, Sheyan couldn’t tolerate any longer and entered into a open-air restaurant. He ordered fried noodles and picked up two smoking bottles of ‘Pearl River’ beer from the fridge. Popping open the cap with his teeth, he started to gulp down the ice cold beer.

Borrowing that tipsy drunk feeling, Sheyan started to tap lightly on the table but his mind was already casted towards planning his next route of actions. Previously, he loitered around in the present world for 2 weeks before receiving the notification from the nightmare realm. Based on his previous information, there were even contestants who had an entire interval of 2 months before receiving the invitation of the realm. Such long periods of time if one did not use it to his advantage, then it would’ve have been an utter waste.

Sheyan contentedly exhaled, using a chopstick dipped in his beer he started to list out his thoughts onto the table: 1: To find out Uncle Dasi and Sanzi’s whereabouts, and reunite with them.

2: Accomplishing that soul equipment ‘Endless Vodka’ mission, removing its sealed status.

3: Collecting the alcohol listed in the title: Alcohol master.

4: Eliminating Huashan Fei, getting rid of his personal misfortunes.

Within these issues, based on Sheyan’s personal emotions he would definitely choose to perform the first task. His close relatives were destitute and homeless, without even a single message, his heart would definitely be unbearably anxious. But right now, there was a chance that Sheyan could be implicated and become wanted by the entire country. Secondly, the places that Uncle Dasi could have gone to were countless. Taiwan, Malaysia, Thailand etc these were all possible places, and he only decided after FuYuan set sailed. Even though Uncle Dasi was honest and considerate, he had already witnessed much evil in others and would naturally understand Huashan Fei’s sphere of influence. Thus.... Sheyan could

only suppress his heart's great desire.

Then undoubtedly, that soul equipment 'endless vodka' would definitely be the next in line. This equipment can greatly enhance Sheyan's powers, and could even complement his title, 'Intoxicated man'. It could even alleviate Sheyan's current flaw which was his speed! Furthermore, while unsealing the 'endless vodka', Sheyan could at the same time collect the different alcohol types he needed.

Regarding Huashan Fei, his roots are all in FangCheng, once he left, then he would no longer have any foundations elsewhere. Thus, Sheyan wasn't afraid of him fleeing, if he wanted to find him he would be able to do so anytime. But before that he would have to deal with the Vietnam gunmen bodyguards that protected him. To Sheyan now, he wasn't confident of being able to swiftly deal with Huashan Fei's underlings in the present world, thus it was better to postpone the matter now.

Therefore, Sheyan started to draft out a plan for the next few weeks. But before that, in order to make sure Uncle Dasi and the rest had not fallen into Huashan Fei's hands, Sheyan did something else. After wolfing down his fried noodles, he then went to the nearby convenience store to purchase their cheapest handphone. Using a random SIM card, he then pressed in Huashan Fei's house number that he remembered in his heart. After 10 seconds, Huashan Fei's chilling voice resounded in Sheyan's ear. "Who are you?"

Sheyan gently replied.

"Huashan Fei, don't you want to get back your goods?"

In this instance, Huashan Fei's pupils dilated. These few days he had been hard pressed because of those millions worth of goods. He practically lost a fortune, and he still had to endure the mourning 'Black Devil' spying over him, he was simply trapped in a predicament! After hearing Sheyan's words, he immediately flared out.

"Sheyan you scumbag! What do you want?"

Sheyan's lips curled into a smile, shrugging his shoulders he answered casually.

"Let's talk next time."



He then hung up, breaking the phone and tossing it into a nearby rubbish bin.

“Uncle Dasi and the rest should still be fine.” The relieved Sheyan made such a conclusion.

Because, if Huashan Fei had managed to recapture them, his reply would be, “F\*\*king hell, if you still wish for your brother and uncle to be alive, then return my goods.” And even from this, Sheyan would be able to confirm. Even if Huashan Fei had recaptured them, they would only suffer superficial wounds and not fatal ones. Because Huashan Fei was a gambler, if he had a glimmer of hope of reversing his current predicament, he would never give up!

Back at Fanchan island, Sheyan started to pack up. He left a marking on a visible location that wrote, “I am well.” If Uncle Dasi and the rest arrived they would definitely notice it, while passerbys would not place great significance on it. He then disguised himself simply, hiring a three wheel automobile to fetch himself into the country town. Without worries, Sheyan easily found a ‘fake certificate, seal stamp’ advert on the wall of the telephone post, he then called the number.

During the phonecall, Sheyan stated that he wanted to buy a Qing Hua University graduation certificate. The voice straightforwardly quoted back over the line, “Normal 800, exquisite 1200, perfect 1600.” Sheyan didn’t bother negotiating, he instantly ordered a perfect piece. This fake certificate manufacturer then lazily announced an address and asked him to fetch it! Although the magistrate was relatively lenient on such things, this brat making the false certificates should probably have an able backing.

The address was rather remote, after asking a few people on the way, Sheyan managed to navigate into a small alley that looked shabby and ruined. The houses along the alley all had acutely inclined roofs, and both roadsides were covered with drainage covers. The murky dark waters within it gave off a pungent odour. The roads were a wreck, as a simple light step would cause loud cracking sounds to from, and muddy water to ooze out causing one’s trousers to turn damp. Even if it was dry, it would equally give off a piercing odour.

At the entrance of the alley, Sheyan looked around and finally found the house number nailed above at the right door, as he pinched his nose and knocked on it.

After a brief moment, a response came from inside. A male with his shirt tucked into his pants appeared, he didn't look sloppy but had quite a pointy chin. He had a slacken expression, and his face seemed oily. Once he saw Sheyan, he released a wide smile and said.

"Buddy, you're here for the graduation cert right, come come come."

He then pulled Sheyan in with one hand, and closed the door behind with another. Sheyan purposely adopted a cowering appearance and said.

"Is my certificate done?"

"It's done, it's done!"

"What I want is a perfect one."

"Confirm perfect, I promise you it looks more genuine than a real one!"

The two continued some mindless chatter, and walked into the courtyard. Suddenly two hooligans appeared beside them, they had an indistinct tattoo on their arms, as they blocked Sheyan's retreating path. Sheyan blurted out fearfully in shock.

"What do you guys want! Where's my cert?"

One of the male snorted and gave out a cold smile, he then wrinkled and crumpled the document over! Raising his voice hatefully.

"A perfect Qing Hua University graduation cert, hand over the cash!"

Sheyan observed it with astonishment, five crooked words were written blatantly on that white piece of paper: "Qing Hua University graduation cert....."

After the words 'Qing Hua', it seemed like the ballpoint pen ran out of ink, and the other 3 words seemed to be written with a pencil. Sheyan was speechless for the waste paper, as he replied in shock.

"This is your so called 'Qing Hua University graduation cert?'"

"That's right! Big uncle put in a lot of effort to complete this." The two of them seemed to be well versed with this sort of situation, they were adept at this and even folded their sleeves and forced themselves into Sheyan's face. Obviously there were going to use force if they couldn't get their money. "Cash, or don't

blame me for using my fist!”

Suddenly, the frightened and shaking Sheyan suddenly raised his head, exposing his teeth as he smiled sinisterly and reply.

“Sorry, I think you just stole my line.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 76

## Chapter 76: A real man has emotions

Translated by Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

While the two men failed to react as they were distracted by Sheyan's words, he already shot out with both hands and grabbed onto their hair. Then, he heavily smashed their heads against each other! Sheyan held back his strength as he did not want to take their lives, but the two hooligans could not even match up to Huashan Fei's underlings. Their eyes rolled up as they convulsed and slumped to the ground. It seemed like that they wouldn't be waking up anytime soon.

The one responsible for guiding Sheyan in, had both his eyes popped out, he had never expected this 'rich spoilt brat' would actually retaliate in a flash! Bro Jiu and Bro Dalei normally were local thugs that would often brandish their kitchen knives and could cause a mindless slaughter against many, they could punch like Zhao Zilong\*, and their kicks were like Chu Bawang\*. But now, they actually just collapsed in one move!

(TN: \*famous chinese martial art characters)

At this moment, Sheyan's vision turned towards him. This greasy male was scared stiff, he immediately raised his hands and retreated backwards:

"Kind comrade..... government comrade! Spare me!"

Sheyan casually shrugged his shoulders:

"Hand over the money bag."

This greasy male was appalled and his expression turned dull, he finally realized this was like black eating black(bad people taking advantage of bad people)! As

he witnessed Sheyan raising up his fist, he immediately quick-wittedly fished out his money pouch and offered it up with both hands. Sheyan pointed towards the fainted duo.

“Plus theirs.”

This brat was extremely obediently, he instantly swept his two brothers clean and similarly offered up what he acquired. However, the trio who devised this trap, their body was a pile of poverty as their scraps of notes could only amount to 30 RMB. But, Sheyan originally wasn't here for the money, after leaving the entrance he immediately searched the two pouches for his currently most essential item, which was the identity card! After a legit identification card issued by the government, Sheyan could jump as high as the birds, and dive as deep as the fishes! Regarding the identification card photo, it would normally wear off after extended periods of time, thus nobody would even bother to care about such a pain in the ass issue.

After walking out of the courtyard, Sheyan's thoughts rippled, he was already gripping onto that metallic alcohol cup. Roughly because he was back in the present world, this metallic cup seemed to feel much warmer, it felt like body temperature. Apart from that, it was vibrating slightly by itself, like it had its own heartbeat. Simultaneously, Sheyan had already received a list of relevant information.

“You have carried the soul equipment ‘Endless Vodka’ to the present world.”

“You have fulfilled the relevant criteria.”

“Soul mission: lotus root soup activated.”

“The final wish of the trapped contestant's soul sealed within the ‘Endless Vodka’ is to taste the ‘lotus root, pork ribs soup’ that his mother makes.

“Pointer: after accepting this mission, you will then acquire the fragmented memories of the contestant.”

Sheyan chose to accept this mission. Suddenly a ‘weng’ sound buzzed in his mind, and many images started to surface in front of his eyes.....

His name was He Weiguo\*, this was a unique name that distinctly belonged to an era. At that time, a huge retaliation war broke out, a few ordinary folk were

unable to participate and felt rather downcast. Thus, they devised a method to display their support for their country. Naturally, their kid's name ended up as one of the resulting effects.

(TN:\* To defend my country)

He Weiguo's hometown was on the Loess Plateau of Northern China, the soil there was barren and unfavourable. When he was 20, he found a local lady and married her. But his wife died 2 years later while giving birth, and only left him to fend alone with their son. When his son was eight, he unfortunately got infected with a severe lupus erythematosus, and was bullied by his peers, calling him a rotten skinned dog. He could only cry in silence as He Weiguo was working abroad and was unable to look after him.

Until one day, He Weiguo finally heard of his son's sufferings. He fumed with rage and immediately set off to find the household of the kid who bullied his son. However, that kid's family belong to a line of wealthy and influential workers, they merely called a few people in and terribly beat up He Weiguo and his son. His vicious nature was drawn out, as he plucked out a butcher knife he carried personally and charged forward. He killed everyone in succession and even murdered the little bully.

After this massacre, He Weiguo fled with his son. When he was finally pushed to a dead end, he managed to enter the nightmare realm. After acquiring strength inside the realm, he used a few unorthodox methods to make a turnaround economically. During this duration, he did numerous evil deeds and committed many crimes. His only motive for working hard inside the nightmare realm was to cure his son of his disease, and stop people from calling him a 'rotten skinned dog!

However, He Weiguo's life journey came to an abrupt end in the Caribbean sea world. He was determined by the policymaker in his party to be a scapegoat. Against a torrent of pirates, He Weiguo was stabbed excessively but before he died, his heart carried no hatred. That was because he had already left a fortune back for his family in the present world.

The only thing he couldn't forget before he died, was the warmth of his mother whenever he returned home. His mother would fold up her pants and waddle inside the frosty old pond to pull out a few lotus roots, afterward she

would proceed to the opposite butcher uncle to exchange 5kg worth of maize for 0.5kg of pork rib. She would then boil it in her casserole pot for 3 hours to create her pork rib soup. Within this ordinary soup, contained a mother's great love. Thus it caused this vicious man to never forget such warmth and tenderness of his mother.

Sheyan stood upright for a long time at his present spot, a complicated feeling couldn't help but form within his heart. Was He Weiguo a good person? Undoubtedly he wasn't, his hands were stained with more than a dozen lives, a young 11 year old boy to a 70 year old aged man. He was prone to anger and aggressively violent, often gambled and visited prostitutes, his crimes were uncountable. But on the other side, he strived tremendously for his son, and was unaffected when facing death ultimately yearning for his mother in the end. This contradicting and complicated life swirled within Sheyan's heart for a while and slowly dissipated.

2 days later, Sheyan arrived at Chongqing city.

This was He Weiguo's temporary residence after he left his hometown. In this 'three loop' road, he kept a low-profile and rented two worn and tattered house. He lived with his mother and son, nobody could have imagined that their family was worth over a million. Sheyan drew near the house quietly, a crying sound floated out from within. His heart couldn't help but be appalled. If He Weiguo's mother unfortunately passed away, then how was he suppose to complete the mission? He saw a aunty pushing the door out, and hurriedly enquired.

The aunty only sighed and replied:

"This family really committed great sins. First, the man of the family slipped and fell to his steps from the upper floor, just a few days back, the little kid was kidnapped by a child trafficker. The old granny cries everyday inside the house, who knows when she will breathe her last because of her sorrow."

Sheyan knew beforehand, anyone that died in the nightmare realm, would have his death arranged reasonably in the present world. Thus, He Weiguo's death took him by no surprise. But no matter what he did previously, he carried it with him to the grave! His child was innocent, why should he suffer such a tragic fate? Roughly because if a rabbit dies, the fox grieves (Chinese idiom – to

have sympathy with a like minded person in distress), Sheyan's rage burst forth and his face turned ashen. Deeply inhaling he immediately raised his hand and knocked on the He family's door.

Sheyan waited for roughly 5-6 minutes before someone opened the door. That was He Weiguo's mother. Currently, she was only 50 plus of age, but her hair had turned totally white. Both Her eyes puffy and red, her expression was dejected and defeated. She used a despairing tone to speak.

"Who are you looking for?"

Sheyan deeply sighed.

"Aunty please sit, I am Weiguo's good friend of many years. Recently I heard of his misfortune, therefore, I specially rushed back from abroad."

When He Weiguo's mother heard her son's name, her tears flowed down uncontrollably. She cried out and stammered:

"I knew my Weiguo would cause trouble, how could money be so easily earned? Our family's disposition is naturally poor, if not, it wouldn't force him to a dead end. I'm old and useless, I can't even look over Weiguo's sole descendant! He was just kidnapped like that!"

Sheyan shut his eyes, and coldly replied:

"When i arrived I already heard of this. Aunty, tell me everything you know, and I will definitely find justice for your family!"

He Weiguo's mother sobbed and sniffled as she explained what happened entirely . It was fairly simple, five days ago she brought her grandson to the streets to buy groceries. After going past the wet market, she was blocked by a street merchant who sold sachima (A type of sweet pastry) with his push cart. This man really wanted her to sample his own new product. The elderly's attitude were normally cheapskate, after hearing that it was free she ate it. After eating, she was actually forced to buy, but obviously she refused to be taken advantage of and the two started bickering. After the old woman remembered her playful grandson, it was already 20 minutes later!

Following that was naturally panic searching, crying and finally despair. After reporting, the police's attitude remained apathetic. Many other murder cases



have not even been solved, what more was this small kidnapping case.

Furthermore, the law states that a disappearance of a person was not a criminal case, unless one could show concrete evidence of the kidnapping, if not, the case would never pass!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter

## 77

### Chapter 77: The most efficient tracking method

Translated by Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan nodded his head, and immediately stood up and left. His composure unknowingly caused Mother He to be shocked as she urgently asked:

“Young brother, where are you going?”

Sheyan gently glanced back, his lips curled into a chilling sneer:

“Of course to get Xiao Jun back.”

Mother He was stunned, after Sheyan left, she bewilderedly exclaimed:

“This....he just left without even staying for a drink?”

After Sheyan listened to Mother He’s description, he instantly deduced that even if that street merchant who sold the pastry wasn’t an accomplice, there should still be a huge relationship with those kidnappers. Xiao Jun was already a 8.5 years old kid, this boy being abducted without a single sound nor news was certainly not something that was done alone, there was at least a group! The usage of drugs in such a vicious attempt was also commonly known.

Even the police would be helpless when encountering such a thing, because their job was to always go in accordance with the law. They needed evidence, and this even had to implicate a few other civilians thus, it left their limbs binded. Yet Sheyan had no fear, ever since he became a contestant, the regulations and laws of the present world could no longer bind him.

The accident happened not far from here, roughly at third street. As Sheyan

walked, he continued searching around for that street merchant with the push cart. This kind of person was fairly common in Chongqing city, and had distinctive characteristics. After Sheyan completed checking six streets, he discovered a street merchant fervently selling 'Sachima' beside a public bus-stop.

This street merchant was wearing a skullcap, he had a sly look and looked 40 years old. He was currently using a slur of clumsy words to attract people to purchase his products. Sadly, nobody near him wanted to and even avoided him. Sheyan stood beside observing, after waiting for the bus-stop to clear up after several buses left, he then approached and used a He Nan accent.

"Is this pastry delicious? Can I try it?"

That street merchant immediately raised his chest towards the sky and vouched before giving Sheyan one piece, Sheyan then started chewing and asked.

"How much for 500g?"

That street merchant raised his brows in delight and exclaimed.

"Forty, forty!"

Sheyan immediately held tightly onto his pouch, heart achingly replying.

"Too expensive, too expensive."

He waved his hands and left. This street merchant had not made a single transaction the whole afternoon, he hurriedly obstructed Sheyan saying:

"Money?"

The shocked Sheyan replied:

"What money?"

This street merchant then confidently replied.

"Didn't you just eat my pastry? This pastry is an entire piece, I cut it up to let you sample so others will not be able to buy it already. You have to buy the entire pastry!"

Sheyan shook his head like a rattle-drum, turning to leave. But this street

merchant was well prepared, he fished out a whistle from his clothes and blew it hard. Suddenly a few accomplices appeared from the sides, they were all wearing filthy aprons and similarly came from other push carts. They started to shove and cursed at Sheyan, and gradually shoved him into a peaceful and remote corner.

This street merchant stood in front of Seyan, his hand holding onto the knife he used to cut the 'Sachima'. Using a clumsy but fierce tone to coerce:

"Pastry, 400 Rmb, 4 kg! Hurry up!"

This was this person's shrewd nature. This 'Sachima' pastry was originally 5 RMB for 500g, but it suddenly increased tenfolds after he forced Sheyan to this state. Even if this scene was witnessed by the police, it would be counted as forced selling. But how was this different from robbing?

Sheyan glanced around to make sure there were no passerby, he then raised his head frowning with his brows. Exposing his white teeth as he smiled saying:

"Okay, I'll buy."

At the same time as his words, his right fist ferociously smashed into that street merchant's shoulder like a hammer. A clear and crisp cracking sound of the shoulder blade could be heard! Before he even had a chance to scream, Sheyan already conveniently grabbed onto his neck and raised him up. Casually using him as a weapon and threw him at his two accomplices. At this moment, a kebab seller oust forward, he looked ruthless as he thrust forward with his kebab knife! Sheyan had no time to evade, and a miserable flesh wound formed on his back!

However, only the wielder knew, he felt like he was poking at an extremely thick tyre. It was incomparably difficult to understand, after piercing into the flesh, only after exerting his entire effort could he move the knife. After Sheyan felt a slight pain at this back, he immediately shot out his hands to grab it. His five fingers were like iron hooks, empty handedly snatching that knife.

At this moment, these thugs understood they encountered a steel board. That kebab seller wanted to run but Sheyan rushed forward and simply kicked him as he crashed into the opposing wall. Sheyan's one kick caused this kebab seller to

smashed into the wall and form a 'Y' shape on the wall, and he finally crashed to the floor after a few seconds.

At this point, the strength faded in the remaining street merchants. They glanced at each other and reckoned Sheyan was an undercover cop. Suddenly they got worked up and started shouting in some weird street language. Although Sheyan could not understand their words, but he reckoned these people were trying to turn this internal contradiction into a conflict of ethnicity, the police bullying the minority. Normally, the police also had great headaches as they had no ideas on dealing with this group, but this group of people's sole misjudgement was.... Sheyan was not even police. Therefore, nothing could restrain him, don't even mention racial dilemma, any other social conflicts would not cause him to bat a single eyelid.

Sheyan used only one move to silence the entire crowd. He swung a slap towards that brat wearing the skullcap who was screaming the loudest. That slap seemed held back, but the force was enough to cause that brat to spin 240 degrees round. A few bloodied teeth could be seen sweeping through the air, and landed onto the dusty ground. That guy stood rooted with a blank expression, blood was streaking out of his right ear like a snake and then gently dripped onto the ground.

"I'm not a magistrate." Sheyan hung down his eyelids and indifferently said. "So don't use such tricks on me. I'm here to find someone, after finding him I will leave."

None of the 4 street merchants were left standing. They raised their heads and gazed at Sheyan with a frightened expression.

"Ten days ago, who was the one who sold Sachima over here?" Sheyan coldly proclaimed. Simultaneously, he was holding onto a stack of red notes. "Who can tell me first, this 10,000 yuan will belong to you."

These few street merchants glanced at each other, but none of them spoke up. Sheyan sighed and said:

"Very well."

Those words were still echoing through the air, as Sheyan had already firmly clutched onto the hair closest to him. He then forcefully swung it against the

closest wall! This knock was extremely deadly, the sound it created caused a person's goose bumps to rise out. Without question, this unlucky brat instantly sunk to unconsciousness. Sheyan gradually loosen his hand, letting the blood drip trickle down slowly from his fingers. His eyes communicated a blood-thirsty and brutal nature.

"Very well, I hope you guys will carry on being stubborn. Even if the four of you don't speak up, don't you think I will catch others to interrogate?"

Sheyan slowly squatted down , he walked towards the kebab seller who was currently clutching onto his stomach. He gently said.

"10 days ago, that street merchant who was selling Sachima. Where is he?"

The kebab seller's pupils dilated, he nervously rubbed his hands against his filthy apron:

"That is Xire Ah Hong, he has gone to take over another territory."

Sheyan immediately tossed that stack of notes in front of his face, the red notes floated scattering about. He then grimly replied:

"Tell me everything you known, whoever dares to betray you over here, I will be responsible for his corpse."

The kebab seller swallowed his saliva, and greedily snatched the scattered notes:

"What do you want to know?"

Sheyan lightly replied.

"Xire Ah Hong and the rest, did they kidnap a small boy? My friend's kid was taken by them. I want to find that kid."

The kebab seller was shocked:

"Kidnapping? Nonono, We don't do such business, I heard that is the profession of the He Nan gang.

He immediately saw Sheyan's face turning gloomy and hurriedly corrected:

"But that group with Xire Ah Hong is certainly has business of abusing small kids. Is your friend's son crippled? Or looked miserably pitiful?"

This kebab seller seemed like an old veteran. His appearance looked to be a street merchant, but he was overflowing with the fluent Beijing dialect. He had such eloquence that he could even be an official news broadcaster. Sheyan got slightly distracted:

“That kid has a severe skin disease, his friends call him rotten skinned dog. He does look very pitiful.”

“Then that’s settled!” The kebab seller slapped his thigh, extremely absorbed into his character but unintentionally aggravated his pain. He immediately gritted his teeth saying, “Xire Ah Hong and that ground particular targets those little kids, they will cultivate this sort of crippled/ handicapped nature, and bring them to another city to engage in begging!”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 78

## Chapter 78: Directly combating the root of the problem

Translated by Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan frowned and replied:

“What cultivating?”

Just when the kebab seller wanted to speak, the brute who sold the ‘Sachima’ pastry suddenly shouted out:

“You dare to betray....”

After merely uttering 4 words, Sheyan lightning fast hands instantly grabbed his head and knocked him fiercely against the wall. He then wiped his hand against the wall in disgust and whispered.

“Severe cerebral concussion, spinal fluid leaking out of your nose, at least bedridden for half a year. Even if he recovered completely he would lose some memory, bowels incontinence and excessive loss of mental focus. These are the symptoms that the doctor would diagnose for him, who asked him to F\*\*ing open his mouth. This is his repercussion.”

This action stupefied everyone on scene, only the kebab seller delightedly swept his surroundings and spoke:

“Cultivating is always handled by Boss Niu. The goal is to make these little kids look a lot more pitiful, boosting their ability in begging to attract people. Normally they would break their legs to make them lame so they cannot escape, and at the same time appeal to the passerby’s emotions. They would also cut off the kid’s tongue, thus they will be unable to speak and ask for help.



Sheyan coldly replied:

“That means, my friend’s son should be getting cultivated?”

The kebab seller nodded, his adam’s apple wriggled up and there.

“I can bring you there, but after that I will never be able to roam about in this city.....”

He lifted his eyes to look at Sheyan, his eyes flickering with greed. Sheyan’s face remained emotionless, he instantly flung out another 10,000 yuan out and indifferently replied:

“Bring me there, after we find the kid, I’ll add another 10,000. Honestly stay by my side, and I swear no one will be able to touch a hair on you.”

The kebab seller delightedly raised his brows, he nodded as he walked up. Sheyan paced several steps before abruptly turning back and looking at the remaining street merchant. He bluntly swung his leg out to kick him, adding onto the count of unconscious people. The kebab seller was astonished to see this, but Sheyan only gently issued:

“In this world there’s something called a phone. Since you are willing to betray your Boss Niu, then why wouldn’t there be others who would report this. I’m not afraid of your Boss Niu being prepared, I’m only scared that he flee beforehand!”

After an hour, Sheyan stood beside the kebab seller below a highrise building. This tall building was extremely imposing, it was at least 30 floors tall, its external glass wall looked extremely luxurious. Pasted on was an advertisement of Angelina Jolie smiling. Apart from high ranking business officers entering in and out, luxurious cars like Benz and Bentley followed suit. Yet Sheyan remained calm and composed, he couldn’t help but ask the kebab seller:

“You sure Boss Niu is here?”

The kebab seller secretly sneered, as he brought Sheyan in through a small back door. The security guards did not even bat a single eyelid at them. Behind the skyscraper, it did not look as bright and beat as from a distance. Because this was the back hall of the kitchen, a place where chicken were killed, vegetables washed and fishes dissected. It was relatively filthy. A service staff even spat into one of the dishes, probably because a customer had previously lectured and he

wanted to take revenge.

The kebab seller tossed a few cigarettes over skillfully whenever he met others. Naturally nobody bothered them, after a few minutes he pulled Sheyan into a nearby alley. After walking a few steps, ahead of them following a rumbling sound as a cargo lift descended.

After entering the cargo lift, the kebab seller felt a little weak in his heart as the cigarette in his hand trembled with him, and he forgot to light it. Sheyan shut his eyes and leaned against the lift wall, he maintained a cold smile on his lips. After the lift reached the peak, it revealed bright windows and clean tables, carpet and wallpapers, an image a Top 100 corporation in the world would have. The kebab seller then directed to the right, and entered a side corridor. This corridor led to a semi-covered door, behind it was the stairs that led to the rooftop.

The kebab seller lowered his voice and whispered:

“He’s right on top, there are people watching the door. I will wait for you here.”

Sheyan stared at him intently, he strongly reached out his left hand and grasped onto his arm, and then continued ahead. This kebab seller felt like an iron hoop cuffed onto his arm, he could only stumble forward. After the two stepped up from the final flight of stairs, it led to an unexpectedly narrow space. A shabby assistant was obstructing the path, and a lock was set up on the entrance door. A drunk massive brute in a black elastic sleeveless garment rested his back against the wall. Beside him was a pile of chicken bones and 5-6 bottles of beer.

Once he saw Sheyan, he immediately jumped up and conveniently grabbed a bottle. Sheyan silently pressed forward, this brute then smashed a bottle onto Sheyan’s head! “Piank!” Glass fragments and beer dispersed about, but yet Sheyan remained unharmed. It was like that bottle shattered against a piece of granite. He then stretched his hand and grabbed onto that brute’s throat and raised him up against the wall. That brute struggled with his limbs but, it was to no avail, and finally fainted as his eyes turned white.

After locating the keys on this brute, Sheyan then easily unlocked the lock, opening the door and walked to the rooftop. Once he entered, no matter who it

was except children he would equally lash out. His actions were swift and deadly, those who got struck landed on the ground and could not get back up anymore.

“Where are the kids?” Sheyan straightforwardly asked the kebab seller. He was not even willing to talk to the people within this pent house. The kebab seller gazed at the might of Sheyan that would kill one in every ten steps, whatever schemes he had in mind utterly vanished. Without speaking he immediately opened up two delicate asbestos glass roof tile. He then pulled out 3 construction boards, and the state inside was needless to say. However, the rotting odour of feces and urine was able to cause one to start trembling. Sheyan scanned the interior, he then walked to a person who was struck down previously, pulling up his hair he grimly asked.

“Where is He Xiao Jun?”

This person was struck by a rod onto the face, his face was covered in blood and tears. After whimpering for a long while, he finally understood. This He Xiao Jun had an extremely stubborn nature, after being captured he refused to enter. This helper’s goal was for money, not to take lives. Coincidentally, a batch was just about to graduate from Boss Niu’s ‘cultivation class’, thus he locked him inside a small shed. He wanted to wait for this busy period to end before slowly settling this kid. In the end, apart from being famished, naturally he was also beaten and severely insulted.

The illness on He Xiao Jun’s body also became more severe, patches of red rashes smeared across his face and body, it looked extremely horrifying. Only, this child’s eyes flickered with an unbending brilliance, just like a little wolf cub brimming with menace and killing intent.

Sheyan glanced at this child, it was like staring at He Weiguo’s earlier days. He sighed, after looking at the miserable state this kidnapped children were in, he turned to inquire of the kebab seller.

“Who is Boss Niu? You also don’t wish to leave behind a root right?”

The kebab seller shuddered in his heart, he immediately gritted his teeth and pointed to the the corner on the left.

“He is Boss Niu!”

Sheyan glanced over, that guy was curled up and shivering in the corner. He was dark and skinny, like a grape vine that was completely stripped of its grapes. His face wrinkles piled up from his previous hardships. He looked like an old farmer, how did he even have an appearance of the ringleader that would kidnap and harm little children? However after the kebab seller spoke up, suddenly, ruthlessness formed in that guy's eyes. He roared up in a slur of dialect, and pulled out a dagger on his waist and charged forward.

Sheyan was completely oblivious to him, he glanced to He Xiao Jun. It was like a pair of eyes formed on his back as he easily swung a steel pipe to deflect the blade, and then smashed it against the guy's nose. His third strike landed on his knee cap and the fourth on his elbow.

Those four strikes looked like he held back but in actuality it caused a deep whizzing sound in the air. Obviously, the residing strength wasn't light, whenever it crashed onto Boss Niu's body, it released a sound of clear and crisp bone cracking. Even the pipe became deformed. Boss Niu spun a few rounds after being struck, and finally unable to tolerate any longer he collapsed to the ground and gave off an agonizing shriek while rolling. His mucus mixed with blood drenched the ground and his face.

Sheyan stood in the middle of 7-8 thugs, he was like a reef standing unmoving within the sea.

He completely did not place those guys at heart. Those thugs looked at that slightly crooked bloodied steel pipe, but looked as if they had seen a ghost in broad daylight. Obviously intimidated by his might, they couldn't help but retreat backwards. Sheyan then looked towards He Xiao Jun.

"I'll bring you home, do you want to go?"

He Xiao Jun's eyes displaced a suspicious color, but ultimately nodded his head, Sheyan led the way out, and after He Xiao Jun and the kebab seller walked out, he then dumped a bomb without even turning his head:

"I'll report to the police after five minutes."

This word, no doubt forced Boss Niu into a dead end, it was like when a tree topples the monkey scatters (Chinese idiom – people abandoning an unfavourable cause). Boss Niu's limbs were already crippled, but yet his

underlings decided to split the money and took off in this scenario. Obviously, this criminal syndicate was wrecked, and counted as Sheyan getting rid of a problem while he was helping He Xiao Jun.

When He Xiao Jun saw his own granny, he finally burst out crying like an ordinary little kid and leapt over. Sheyan remained silent by the side, he only quietly watched. The granny and her grandson hugged each other and cried for over 10 minutes, before Mother He finally noticed Sheyan's existence. She was naturally overwhelming with gratitude. In the end she took out a huge sum of money worth 20,000, but Sheyan only waved his hand and kindly declined. He then gently smiled and suggested.

“If aunty really wishes to thank me, then allowing me to personally sample a bowl of her personally made lotus root pork rib soup is enough.”

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 79

## Chapter 79: Endless spirited Vodka!

Translated by Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Only after two entire days did Sheyan managed to drink Mother He's Lotus root pork rib soup. Truthfully speaking, this He specialty soup was really a class on its own, if anyone tried to casually replicate it, they would definitely be exposed.

Actually before roasting the pork rib, she would first use table salt and some spices giving the pork rib a distinctive flavour before using it to boil her soup. After roasting, the flavour was naturally different compared to an ordinary lotus root pork rib soup. Sheyan gulped down a few mouthfuls before scooping a new bowl of it. He then soaked the 'endless vodka' cup into the piping hot soup. Strangely speaking, that golden wine cup originally had a dull appearance, but after immersing into that lotus root pork rib soup, a new color emerged gradually. Finally, the wine cup was shining brightly like a recently cleaned stainless steel. It dazzled in people's eyes, and that lotus root pork rib soup also peculiarly evaporated and finally vanished. No idea what did Mother He and He Xiao Jun saw, but their tears started to flow down profusely.

Sheyan concurrently received a notification from the nightmare imprint.

"You completed the soul mission: Lotus root soup."

"Your soul mission completion score: 85%."

"He Weiguo's soul expresses gratitude to you, leaving behind a portion of his strength. Soul equipment: Endless vodka is additionally enhanced. New name:

Endless spirited vodka.”

“Endless spirited vodka”

“Equipment effects: Excite (Active): Activating it will raise your running/walking speed by (25% ->)28%. Excite state will end after receiving an attack. After Excite state expires, after 300 seconds you can once again activate Excite. Excite bonus can now stack with other movement bonuses.”

“Item category additional effects: After drinking a mouthful of Spirited vodka, you will regain (20->)25 HP instantly. HP regeneration will temporarily raise by 25%, lasts for 60 minutes.”

“Item category additional effects: Under non-combat state, at intervals of 15 minutes (Cut down from the original 24 hours), the vodka will automatically be fully refilled.”

“The rest has no changes.”

Observing the 85% score of this soul mission, Sheyan humbly nodded. This was something he had anticipated. Actually he had already guessed the method of obtaining 100% completion status of this soul mission, there was to treat the lupus on He Xiao Jun’s body. Naturally He Weiguo’s soul would be tremendously grateful. However, Sheyan had already researched on this lupus, it was a sickness that caused one’s immune system to be weakened. Western medical methods had no way of treating this disease, if he really wished to treat this in the present world, then he would have to try his luck with traditional chinese medicine, and the treatment duration would be hard to predict.

Of course, another swift treatment method was to request for aid from the nightmare realm. Earlier on, Sheyan had already estimated, this was probably linked to his achievement level. Maybe after his rank had rose to a certain standard could he purchase the necessary medicine. Sheyan previously witnessed Uncle Dasi’s handicapped hands, it was extremely heartbreaking, and he wished to further increase his achievement level and acquire medicine from the realm. Therefore, even if he had the capability to treat He Xiao Jun’s disease, he wouldn’t waste it on this.

After the ‘Endless vodka’ was unlocked, Sheyan then activated the speed bonus. His movement speed had a noticeable increase, it was like his every step

was taking an automated escalator. He rapidly travelled far and the surrounding people were unable to notice it. Although this enhancement would disable after receiving an attack, it can be used again after merely 4 minutes, that was already relatively useful.

For the sake of this soul equipment, Sheyan stopped over at ChongQing city for nearly 4 days. Although the duration he had in the present world was counted as plentiful, he was currently racing against time and started on his next course of action. That was to begin working on the 'advanced milestone: Alcohol master'.

According to Sheyan's current status, it wasn't realistic for him to be able to collect the few overseas alcohol that he had completely not heard of before. He only had a tiny hope of searching for clues regarding that China 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor'. This sort of previous alcohol deemed as a 'National alcohol' was extremely rare. If he attempted to search for it, then only two places in the entirety China held the highest chance. The first was Maotai town situated in Renhuai Country of the Guizhou province. The other place was....Beijing, Zhongnanhai!

After Sheyan inquired a list of information, he received two crucial message.

Year 1999, October. People's Republic of China celebrated 50 year anniversary, the museum of chinese history kept a bottle of 1950 Chen Niang Maotai.

Year 2010, 19th June. Beijing Goethe company started an auction for its stored Maotai, holding a famous nation wide 'China wine' auction, a bottle of year 1959 wheel Maotai broke the records for highest Maotai price with its 1.03 million bid.

Naturally, after the first message became clear, the location, content and even the mission item that Sheyan was seeking for, fitted tightly together, and it was a clear fit! But what kind of place was the museum of chinese history! It was a significant building constructed to the east side of Tiananmen Gate (Entrance of imperial city in Beijing). Its interiors contained important artifacts that represented over 5000 years of chinese heritage. Randomly pointing at any would be a national treasure. No matter how powerful or valiant Sheyan was, it was impossible to challenge the might of a country! Such tremendous force and techonology simply left one in despair from even thinking of such a feat.



Therefore Sheyan bluntly purchased a ticket for Guizhou. It was nice that it wasn't very far from ChongQing, and the flight ticket only cost 300 yuan. Sheyan purchased the latest flight. The service attendant very seriously examined his identification card. Yet Sheyan had specially visited a hairdresser beforehand, transforming himself to an appearance close to that in the identification card. Therefore, the service attendant was completely oblivious and clueless. After alighting at Guizhou, he stayed at the airport hotel. Early the next morning, he immediately hired a car to fetch him straight to Maotai Town. It roughly needed only about 4-5 hours.

This place was far and high up in the mountains. Sheyan also had no mood to scheme any plans. He randomly found a hotel and threw a hundred yuan on the counter. He claimed to be a human resource manager at a northern distillery, and was here to recruit a highly-experienced veteran in the field as a consultant. The counter guy was looking towards the news broadcast, but after hearing Sheyan he excitedly exclaimed that his old man was an overlord in alcohol, he was an unparalleled talent in the field of alcohol and was known as the Lu Bu\* of alcohol. After hearing the meaning behind his words, if Sheyan did not invite his old man as a consultant, it would be akin to letting down his ancestors, his country and the society.

(TN: \*Insanely strong character in Romance of the Three Kingdom)

Sheyan didn't care to beat around the bush, he blatantly asked.

"Has your old man drank the pulp liquor of the 1950 Maotai?"

This counter attendant's speech came to an abrupt end, after a while did he recover and asked:.

"What is the relation between hiring a consultant and that Maotai 1950 Pulp liquor?"

Sheyan shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"You don't even know the relationship, why talk about doing consulting?"

The counter attendant could only roll his eyes at this statement and shut his mouth. In the following two days, Sheyan made use of the reason of 'recruiting a consultant' to conduct his investigations. Instead, it was an incomparable

headache as the information he obtained regarding this Maotai 1950 Pulp liquor was in fact too excessive! Renhuai country was hailed as China's liquor city, it had close to 300 branches of distilleries! Its sole production of Chinese spirits was 111 thousand tons! Its production of Maotai alcohol was 20.30 thousand tons!

Under such circumstances, the unfamiliar Sheyan initiated his investigations. It was unimaginable the mountains of information he gathered. Every kind of alcohol information drowned him completely. And solely on Maotai town, that 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor' had turned into an essential treasure that every household cherished. Even a top grade expert from the country could not guarantee its authenticity from its exterior. Naturally a genuine product's asking price was astronomical, it simply caused one's jaw to drop.

If Sheyan wanted to purchase with money, it was inconceivable to acquire a real product without spending 2-3 hundred million yuan. If he dared to use violence, then the entire town would be informed that a robber had come specifically for the Maotai 1950 pulp liquor. This would alert the masses and he would never be able to obtain the real good. Furthermore from his initial behavior of discreetly probing information on that, he would certainly be held as a chief suspect if this broke out.

Trapped in a dilemma, Sheyan coincidentally came across a news broadcast at night:

"Congratulating Maotai country wine to be selected: Singapore rare national antiques exhibition, in order to support connections and develop bilateral relations, the Renhuai government has specially pledged to supply two precious bottles of the national treasure, 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor' to participate in this international fair."

Sheyan concentrated all his attention on this news. Naturally, in such an international fair, the government would never produce a counterfeit to make a fool of itself. This involved the reputation of a country. He simply log onto the internet and confirmed that this international fair would take place after 10 days. This gave Sheyan ample buffer time. Although currently Sheyan was unable to produce a passport to go overseas, but to him who travelled long periods on ships, finding a route to Singapore wasn't something difficult. It was simply

better than getting engulfed and bombarded by all this phony information.

Therefore, Sheyan immediately flew to Chaoshan district in Guangdong. Smuggling was thriving over here, incidentally carrying a few illegal immigrants was a common occurrence. Sheyan left to voyage when he was only 14, he was even personally involved in such things before, and could even close his eyes and recite all the different processes involved.

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 80**

## **Chapter 80: Illegal immigration**

**Translated by Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Sheyan travelled to a small seaside town. Deep in the night, he located a hair salon with a neon pink lighting appearance and entered it. Straightforwardly asking the lady boss for two young ladies for a massage; up till now it was the normal process of exchanging money for sex. But following that, how the lady boss would access the business for illegal immigration was asking “Is two ladies enough?”

Normal brothel patrons would mostly say it’s enough, yet Sheyan replied no, he at least needed 8. Through the secret code between the two, the lady boss would then professionally call Sheyan to enter. Inside a small room, she would produce out a world map or a globe, and then bluntly ask where Sheyan wanted to go. He will then deposit a down payment, and pay the remaining when he got on the boat.

Presently, the illegal immigration business was extremely professional, it even segregated the different boats. Once cash was received, their service was not inferior in any aspect to normal cruises. Besides, the marine patrols would only tighten their checks during strict periods, and would remain ignorant on normal periods. Why would a cat show up without a rat? From Chaoshan to Singapore took an estimated 8 days and 8 nights. Sheyan kept a low profile and peacefully went aboard. Everyday he would remain in his cabin to train his body. He was extremely familiar with the customs and regulations on board, and did not expose any form of abnormality.

When he finally arrived, Sheyan managed to reap some rewards as his basic strength attribute had risen by 1 point to 11 points. After getting down from the smuggling ship, naturally people approached him for business. Sheyan came here often, he instantly went to find a hotel in Singapore's Sembawang GRC (Group representation constituency) to stay. The Chinese race monopolized 76% of the people here, although the national language was Malay, but most people here understood Chinese.

Singapore was also actively promoting their international fair, 'Singapore Rare National Antiques Exhibition'. In a few days time they had arranged a China charity auction, Asia's top 500 enterprise summit meeting, in a bid to restore their economy after the recent economic crisis that threatened them. Therefore, this was extremely important to the entire city. But Sheyan did not care, because Singapore's model was a country that was also a city. Their total military might did not exceed 50,000 people.....this degree of armed forces dispersed throughout the city of more than 5 million, could be said to be a form of deterrence in this small country but to Sheyan he did not even put it in mind.

This international fair will officially commence the next day, without questioning, Sheyan had no ability to enter it straightforwardly from the start, because many VIPs would grace the occasion at the start. Singapore's president and other nation representatives would participate, if he chose that time to act, then he would undoubtedly have to deal with the protective bodyguards of these high ranking officials. This was certainly not a smart thing to do.

Sheyan's plan was simple, that was after the exhibition commenced, he would infiltrate on the second day into the China charity auction. He would observe which wealthy person bid for that bottle of alcohol, and wait for that spendthrift to leave. Only then he would camouflage himself and put into play a shocking but not dangerous nor cruel robbery (Because he only forcefully stole a drink), he would then immediately flee to safety.

This sole problem currently was: After Sheyan infiltrated the auction, he had to determine who was the buyer straightaway.

Because even using a toe to think, that Maotai pulp liquor would not be used as the climax of this auction, and that buyer may not wait for the auction to conclude before leaving. Hence, if Sheyan were to lie in ambush outside and not

enter the auction ground, then he would identify the wrong target. Of course he could wait outside and watch the live broadcast, but this 'broadcast' would certainly be delayed by roughly 10 minutes, this was to avoid any incidents (For example, if anyone got agitated and started to hurl out profanities) with this buffer time. Sheyan could not confirm if the broadcast would utilize this strategy, thus he did not dare to take this risk.

Under normal situations, an auction would not just let anyone in, unless you pay a certain deposit to enter. Fortunately, in order to win the public favour this time, 50% of money earned from this auction will be donated to a charity organization, therefore this certainly had to be widely advertised to the fanfare. With this, there would be lots of reporters, and the best scenario was that every country's mainstream media would pay a visit, first as a propaganda to raise their reputation and image, and secondly was to appeal to the wealthy people's emotions during this auction. Thus, they would bid higher.

Sheyan naturally decided to camouflage as a reporter. As long as he randomly took care of a reporter, and snuck in then naturally then he would easily capture his first objective. Obviously China Central Television had dispatched many attractive reporters, and Sheyan did not dare to lay hands on them. Therefore after pondering for awhile, he decided to target the neighbouring Malaysia, and deal with a reporter from the Radio Television Malaysia.

Singapore's relations with its neighbor Malaysia were extremely harmonious, and Radio Television in Malaysia had a position akin to Jiangsu Satellite TV in China. Furthermore, Malaysians and Chinese did not have much of a difference, as long as Sheyan made his skin darker, and chewed betel nut then naturally nobody could tell the difference. His goal was just to infiltrate, once people from Radio Television Malaysia discovered their colleague had not arrived and started to look for him, Sheyan would have already satisfied his desire.

Singapore was a strategic location in the Straits of Malaya, it was a strategic port that connected the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean. Previously, for every 10 times Sheyan voyaged out, he would pass through here 5 times, although he couldn't consider this as his territory, it was relatively familiar to him. However, illegal smuggling ships would carry smuggled goods, a bigger ship would naturally carry more than a small one. Previously, Sheyan in his later years

as a seaman had earned his captain's trust, and thus had been placed in charge of a smuggling 'mission' before. Naturally, those that dared to accept smuggled immigrants would definitely be linked with underground societal methods. Sheyan relied on his previously honed relationships, and after paying 5000 Singapore dollars (Roughly 25,000 RMB), he easily managed to purchase information on the movement of Radio Television Malaysia, their lodging location and other reports.

After paying the adequate small fees, Sheyan managed to rent a neighboring room beside the Radio Television Malaysia people. He spent a great deal of time carefully eavesdropping their conversations to search for any loopholes. However, this group of people laughed about, their speech was in the native language. Sheyan had slight knowledge of the Malaysian language, if they slowed down their speech he could at least link and differentiate the contents. However, these bunch seemed extremely excited, naturally their talking speed increased, and this was simply gibberish to Sheyan's ears.

Even until the night before the charity auction, Sheyan was still unable to find even half a clue. But his resolution was completely firm, even if a mountain obstructed his path, he would also try to split the mountain in two. If it was just a rock, he would simply smashed it! Since these bunch of Malaysians did not give him an opportunity, then he would construct an opportunity for himself! He carefully reflected, and went down to purchase a bottle of laxatives. After he identified a person from the Radio Television Malaysia that had roughly the same build, after the group had left for a midnight snack, he secretly snuck in and placed laxatives into that person's cup.

This group mentioned going for night snack, but in reality, they went to a pub to play and returned drunk and tipsy. All of them were drunk, and when they sunk into their beds they were not willing to move anymore, until late into the night where they felt terribly thirsty. Therefore, don't even mention laxatives, even if he peed into that guy's cup, it would not even be the least bit suspicious.

Thus, on the next morning, this guy rose from bed with a pale and uncomfortable expression. It was even tough for him to straighten both legs, how was he going to go for an interview. The group looked at each other in dismay, and cursed his bad luck in their hearts. His colleagues could only prepare

medicines for him and rushed off to the auction.

After this group stepped out, Sheyan stepped in. He did not waste time speaking, instantly grabbing a common knife and pressed it against this guy's neck. He naturally became so afraid that he pissed his pants and pleaded for mercy. After Sheyan obtained what he wanted, and wore a wig and sunglasses he had prepared earlier on, he knocked that guy out cold. He then carried off the back up media equipments and ran out as fast as flying. He somewhat gave off the mannerism of a cameraman.

The following move was exceedingly simple, Sheyan hired a cab to the auction. He arrived at a skyscraper in Singapore that was over 35 floors high. Probably because this international fair had been ongoing for two days, the various police guards had gradually slackened and were laughing as they chatted. Even if a passerby wanted to infiltrate, it wouldn't be that difficult. Sheyan hurriedly entered and flashed his reporter's pass, he immediately went up to the seventeenth floor where the auction was held. After putting up an act in a corner, he started to observe the surrounding environment.

The auction quickly commenced, there wasn't anything special but only the usual greeting catchphrases to stir up the crowd. The only attractions were the few beautiful celebrities that sat below, but they were tugged along with their old husbands. Looking at them, it was like beautiful flowers blooming beside a pile of cow dung.



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 81

## Chapter 81 Bullet and daggers as payment:

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

In order for this auction to broaden its international influence, the items they were selling were all premium objects. Although the auction items were mostly items that were officially certified and had professor's signature, but the buyers were all wealthy aristocrats. Obviously they could not trust these 'certifications' and some of them invited the relevant experts to carefully examine and confirm the genuinity of these objects.

Sheyan had completely no interests in these objects, after appreciating the mystery of the nightmare realm, the present world's riches had completely lost its attractiveness. After waiting for a while, the item Sheyan was seeking finally emerged. "Maotai 1950 Pulp liquor", these few words rung in his ear, at that moment it was as touching as heavenly music. He also took note of the female in charge of this auction, she had a round buttocks and a flourishing chest.

This 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor' had an extremely exquisite wrapping, but it was a jar made up of earthen pottery and wasn't pleasing to the eyes. But when it emerged it actually stirred up a fierce battle amongst giants. A few bid competitively against each other raising the value from a mere 2 million to over 10 million. A feeling of eagerness surged in Sheyan's heart, he wanted very much to charge up to snatch a mouthful. But currently, his innate ability 'endurance' was dormant, and he also could not carry out the equipments from the realm. If not he would actually have a great chance of succeeding. But for now, there was no need to take such a risk, after calculating it was best to stay low key for now.

Following the intense bidding, the two jars of alcohol soared to as high as 2.9 million Singaporean dollars, converting to over 14 million in RMB. After the jars were wrapped up nicely, it was instantly delivered into the buyer's hands. Sheyan already remembered this cash cow's name, 'Lee Sian Hai'.

That was a middle age man around his forties, he had thick black eyebrows extending to his temples. He had an uncommon aura, and although he had just spent a fortune that an average person would never touch in their entire life, he seemed completely calm and unperturbed. He casually placed the two bags beside his legs, as if these two were appetising desserts before a meal, and the following was the real feast. Beside him were several well dressed bodyguards that stood perfectly upright, they looked like the elite forces from the army.

Following that, besides secretly observing this Mr Lee Sian Hai, his mind was swirling with plans on how to snatch a mouthful and successfully escape. Time sped by swiftly, he suddenly heard the emcee spoke out:

"The next auction will be the last, a rare treasure, 'Qianlong Emperor's 'Jiu De bell imperial seal'."

(TN: Jiu De means 9 virtue)

Sheyan did not place any emphasis on the auction, yet after hearing this name he couldn't help but jolt up. Firstly, the nature of this object was an 'imperial seal', this meant that it was a royal heirloom. No matter what antique it was, after associating it with royalty, its value would soar to tenfolds. Furthermore, it was a widely prominent character in history, Emperor Qianlong! Jiu De these two characters weren't praising the monarch, but it was hinting at the background of this imperial seal. Because it was crafted with the highest quality 'Tiang Huang stone' which had characteristics of 'delicate, sturdy, warm, sleek, clean, tender, intimate, attractive, spiritual' these nine special characteristics. Thus it was hailed as a Jiu De stone. This precious object explained in simple terms was, the imperial seal that QianLong Emperor used was crafted with the highest quality 'Tian Huang stone'.

Gasps resounded amongst the audience, naturally these were all directed towards that item. The preciousness of this ruler's seal need no further explanation, it held special sentiments to the Singaporeans within the crowd. The current Southeast Asia was known as the south seas in the past, many

residing nobles had migrated here previously from Fujian Guangdong. They all had native sentiments, their ancestral story passed down from generations to generations, and a deep patriotism was buried within them.

In the eyes of the entire world, 'Tian Huang stone' was only produced in Fujian longevity hill, this was also sacred to them. Therefore, after obtaining it, it would be exceedingly great to have it as good fortune or even bless it to their house elders. It carried great fortune and they could use it to flaunt their wealth!

Following that, wealthy figures consecutively invited experts to examine the genuity of it. Based on the intoxicated expressions of these experts, Sheyan knew it wasn't counterfeit. That middle aged male, Lee Sian Hai, also sat up straight, wiping clean his golden spectacles in a cultured and refined manner, his gaze carried a tinge of thirst within. Obviously this thing was a necessary aspiration.

But at this moment, one of the examining 'expert' suddenly bend over, pulling out a bayonet from his trousers! This person's action was nimble and agile, one look suggested the countless trainings and life and death experiences he had. He swiftly stabbed the people surrounding him. The swiftness of his hands plus the ruthlessly sharp nature of that bayonet, it instantly left deep bloodied holes in the people he stabbed. They were confused as fresh blood gushed out.

This 'expert' with his lightning fast speed picked up the yellow royal small box, and without much effort he consecutively cut down 3 guards who rushed up with truncheons. He seemed to be about to escape into a corner. "Chi Chi Chi Chi", the sound of gunshots with silencers sounded, that expert hadn't even taken 2 more steps as his entire body had been transformed into a honeycomb, and slumped onto the ground. His streaming blood formed a pool of blood in a flash

On hindsight, those patrol guards within the hall were only 'decorations', the real protection was hidden in the shadows. They only revealed themselves in this emergency situation, one strike and retreated! Absolute silence. The rate at which they open fire and kept their firearms were incomparably swift, even their earlier murderous expression had faded to normal. Even a person sitting near them may not notice. Sheyans' five senses were far superior to an average person (Apart from spirit), therefore he distinctly identified the positions and

appearance of those gunmen. The few gunmen were all different disguised, some were bidders, some media reporters, and there was even a janitor. If they didn't reveal themselves to kill, then it would be hard to determine their true identity.

But at this moment, Sheyan's pupils contracted. Because of the killing, the entire hall was in an uproar, guards were trying their best to maintain order. Furthermore, 7-8 people had already seized the chaos to target the security gunmen who had revealed themselves. That image was like a shark that had caught a scent of blood and was currently charging towards its prey.

This process was extremely obvious, the initial display of robbing the jade ruler seal was just a facade, its goal was to draw out the hidden guards!!

At this moment, several assassins had already approached those gunmen, simultaneously pulling their daggers to land the fatal blow. Yet those gunmen put up a dying struggle, and couldn't help but open fire in retaliation. Momentarily, an intense battle broke out, the hall was turning more chaotic. Shouts and screams repeated constantly. Five visible groups were segregated, containing an important personnel wrapped within like a nucleus, their surrounding bodyguards had their hands in their suits, completely unflustered as they tightened their defence. One of them, Lee Sian Hai had many bodyguards, his defence was mightily outstanding.

"Then, if I was the mastermind behind this...." a notion flashed into Sheyan's brain like electricity. "Then the next step would be to clean up the remaining resistance left in this hall! All these wealthy individuals had elite bodyguards, they likewise had to be eliminated!"

Therefore, Sheyan immediately retreated several steps, standing against the corner as he covered his head with both hands like he was terrified. Yet his eyes remained tightly focused on the surrounding movements of Lee Sian Hai. To him, the more chaotic it was the better, his goal was merely the two bottles. Although the two bottles were exceptionally expensive, but treasures were plentiful in this auction. That 'Qianlong Jiu De imperial seal' had garnered the admiration of everyone, not to mention the painting from Milan before that. Those two bottles had long been forgotten in people's heart.

Although those hidden gunmen had exceptional skills, in the end they could

not resist the sudden assault of their concealed enemies and very quickly succumbed to their blades. The bodyguards of the ministers remained unyielding and stationary, tightly bundling up their sole protection goal. They would definitely not be distracted, in this moment their professionalism was greatly displayed. They simply could not be compared to those greenhorn bodyguards.

Lee Sian Hai observed the chaotic disorder, he discovered that the 'Qianlong Jiu De imperial seal' that he greatly desired had vanished. Creasing his brows, he bent down and lifted the bags containing the 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor' and spoke out in a low tone.

“Let’s go.”

This person had a lofty status, yet his movements seemed rather vigorous. With every step, the surrounding bodyguards similarly took one step. These guards had already formed a protective square around him, their movements were like a marching contingent during national day. They tightly locked their protection goal up, not leaking out a single gap. Lee Sian Hai took big steps to the nearby corridor, as his surrounding guards paced themselves unanimously and similarly headed to that direction.

Those hidden assassins did not stop them, but they similarly did not dare slacken. The numerous bodyguards within the hall were at least 30, they were extremely professional. Although none of them opened fire yet, but once anything captured their attention, or someone made an unusual move, they would immediately face the wrath of bullets and be reduced to a corpse!

# **The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 82**

## **Chapter 82: A grenade triggering assault**

**Translated by: Chua**

**Edited by: I and Elkassar**

Those bodyguards that acted out heroically were extremely unqualified, because their main responsibility was the safety of their employer. They had to treat their employer's safety as priority, and even use their bodies to shield them! Those hostiles opening fire to murder were the responsibility of the police, they may not act out against the employers. If a bodyguard tried to play hero by opening fire and thus implicated their employer to lose his life, then in the future they had to give up working in this circle.

Surveying the scenery, Sheyan couldn't help but frown, just the thought of the accurate marksmanship of these elite guards, he had no confidence of rushing against them. He had to nullify his earlier plan to steal the alcohol, and find another method.

Instead, when Lee Sian Hai and his group of bodyguards stumbled into the corridor, an accident was born!

Because the corridor connected the auction hall to a room, and no matter how wide the room was, the door could only allow two to pass at one go. It was impossible for a third to squeeze through. If the guards wanted to go through the door, they had to place Lee Sian Hai in the middle, thus the defensive model was segregated into front and rear.

In a flash, half of the bodyguards that were circling the wealthy or influential figures suddenly became turncoats! Viciously issuing a lethal blow to their supposed colleagues

beside them! Those distracted bodyguards still had their attentions on the few assailants in the crowd, but abruptly became a casualty themselves.

Sheyan was not the least bit concerned about all this. On the surface he was curling up in a corner, but actually he was constantly observing the bag Lee Sian Hai was holding on to. His greatest fear was a stray bullet hitting that bag. Once the two jars were shattered, wouldn't everything he had done so far be in vain?

The gunshots were getting louder by the moment, but most of the people firing were unlucky victims of the sneak attack. In such close proximity, obviously daggers were better than firearms. If not for the constant pressure, who would use a gun to fight against a dagger in close proximity? At this point, some influential figures had already turned into victims. Furthermore, Lee Sian Hai who had previously left the auction hall was forced back by a slur of gunshots. His body was drenched in his bodyguard's blood and had a horrendous expression on his face. The bag he held onto knocked against the wall several times, causing great anxiety in Sheyan's heart.

Noteworthily, the bodyguards Lee Sian Hai chose were of a different class. Within the encircling squadron around him, none of them were traitors, and mostly those assailants were from other wealthy figures. A few of his bodyguards were even blonde haired westerners, even in this sudden twist of events, they started to counterattack without batting an eyelid. Although the aggressors currently held the upperhand, the situation gradually sunk into a deadlock. This niche advantage of the nation, as long as they could resist for a few minutes, the government military would arrive and completely turn around the situation.

But at this very moment, a smoking object was suddenly flung into the corridor. Grunting as it rolled a few rounds on the floor.

Grenade!

The assailants actually brought grenades in!

"Boom boom boom boom" Within the massive explosion sounds, the stubbornly resisting guards was instantly defeated! Moreover, within the core group of guards around Lee Sian Hai, there were actually two traitors! Raising their guns preparing to aim at Lee Sian Hai's forehead. A disaster was imminent. Sheyan couldn't wait for that fella to be eliminated, in case his 'Maotai 1950

pulp liquor' would be in danger. Furthermore, he wouldn't even need to put in any efforts or leave any marks.

But the wealthy Lee Sian Hai was not meant to die yet. As the traitorous guards were about to open fire, one of them unexpectedly took a stray bullet to his head as his brain innards burst forth. The other person's master shoulder was accidentally bumped by someone beside him, as the bullets skirted past Lee Sian Hai's head! In a blink, the two of them got shot and the guards surrounding Lee Sian Hai were reduced to six people.

Faced with dangers all around and weakened by heavy casualties, one had to admit that those guards were outstandingly skillful. After signalling some hand gestures, the bodyguards all had a common understanding. Seizing the opportunity when the assailants were reloading, 7-8 of them uniformly charged out and open fire, forming a suppressing net momentarily. Concurrently, the few surviving employers took this opportunity to flee. Lee Sian Hai was no exception as he bent himself and sprinted to the entrance with two trusted aides escorting him.

Right at this moment, another grenade and a volley of gunshots came from the nearby corridor! The trusted aides were extremely valiant as they blatantly used their bodies to shield the bullets, collapsing to the ground without a sound. That smoking grenade had already rolled towards the leg of that stupefied Lee Sian Hai!

If a grenade was about to explode the next second beneath your leg, what would you feel?

Riding on your adrenaline and instantly kicking it away, or swiftly diving away were all fantasies. To an average Joe that hadn't gone through any special training, his only reaction was to stay rooted on the ground, as his mind went completely blank!

Therefore, in everyone's eyes, Lee Sian Hai, this wealthy figure in Singapore was doomed to die.

Yet the mastermind behind this killing made a wrong call about something:

Obviously a volley of bullets was enough, why would they add on a grenade?



Nevermind just a grenade, why did this grenade had to be thrown near the bag that Lee Sian Hai was carrying?

Once the grenade exploded, the two jars that Sheyan travelled thousands of miles for would shatter along with his hopes!

Sheyan's heart stirred, suddenly dashing forward and executing a sliding kick only seen in a soccer match. He very accurately sent the grenade flying, and this immense storage of power flashed in midair, and swiftly smashed through the opposite window finally exploding. The shrapnel dispersed all around, as the surrounding glass walls simultaneously shattered. Two floors beneath also produced urgent screams and sounds of fleeing.

Presently, Sheyan was unable to wield any equipments, and although his agility was merely 7 points, but from the start of this chaos he remained in a corner and did not suffer any attacks. Thus, the bonus 28% movement speed of the 'endless vodka' had not vanished. Calculating, it was roughly the movement speed of 9 points in agility. In addition to his bonus speed from 'basic footwork lvl 4', compounding the several factors, his movement speed naturally exceeded an average person by an entire level. Furthermore, he was constantly secretly observing the scene, reacting once he encountered a grave emergency. Thus what others saw as an imminent conclusion, Sheyan simply kicked away with one foot!

But with this one sliding kick, it instantly implicated Sheyan in the heart of the crisis!

Every assailant was concurrently observing the situation at this side. But Sheyan was extremely clear, if it was impossible to obtain this 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor' with stealth, then he didn't mind exploding onto the scene. With this one kick, his intention was to protect the two national treasure alcohol, he placed no significance on Lee Sian Hai's life.....but who would believe this even if he said it? Anyway ruining their great plan, those ruthless assailants would never believe him. This was evident as they impatiently swung their guns towards him.

Since that was the case, and since he already created a conflict between them, then why not protect this guy's life at the same time. Sheyan never forgot one thing, that was even if he managed to sample this "Maotai 1950 pulp liquor", he

would have only completely a sixth of the milestone: 'Alcohol master'! The remaining 5 alcohol types, don't even mention drinking, he had not even heard of them before. Then why not borrow external help? Since this Lee Sian Hai dared to spend millions of RMB on these two bottles of alcohol, then finding the other alcohol types wasn't something difficult for him.

Since Sheyan already set his mind on this, naturally he would do his utmost. He dragged Lee Sian Hai, and crashed his shoulder into the nearby door frame. Sheyan exerted his full strength in this, furthermore the door of this auction had more decorations and security. After knocking into it, dust filled the air. The door was rammed open and landed on the floor.

Sheyan seized this opportunity, instantly picking up this door to use as a shield, charging straight into that corridor! That imposing manner was like a fierce tiger, incomparably vicious. The broken off door was broad, and the door frame conveniently left a trail of broken corridor lamps along the corridor. "Piank piank ping piank" the shattering sound was morbid!

Some assailants were also stationed in this corridor, but they could only witness a broad door charging towards them like the raging sea. They randomly released their bullets, who knew where those directionless bullets would land. Even if the bullets pierced through the door and landed on Sheyan, its power would have lessened greatly, and carried not much threat.

After charging forward for 7-8 metres, a group of assailants started to catch up to him from the back, and started opening fire. Even if Sheyan would not die from taking a few bullets, in order to save Lee Sian Hai, he had to handle it cautiously. His perceptive sensing towered over others, as the pursuing assailants charged forward, Sheyan immediately halted and swung around. The 'door shield' he was holding onto naturally covered the front of the panting Lee Sian Hai, as he kicked open a door on his right!

# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 83

## Chapter 83: Colliding straight on

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Although the door was sturdy, how could it resist Sheyan's full force kick? The hinges rattled and broke off as dust emerged and the door flew inwards. A distinct wrecked dent was seen in the middle of this sturdy door, as it crashed to the opposite wall before landing down. Sheyan swiftly slid in with Lee Sian Hai into the room, and then into an internal bedroom. Blazing strands of bullets arrived too late, and created several bullet holes onto the carpet and the wall.

As they entered the room, there wasn't a balcony but only a huge bed and furnitures. Sheyan had also suffered a few light injuries, and lost close to 30 HP. But this didn't faze him, he fished out that 'endless vodka', and gulped a mouthful of it. Satisfyingly exhaling, he replenished his wasted life points and simultaneously activated the title 'Intoxicated man'. Thus his explosive hit rate also rose.

(TN: The explosive hit rate refers to critical hit rate in games)

Presently, Lee Sian Hai had discovered his current perilous situation, his expression was terrible. Sheyan humbly smiled at him and said:

"Mister Lee?"

Lee Sian Hai hadn't lost his mind, although his heart was in despair, he managed to force out a smile.

At this point, the assailants had already reached the entrance. For fear of an ambush, they carefully entered. Sheyan borrowed this buffer time saying:

“You should be able to tell I have no ill intentions right? If not, without me acting out, you wouldn’t even be alive.”

“Thank you.” Although he was in despair, he still had the manners matching his elegant demeanor.

Sheyan was meticulously thinking, naturally he could tell what Sian Hai was thinking. Shrugging his shoulders he gently said: “I’m 22 to this year, do you think I look like someone looking to die?”

Lee Sian Hai was shocked, but suddenly a smoking object was tossed into the room – another grenade. Earlier on, the assailant had witnessed Sheyan kicking away the grenade, thus he purposefully held onto the grenade for 3 seconds before releasing it. His goal was for the grenade to explode immediately, thus everyone within the room will inevitably perish.

These assailant had no clue about Sheyan’s outstanding perceptive sensing. The grenade could likewise threaten his life, thus he already sensed it earlier on. Leaping out, he spiked it like a volleyball player and returned the grenade back to them.

As Sheyan descended from mid air, an explosion ensued from outside the room followed by shrieks and screams. Sheyan smiled at Lee Sian hai, exposing his white teeth and ordered:

“Stay here quietly.”

Unknowingly, faced with a situation of life and death, after seeing Sheyan’s smile his heart formed an unexplainable chill. Sheyan pounced with both legs, suddenly darting outwards. After going out, screams rang out in scattered successions, and died down after a short 10 seconds. Complementing that was the raging gunfire from faraway, creating a surreptitious silence.

Not long later, drenched in blood, Sheyan led a blonde western bodyguard in. This bodyguard had suffered heavy wounds on his left arm, carelessly ripping his clothes to use as bandage and wrapped it around it. Once he saw Lee Sian Hai, he cried out in surprise.

“Boss, you’re still alive!”

After seeing a familiar face, Lee Sian Hai’s initial trepidation relaxed and

smiled.

“Well done, Dick. Where are the rest?”

Lee Sian Hai had a particular sophisticated presence, he had a calm demeanor and unordinary people would never earn his praise. Dick was delighted from this praise, and his expression sunk when he heard the last phrase.

“They are all dead, if not for.....”

He tilted his head to glance at Sheyan. Momentarily unsure on what to address, he thought he was a hidden trump card arranged by Lee Sian Hai, his final trump card! He respectfully exclaimed.

“This gentleman suddenly assisted us, if not it be hard for me to escape death.”

Sheyan smiled, tossing over two mineral water bottles.

“Currently those assailants went off to chase after two other groups. Mr Lee please rest and drink this, Dick wrap up your wounds. I’m afraid there will be another fierce battle later.”

Dick asked in surprise:

“Since the assailants have left this area, why not take the chance to escape?”

Sheyan sighed and replied:

“Those guy’s are assassins, they aren’t seeking wealth, their real aim is lives! From the scope of this operation, it is obviously a carefully planned out action!”

At this moment, there were several corpses sprawled across the floor. Dick flipped those bodies over and scanned them, at the same time checking for any first aid kits. But after consecutively examining them, he lifted up his head with a serious expression:

“Boss, these guys are all Malays from the military!”

“So that’s the case.....” Sheyan suddenly understood. Normally people claim that America’s racial conflicts were serious, but actually the racial conflict in Southeast Asia was similarly ridiculous. The anti-chinese resentment in Southeast Asia had never expired, it only segregated into small groups. The

reason behind this was a complicated one, influencing this massive anti-chinese bloodshed was obviously the representatives of the 1998 Indonesian-Chinese Indonesian riots. Apart from that, there was the Shah Alam conflict, the Black May and so on. Several other small scale events and unrest had also occurred.

Singapore's current political situation was also in turmoil, therefore, this attack that seemed to be a robbery may in fact be a result of internal strife. The defeated party wanted to take revenge and arranged this massacre!

Sheyan suddenly asked:

"Then, looks like Mr Lee should be one of their primary targets?"

Dick nodded his head saying:

"The newly appointed prime minister, He Jiren, is my boss's cousin. If something happened to boss without leaving any last words, then the family would be bound to break into factions. After Prime minister He loses his family's economic support, then he would be unable to carry on his term in the office and step down."

At this point, a sound came from the entrance and a Malaysian militant intruded in while searching the room. As he was about to raise his gun to fire, Sheyan took off as he slid in front of him instantly. This guy was a trained soldier, knowing that his enemy would reach out for his gun, he immediately drew out a military dagger, and thrust forward ruthlessly.

Sheyan's current agility wasn't high, this sort of close combat was difficult to dodge. But his grappling skill had been trained to level 2, with a flick of his wrist he gripped onto the incoming military dagger. After this dagger pierced into his hand, it got stuck! This Malay militant was startled, unexpectedly feeling a huge burst of energy coming from his right hand as the dagger got forced out from his hand. Sheyan simultaneously struck up with his knee, and pulled forward horizontally with his left hand still gripping onto the dagger. This Malay militant was pulled forward from the impact, and a smooth wound appeared on his neck. Scarlet red blood gushed out and sprayed onto the wall!

At this point, another militant charged in, raising his gun and took aim!

Sheyan easily grabbed onto the gun barrel, causing that guy to tumble as

random gunshots sprayed out without aim from the barrel. Holes formed everywhere, and particles scattered out into the sky. Sheyan pushed his assailant forward gently causing the guy to topple to the ground. He laid there rigidly, with only two unwilling round eyes. Dick charged forward to quickly examine, and turned his head information Lee Sian Hai with a deep voice:

“He got stabbed from the back directly into his heart, dying instantly.”

Lee Sian Hai composedly asked:

“What do you think of his talent?”

Dick leaked out a reverential expression in his eyes.

“Extremely valiant, in all my years of service, only the special Delta task force military instructor can be compared.”

Sheyan turned around, gesturing his hand to follow him. Although Dick had a broken arm, he could still exhibit his high military qualities. He swiftly gathered the firearm and ammunition from the dead bodies, and tossed a rifle to Sheyan. Instead, after receiving it Sheyan tossed it back, shocking Dick as he listened to Sheyan whispering back:

“I have no use for that, bring Mr Lee and follow me”

After speaking, he bent down and charged out. Looking at his movement direction, it was actually towards the auction hall that they just slaughtered their way out of! The puzzled Dick could only follow, but in that auction hall only a few gunmen remained. Looking at their greedy behaviour, they should be looting from the dead bodies. Sheyan immediately charged forward like a fanatical ox. Enemies who suffered his attack flew back 1-2 metres, landing onto the ground groaning. Even if there weren't dead, they should be crippled.

Riding on the confusion within the hall, Dick operated his rifle single handedly, spraying out waves of bullets. Hurriedly eliminating or injuring many, it was really as easy as firing in a practice target range. Sheyan smashed open a set of doors and similarly used it as a shield again while advancing, he really had an air of invincibility. Yet he did not charge towards the elevator but instead headed straight for the fire exit staircase. Dick was just about to support Mr Lee down the staircase but was stopped by Sheyan's hand. He calmly explained:

“We head upwards.”

Dick was shocked but Lee Sian Hai’s eyes leaked out an admiration, making the final decision saying:

“Yes, we head upwards!”



# The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 3 - Chapter 84

## Chapter 84: Borrowed might

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Currently the government was still controlled by the Chinese, these Malay militants actually formed a small minority within the military. No matter how refined this ploy was, the battle within this building would never persist for long, strictly speaking it would only take 1 hour. This skyscraper was 40 storeys high, every floor had 3-4 thousand square metres. One full day was not enough to completely search the whole building. If that new prime minister did not react with countermeasures within an hour, then he truly wasn't qualified to hold that appointment.

On the other hand, if the 3 of them fled downwards, there would be only a few escape points. The mastermind behind this terrorism would certainly have people to lock up the access points, and going down there would in turn be more dangerous. To think of this points wasn't difficult, but to be able to consider this in such a tight-locked situation, it showed the qualities of composure, wisdom and courage.

Huffing and puffing they made it to the top floor, but not the roof. At the top, they chanced upon several wealthy individuals and their bodyguards. Lee Sian Hai was relatively familiar with them, after combining their forces, their defensive strength was enhanced. Not even 10 minutes later, the faint sound of shouts and screams travelled here. Sheyan went out to survey and saw a group of dark skinned local aboriginals rushing up. Within their hands were glimmering blades, iron rods and other pole like objects. They were wantonly robbing and

killing.

This originally lofty and luxurious building had sunk into a wide scale riot, this was probably the methods used by the criminal mastermind to conceal the truths. Blending this deliberate assassination ploy within the facade of racial rioting. Those thugs were tangled up with a bunch of people wearing grey windbreakers. These people did not participate in the looting and killing, their expressions were solemn and their steps mighty. Their hands were stashed into their trouser pockets as they observe their surroundings. Obviously they were killers who were specially trained.

Once these assassins discovered a suspicious target, they would uniformly take fire, reducing their targets into a honeycomb. And this group of thugs left 30-40 people on every level to plunder while the rest continued ascending and searching.

Even the the current situation seemed hopeless, Sheyan did not carry any worries. This was because the two bottles of 'Maotai 1950 pulp liquor' were already placed inside the cabinet on the previous room they were in on the 17th floor. Even if those thugs search, they would mostly cover behind the door, under the bed and outside the window areas. Why would they even think of searching the cabinet for millions of dollar worth alcohol? To Sheyan, completing the milestone took precedence, regarding Mr Lee Sian Hai he was just a bonus item. Saving him was good, but if he could not, Sheyan wouldn't even mind.

After Sheyan returned, everyone else including Lee Sian Hai looked rather apathetic. Only a wealthy man with the surname Huo from Hong Kong was fuming, loudly scolding vulgarities. After five minutes, those Indonesian aboriginal thugs had arrived at the level Sheyan was at. Their knives and poles carried no threat to Sheyan, moreover Dick who was supremely versed in firearms leading a few bodyguards sniping from the back. Instantly, casualties scattered everywhere. However once those grey windbreaker killers swiftly arrived, the tides quickly turned around, wounding Sheyan occasionally and Dick even took a severe bullet to his right chest.

Suddenly a whirling sound boomed across the atmosphere. Following that three helicopters swiftly landed onto the rooftop. 4-5 special forces in their camouflaging uniform stealthily crept down and proceeded to guard the access

path to the rooftop in a flash. Afterward, elite soldiers started to rush down, although there were casualties, those grey dressed killers were ultimately unable to contend against the army, even the Indonesian aboriginal thugs were forced to retreat down the building.

These special forces were reinforcements called by Lee Sian Hai. Lee Sian Hai was a person steering the financial flagship of his family, undoubtedly he was one of the biggest pillar behind the prime minister. Naturally he had a mighty influence of a leader. Although he fell into dire straits, his attitude remained graceful and unyielding. Snorting he sat down on a nearby stool.

“You guys came quickly!”

Saying this sentence just when his protection squadron was nearly depleted, Lee Sian Hai was intentionally being sarcastic. The leader was a lieutenant colonel, his face was brimming red and steered his words clear of the trouble.

“Mr Lee, you’ve been startled. Please immediately ascend and leave the place.”

After speaking he reached out his hands. Lee Sian Hai who lived as a prince was also exhausted and startled, he naturally did not haggle on for long and prepared to ascend the chopper. The other wealthy figures also started boarding one after another. But at this moment, Sheyan raised his brows and obstructed Lee Sian Hai, he simply said:

“The aura of death around you is thick, the calamity is not over, if you really think that you have escaped the danger, then you are really stepping on the pathway to disaster!”

After hearing Sheyan’s completely unsubstantiated words, that lieutenant colonel immediately shouted out with an ashen face.

“Guards, get this lunatic out of my sight.”

The surrounding soldiers surged forward, yet Sheyan put up zero resistance. His lips curled into a chilling sneer as he looked towards that wealthy Hong Kong Mr Huo.

“Mr Huo, I can tell you are a righteous person. If you don’t wish to die, wait here for another half an hour.”

Lee Sian Hai halted his footsteps, hesitating for a while before waving his hands.

“Set off!”

Five minutes later, those three helicopters took off. As they started climbing to a higher altitude, a sudden blaze flashed across from the roof of the opposite building, it was 4 ‘Stinger’ guided missile! After 3 missiles flew out, the pilots tried their utmost to dodge it, but two of them got hit in the end. The other one knocked onto the skyscraper beside it, spinning unsteadily for a few rounds before exploding into a fireball.

Lee Sian Hai glanced through the window at this scenery, his facial muscles twitched uncontrollably. He currently changed to an army uniform, another soldier dressed as him by wearing his clothes and boarding the chopper. In the end the consequence was as such. The other wealthy figures apart from Mr Huo all lost their lives in the explosion. He looked at Sheyan with complete trust, and couldn’t help asking:

“This.....friend, what do we do next?”

Sheyan laughed:

“Don’t ask me this question, you should seek a professional.”

At this point, half of the elite soldiers stayed back with Lee Sian Hai. Amongst them, a military officer was still unconvinced of Sheyan, stepping out of his ranks and exclaimed:

“Sirs! Our third reinforcements are coming, I reckon the best course of action is to stay and wait for back-up!”

In half a day, Lee Sian Hai had already knocked at death’s door twice. Furthermore, the recent helicopter incident had left him still in cold sweat, doubts had already arose in his heart towards the capability of the military. He shot an inquiring glance at Sheyan. Sheyan then took out his ‘Endless Vodka’ and drank a mouthful, smiling he said:

“I have no objections.”

Observing Sheyan’s compliance, Lee Sian Hai was reassured and nodded his

head. Lee Sian Hai recalled the words Sheyan previously spoke, he was usually astute and circumspect and his heart a little apprehensive, he couldn't help but ask Sheyan:

“May I know what's the meaning behind this mister's words about the aura of death?”

Although Sheyan had a mature appearance, one could tell he was roughly 24. By calling him mister, Lee Sian Hai was showing respect for the wise. Obviously Sheyan could not mention that his perceptive sensing allowed him to sense the nearby ambushers, thus he pretended to be a fortune teller. He merely shrug his shoulders, smiled and shook his head.

Lee Sian Hai observed Sheyan's body language, and his imaginations started to run wild:

“Eh? Is it cannot say? Impossible to say? Or don't know how to say?”

Sheyan calmly and determinedly replied.

“It's cannot say. If I say, I will have to pay a severe price.”

Lee Sian Hai gasped, having an enlightened expression:

“I understand, I understand. Then how long do you think before we can leave this place?”

Sheyan's lips slanted slightly, grimly replying:

“If the skin, flesh and blood of those assailants are not thoroughly smeared onto the walls, then you will never be safe.”

Lee Sian Hai deeply pondered, then with face of killing intent he turned to the nearby person and gave an order. Those special soldiers were already distributed into critical places. As long as any suspicious character approaches, a burst fire would follow, there was no such thing as law and order over here.

Within 4 hours, the reinforcements managed to round up the entire building and cleanse it. Lee Sian Hai allowed Sheyan to walk alongside him, this was giving Sheyan face but his hidden motive was to borrow Sheyan's strength to protect him. Until Lee Sian Hai returned to his mansion and sat onto his sofa did he loosen up. He looked at Sheyan and sincerely asked:

“How should I thank you?”

Sheyan laughed and replied:

“Just treat me to a drink.”

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6 hours later, Sheyan had already become an employer in this mansion.

His job scope was: Chauffeur.

Lee Sian Hai’s personal chauffeur.

Following their exchange, Lee Sian Hai would assist him in collecting the remaining alcohol types. Initially Sheyan wanted to request for him to help search for the whereabouts of Fuyuan boat, but as the words reached his lips he swallowed it back in. Because this matter was his only weak point in the present world, he would definitely not easily tell it to others!

Sheyan cushioned his head with his two hands and laid on the bed. Although his heart had a faint feeling of insecurity, this was still the most dependant method he could think of. He could effortlessly complete the milestone mission, and could personally search for Uncle Dasi. Singapore was small, but this pellet size country was able to enter the top 50 countries. One could tell its economic might was robust. Having such a reliable backing in Lee Sian Hai, even if Sheyan was like a fox exploiting the tiger’s might, it was much better in comparison to searching alone.

As Sheyan was about to fall into deep sleep, his chest suddenly started burning up. He immediately jolted up from the bed as his mind received a notification from the nightmare imprint.

“Please return to the nightmare realm from the present world within 24 hours.”